Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 22, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

UNEMPLOYMENT IS HERE AGAIN

BY LESTER VELIE

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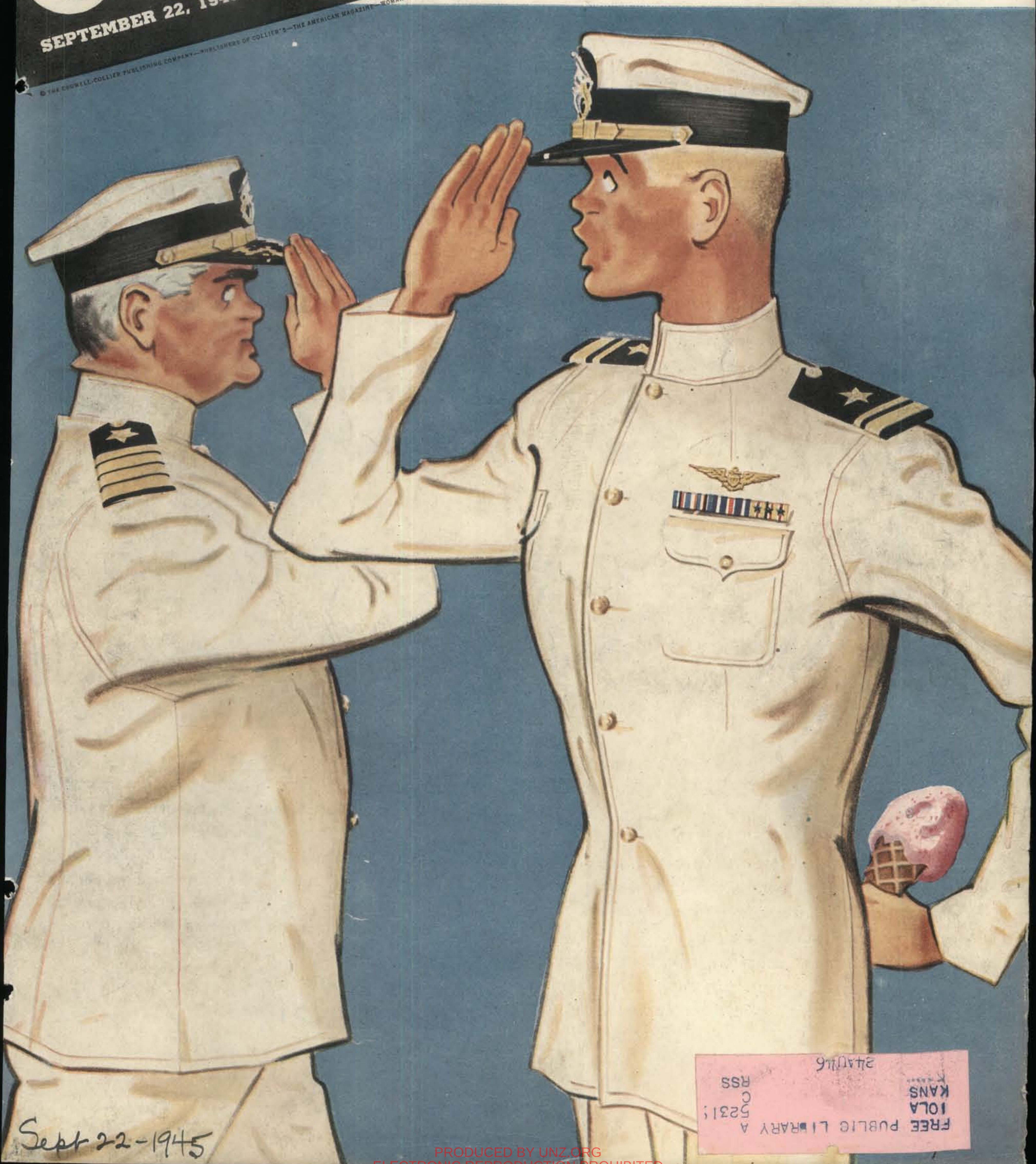

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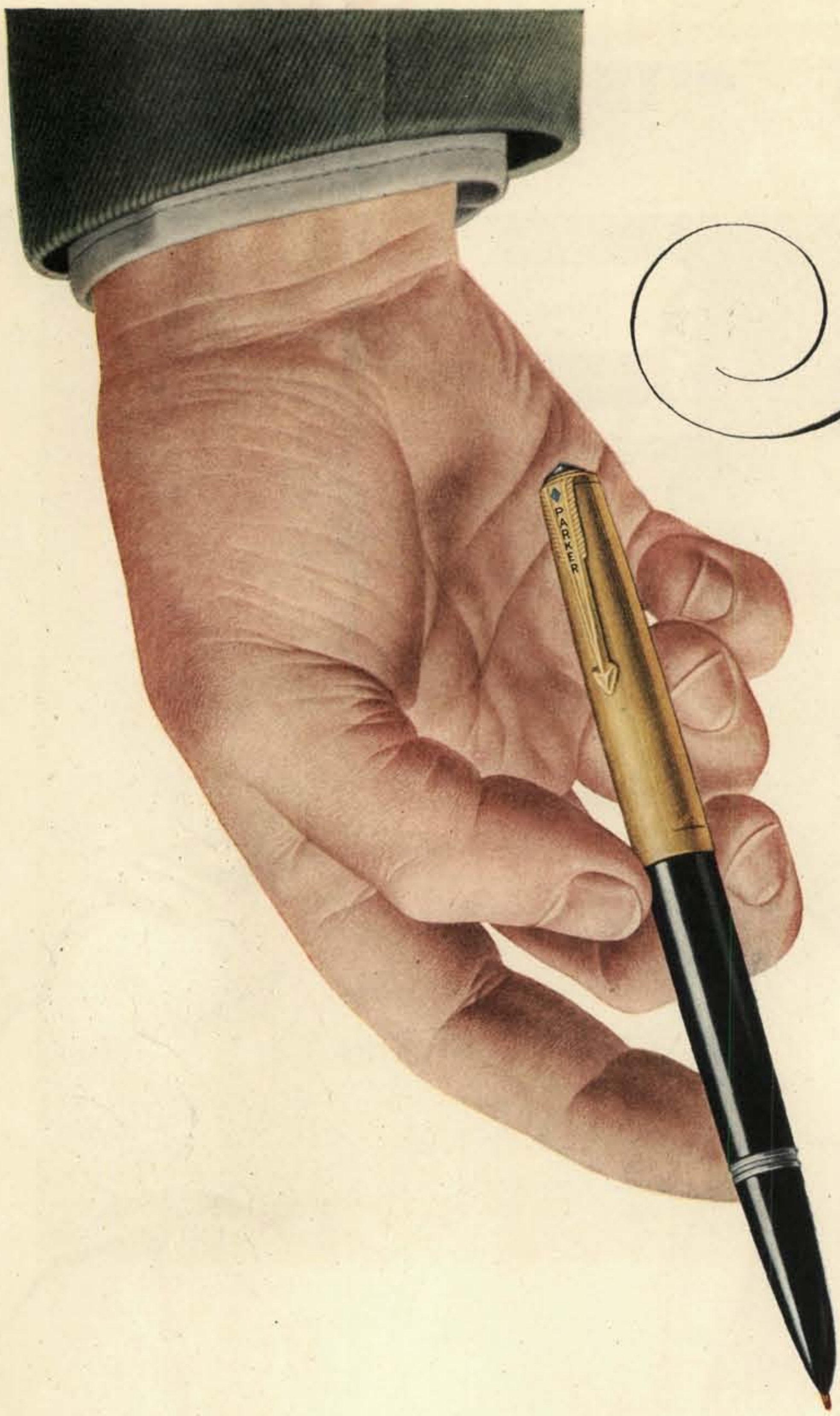

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"Mind if I look at your pen?" he asked. "It's so unusual!" ◆ *I handed him my Parker "51". He cradled it lightly, examined the hooded point. Impulsively, he dashed off a sentence.* ◆ *"It seems anxious to write," he exclaimed. "Makes me feel the same way. I'm going to get one."* ◆ *I told him the "51" is the world's "most wanted" pen. It is a precision instrument which cannot be mass produced. Furthermore, the quantity is limited by Parker's work on important war assignments. So the best way to assure himself a "51" would be to place a reservation order with his Parker dealer.* ◆ *"Well, if I must wait for one," he replied, "then I'm waiting . . . because nothing less than a Parker '51' will do!"* ◆ *A special touch of magic is yours when you acquire a Parker "51". For it writes dry with wet ink! This pen alone has the design and construction required for advantageous use of Parker "51" Ink, the world's fastest drying ink. It can, of course, also use any regular ink.* ◆ *Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW

PARKER "51"

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HABITS WORTH HOLDING TO

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Certainly, among the habits worth holding to, is the delightful one of using Listerine Antiseptic daily for oral hygiene. Who can say how many thousands look upon it as the happy formula for starting and ending the day right.

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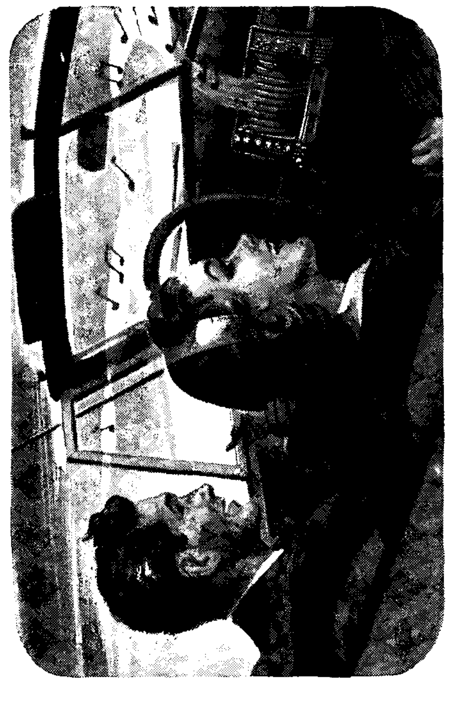
EACH MOTOROLA LOOKS DIFFERENT BUT THE
CLEAR RICH TONE IS THE SAME IN EVERY ONE—
THERE IS NONE FINER THAN A MOTOROLA!



Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 22, 1945

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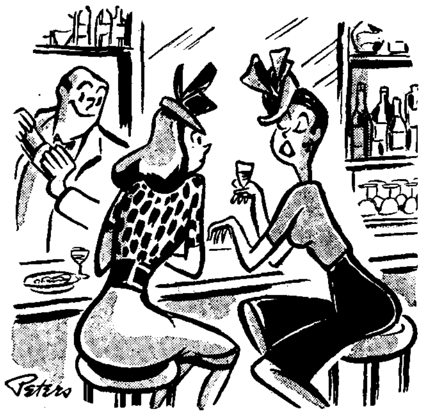
any week

OVERHEARD from a lady toward the end of a cocktail party: "I feel a hell of a lot more like I do now than when I came."



IT WAS while the radio commentators were still trying loudly to struggle out of the daze that the atomic bombs and Russia's war declaration had handed them that Mrs. Herbert Asbury, whose husband works around here somewhere, hired a maid. The latter, a calm colored woman, said: "Do you want a standin'-up maid or a stoopin' and bendin' one?" Mrs. Asbury looked a bit vague—like the commentators. "A standin'-up maid works standin' straight up," explained the colored woman. "A stoopin' and bendin' maid does stoopin' and bendin' which I don't." Mrs. Asbury wanted to know whether that meant that the bathroom floor, for example, got cleaned. "Yas'm," said the prospective maid, "if standin' straight up moppin' suits you." She got the job.

WE DON'T believe it any more than you do but Colonel Dudley V. Haddock of Tampa, Florida, has just telegraphed that Atomic Bomb McAllister was born last week in his town.

ANYWAY Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, reports that a clerk in his local ODT office spent five cents of her own money to call a suburban number. When she asked for a refund the government refused, saying that she hadn't advertised for bids before spending the money.

OKAY. Okay. We printed the gripe of a Detroit citizen to the effect that he had bought American Lend-Lease butter in Canada at a much lower price than charged here in the States, when there is any. Letters from indignant Canadians are our reward. So . . . Canada has accepted no Lend-Lease stuff of any kind. Also Canada rations butter just as we do. Okay?

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WHAT DODGE IS GOING TO DO

★

Again and again, from one end of the country to the other, the question is continuously asked — "What's Dodge going to do?"

The same question has been asked down the thirty years since the days of John and Horace Dodge at every turning point in the history of the motor car, —"*What's Dodge going to do?*"

Today's answer is — Dodge is starting production on the finest passenger car in its history. *It is not an experimental car.* It is as sound and certain a product as thirty years of leadership experience can make it.

If you know the immediate background of these new cars, you will recall that fully Certified Public Tests established for the last pre-war Dodge cars a public record in economy and performance that remains unchallenged to this day.

If you pause to think again, you will recall that Dodge All-Fluid Drive was an abrupt turning point in the technical development of all cars, giving an entirely new quality of automobile driving and performance.

The new Dodge will continue this brilliant advance. The styling of the new car will be in smart keeping with the fluid smoothness of its performance. Tests have already shown that in economy it will be another record breaker.

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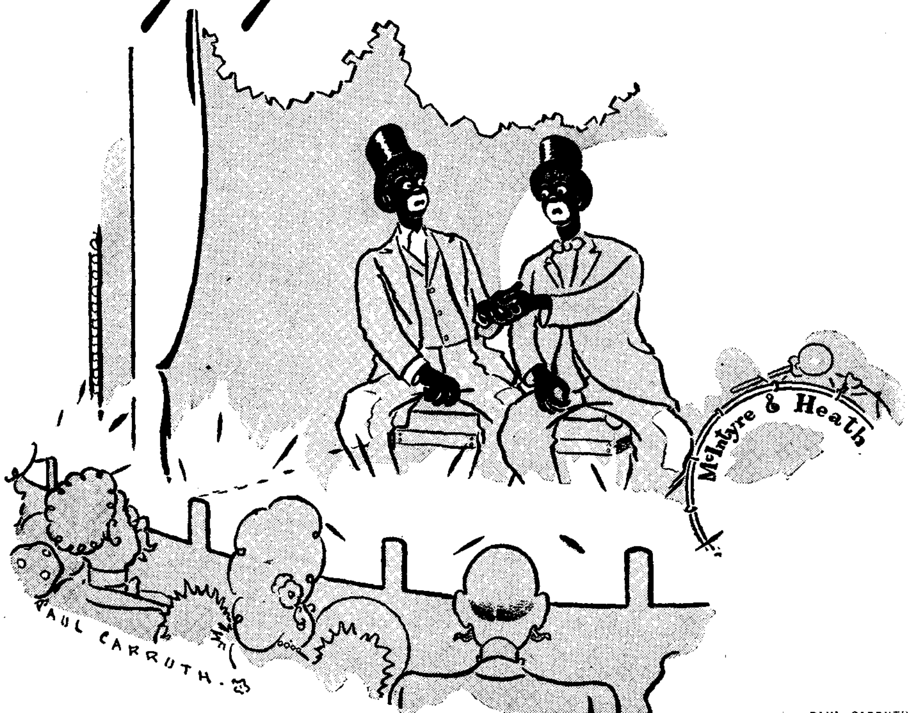


PAUL CARRUTH

by Freling Foster

Vaudeville was introduced in this country about 1860 and died unofficially in 1932 when its stronghold, New York's Palace Theater, discontinued it and became a movie house. The brevity of its existence resulted chiefly from the policy, maintained for decades by a few influential managers, of refusing to allow successful acts to be changed. Consequently, for 50 years McIntyre and Heath played their familiar "Georgia Minstrels" sketch, and for 30 years Victor Moore played the part of a ham vaudeville actor in a sketch which, ironically, was called Change Your Act, or Back to the Woods.

Some 200 species of pollinating flowers, weeds, grasses and trees may cause hay fever in early fall among 5,000,000 Americans. Five of these plants alone are responsible for 90 per cent of the cases—timothy, one species of pigweed, one of sagebrush and two of ragweed.

To simplify the work of its navigators, the Royal Air Force now uses the knot, or nautical mile per hour, as its official measure of speed, because its charts, like those of all other military flying forces, employ the Mercator projection in which distances are measured in nautical miles.

Of the many animals that feign death when approached or captured by man or other enemy, the two outstanding masters of this artifice are the opossum of America and the dingo, a wild dog of Australia. When shamming death, the dingo will allow his captor to maul him unmercifully and even remove some of his skin. While the opossum will also allow himself to be beaten, his pose seldom fails to convince a captor that he is actually dead, as he lies limp and motionless with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and his eyes open and rolled back.

The only certified check ever issued by the U.S. Treasury, as far as is known, was the one for $1,590,854 which was made payable to the State of Wisconsin and given in exchange for 33,870 acres of land on June 22, 1945. To comply with a law of the state, the check had to be "guaranteed as good" by the Treasury Department.—*By E. L. Watson, Chicago, Ill.*

Available reports on blood tests made for disputed paternity cases during recent years show that, out of 9,436 such tests, 1,783 or 19 per cent proved that the accused men were not the fathers and the cases were dismissed.

Commercial salt is produced in at least 60 different kinds and grades, each for a particular purpose.

One of the most amazing escape projects ever undertaken by prisoners of war was that of the RAF officers confined in Stalag Luft III near Dresden, Germany. Between Christmas, 1942, and March, 1944, the 76 men dug a 350-foot tunnel reaching through a 30-foot vertical shaft whose entrance was concealed beneath a stove. In an underground workshop they made all their equipment which included a small railway for hauling away the dirt and an air-conditioning system. But when they attempted to escape on the night of March 24th, only 14 actually got away, 15 others being recaptured and the remaining 47 being shot to death "for resisting" their pursuers.

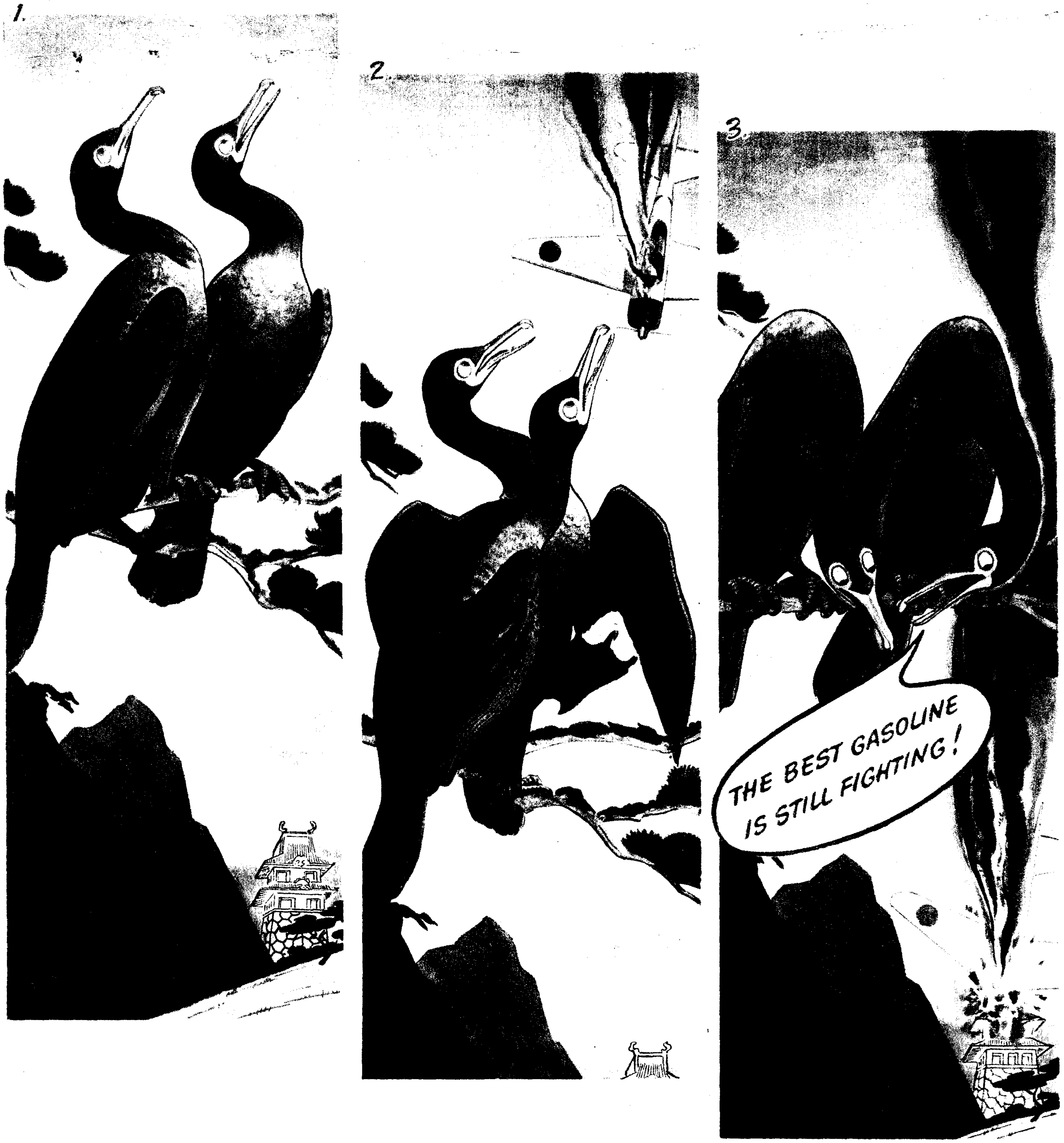
During the past five years, 80,000 representatives of 59 countries have come to the United States on official business, the largest number ever sent to one country within such a short period. Of the 40,000 still here today, only 2,400 are in diplomatic service, all the others being members of delegations, agencies and missions.

Some Indian families in South America regard the death of a young son or daughter as a fortunate event, believing that the child will become an angel in heaven and thus be in a position to take care of their needs and wishes which they will make known to it through prayer.—*By Doris Noreen, New York City.*

In July, 1944, when the Japs lost Saipan, and Tojo and his cabinet had to be replaced after having been in power for almost three years, the Japanese government attempted to conceal the seriousness of the situation by perpetrating the war's outstanding hoax on its country. The people were officially informed that the Imperial navy had destroyed the American fleet off Saipan; and a national holiday was declared to celebrate the great victory.

In about 15 states a witness in a court of law may be disqualified or his credibility may be attacked if he admits to being an atheist. . . . Nearly 250,000 illegitimate babies were born in this country during 1944, more than 50 per cent of the mothers being under 19 years of age.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission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THE BEST GASOLINE IS STILL FIGHTING!

●**These Japanese cormorants** have a ringside seat to one of the greatest spectacles of all time. And the show is practically continuous. Day after day huge fleets of bombers roar over Nipponese cities, shoot down Jap interceptors, blast at industrial centers, disrupt enemy communications.

But, remember, it takes millions of gallons of high-octane gasoline to put on this show. Shipload after shipload of aviation gasoline is still going overseas. That's why gasoline quantity and quality here at home must still be limited.

Not until the Army and Navy say it is okay will you get all the gasoline you want or gasoline of the highest quality. But then you can look forward to the post-war Ethyl—a gasoline that will bring out the top performance of any car.

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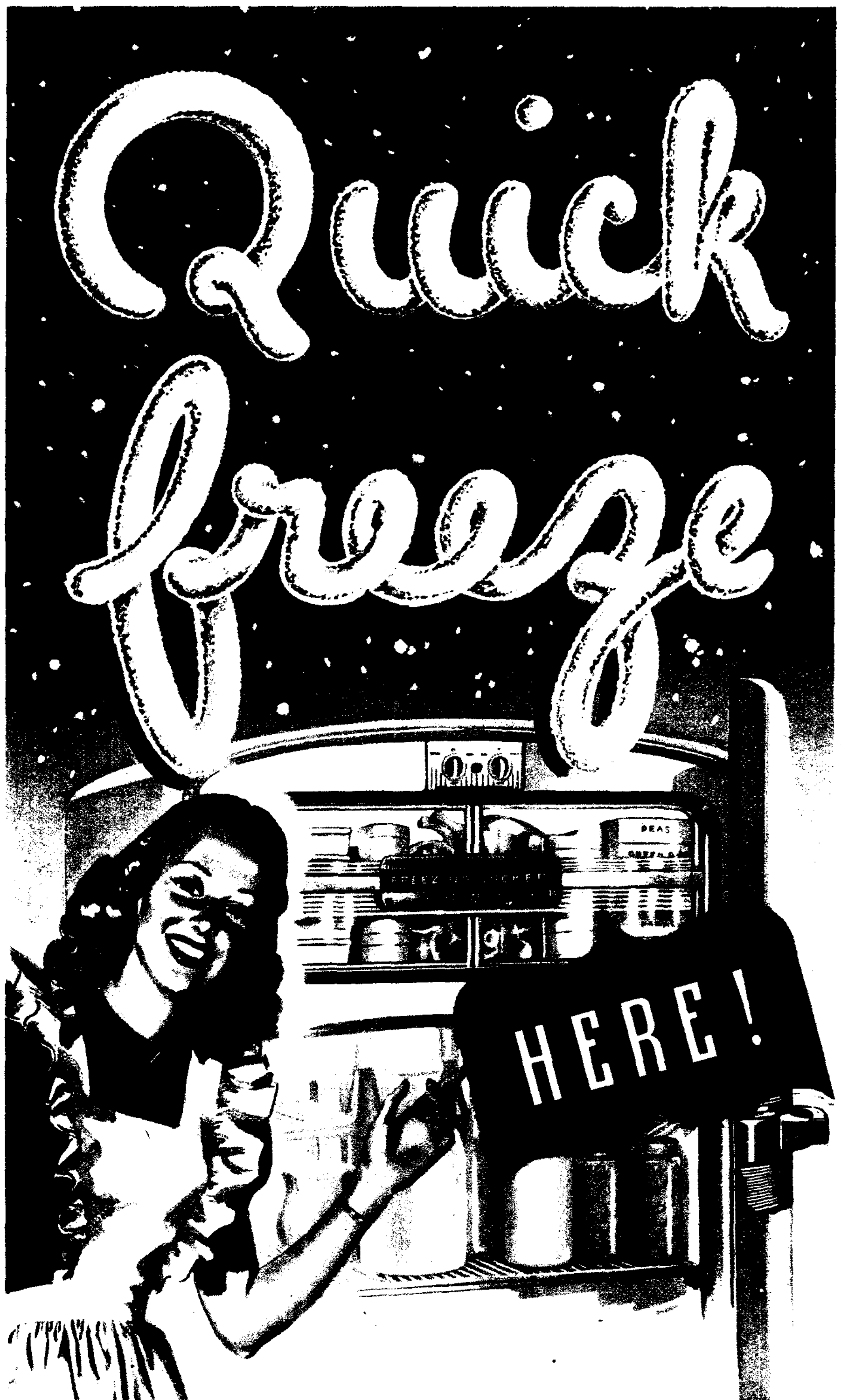

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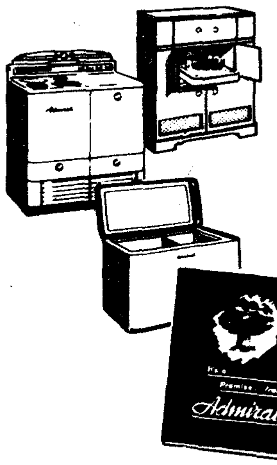

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
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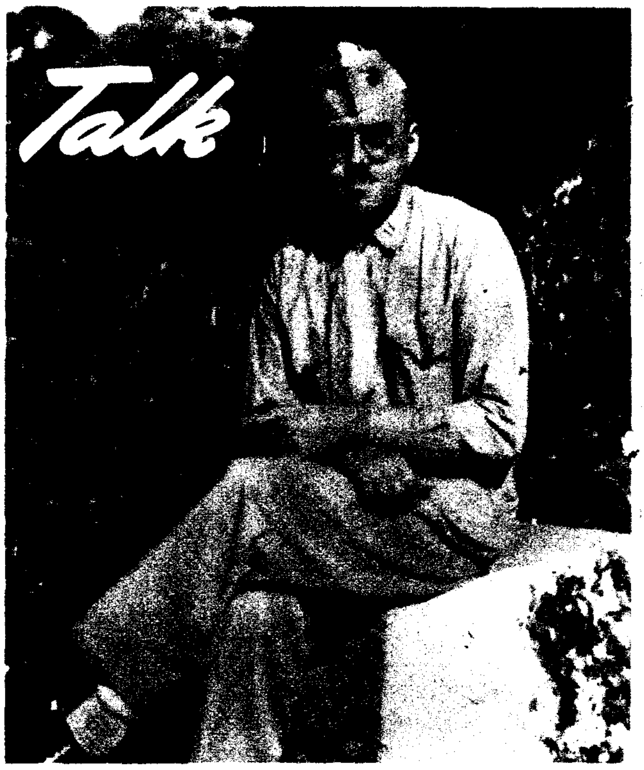
R. NEELY



Known in Okinawa as the Weatherman, Capt. Leo S. Maddy had to be able to tell fighter pilots what the weather conditions were like hundreds of miles away

OKINAWA—The Weatherman leaned back in his chair, studying the scant array of figures in his hand, searching for their meaning, winnowing them through his mind, shifting them about, filling in the gaps with the "ifs" and "ands" and "maybes" that eighteen years of studying the whims and antics of winds and weathers in many parts of the world had taught him.

He filled his pipe, and puffed while the gusty wind tugged at the tent flaps, and a gentle rain pattered on the roof. Slowly, a picture was forming in his mind. In the faint bits of evidence at hand he saw, or thought he saw, the outlines of a classic pattern. Just a few more facts, and his hunch, his theory, would become a conviction and a forecast—or it would have to be cast aside as completely wrong.

A sergeant came in with a sheaf of papers and laid them on the table. "Flight reports," he said.

The Weatherman picked them up and began to shuffle through. . . . More clues, hints, fragments to fit into the jigsaw pattern. Maybe, maybe not.

Slow moving, slow talking, slow to make up his mind, the Weatherman ruminated on these scattered facts, fitting each into its proper place. The picture was not complete, but the outlines, the structure, were unmistakably there. Confidently, he picked up the telephone and called fighter command.

"That strike on X-ray Shima," he said. "Push it back an hour. Hit the target any time after one and it will be in the clear."

IT WAS seven o'clock. By ten the rain had stopped, and off to the west the clouds were beginning to drift and break where the bright blue of clear skies shone through. By eleven the gray mattress had dissolved, and the only clouds were high white puffs, like cannon smoke against the blue. By noon the white coral runways were drying under the sun, and at 12:15, sixteen Marine Corsairs, carrying two 500-pound bombs apiece, lifted from the field and took off into the northeast, flying low on the heels of a storm that seemed to fade and disappear in front of them as though they were dragging the sunshine across the sky.

And there are sixteen fighter pilots who will swear that this is true—that as they came over the target the clouds that shrouded it rolled away as if the hand of God had turned back the blanket. And when they went into their bombing run, they dived through skies as clear as spring water onto targets that five minutes before they could never have seen.

There was much incredulous talk about this phenomenon afterward. The general, who knew the Weatherman of old, accused him, for probably the hundredth time, of being in league with the spirits, and the colonel, in charge of the fighters, said it was the damnedest thing he had ever seen. The pilots talked about it for a day and a half, which is a long time for anything to occupy the mind of a fighter pilot, who lives strictly in the moment.

But Captain Leo Sylvester Maddy, of Sherman Oaks, Calif., Marine Aviation's foremost prognosticator, saw no particular reason for all the fuss. Years ago, some Norwegian meteorologists had worked out what amounted to almost a formula for the behavior of warm fronts. And Okinawan weather, expected to be so changeable, had, surprisingly enough, conformed with remarkable fidelity to this pattern. The Norwegians had proved that bad weather sent its portents before it, like banners, which could be easily read, and that by the same token a smart observer could tell within a few hours of when the skies would clear.

FROM ground observations and from the evidence gathered by planes, the speed and the direction of the front could be determined. Knowing these facts, Captain Maddy could predict, even against the testimony of the skies at the moment, that in a few hours Okinawa's airfields would be clear, and that, in a certain period of time thereafter, a Jap island 200 miles to the northeast would also be free of its cloud blanket.

He didn't intend to shave it so thin, though, and the fact that the target cleared almost at the exact moment the fighter-bombers arrived was almost an error. The storm evidently slowed up a little after it passed over Okinawa, and only the fact that he allowed for this, when he told the planes when they could take off, saved him from coming out of the deal a dolt instead of a wizard. But he had been gambling on his judgment this way for years and nearly always had won.

An Iowa farm boy, who served in the first World War as a postal clerk in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps at Kelly Field, Texas, Captain Maddy, after that war, returned to the soil and for four years devoted himself to raising corn and hogs—as any solid Iowan would. But farm life soon palled. During his tour in the Army he had found the military to his liking, so he began to shop around among the services and finally chose the Marine Corps.

When a Marine first sergeant asked him if he'd like to be an aerologist, he didn't know what the word meant, but he knew that it was less grubby than washing dishes and sweeping floors, so he accepted.

Followed tours of duty at Anacostia and Quantico, Haiti and Nicaragua, San Diego, Guadalcanal and Noumea, and finally here. With all the knowledge of meteorology Captain Maddy has accumulated, his superior officers, knowing how little information he has had to work with in places like this, still wouldn't believe his forecasts were based on pure science. They told him they thought he did it just by wetting a finger and holding it up to the breeze. . . .

LIEUT. HAROLD H. MARTIN, U.S.M.C.

Add a Charm? ADD A DOZEN....

EXCITING as it is to research scientists when they hit the jackpot – discovering how to make a scarce material *abundant* – in the end it can be more exciting to you . . .

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They provide "chemical building blocks"– *now what will you have?*

Perhaps a new refrigerator or kitchen range whose allyl enamel won't chip or crack when you drop a kettle?

A lovely table top, built up of allyl resins and paper, which can't be burned by cigarettes or discolored by liquids?

Perhaps a colorful mar-proof, washable wall covering? Or a boat that never needs paint—with no screws or nails to rust—no wood to rot—nothing that a borer can sink his teeth in?

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Look to Shell Research for finer motor fuels and lubricants . . . Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of finer fuels and lubricants for your car. When the time comes, your Shell dealer will be ready.

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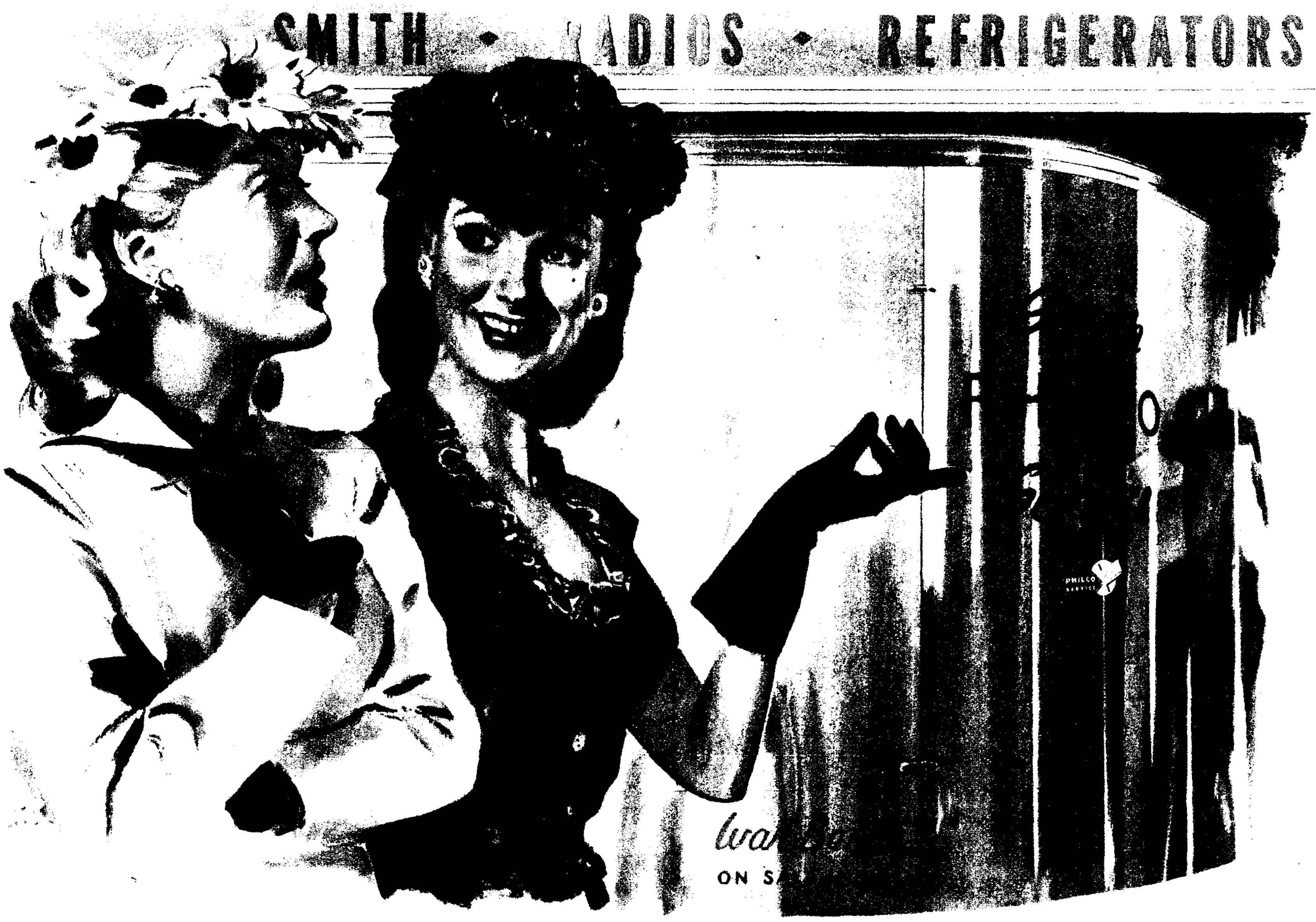

"It says *Service* on the window... and it *Means* Service in the Home"

"THE WAR has taught me the solid truth behind that old saying about a friend in need being a friend indeed.

"And we're right in front of the store of a man who has been that friend in need. We had a Philco Radio and a Philco Refrigerator when the war started . . . and were mighty well pleased with both. As the years passed, we were even more pleased with their trouble-free performance.

"When the radio in our living-room finally did need service, our Philco dealer didn't make excuses. He came to our house, and he fixed the radio more quickly than we ever expected. Not only that, but he checked the refrigerator at the same time just to make sure no trouble was developing.

"That experience made us even more glad we had bought from Philco. It proved that a Philco dealer not only could give good service in wartime . . . but that he'd go out of his way to make sure every Philco product stayed on the job. If there were any medals being given for home front service, I'd see that one went to our Philco dealer!"

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Philco joins millions of owners of Philco Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Auto Radios, Refrigerators and Air Conditioners in paying a well-deserved tribute to Philco dealers who have done such a superb job under difficult conditions.

Due to military and naval demands for radar and other electronic equipment, there have been times when certain radio tubes, parts, and portable radio batteries were not available for civilian use. But the foresight and planning of the Philco Service Division supplied Philco dealers with all replacement parts . . . plus the engineering advice and assistance that made it possible for the nation-wide Philco service organization to keep Philco products on the job.

If you need service on any Philco product, see your nearest Philco dealer. Or write Philco Service Division, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

UNEMPLOYMENT IS HERE AGAIN

BY LESTER VELIE

Detroit was first to face reconversion troubles and taste the bitterness of unemployment. Here's a report on the explosive mixture that will be brewing elsewhere in the land

"COME back to your Old Kentucky Home. Scenically, it is one of the loveliest of states. It has coal, hardwood, limestone, deep rich earth on its river bottoms and in the Bluegrass Country. But nothing will come of these if Kentucky's young and venturesome blood goes, and stays, away."

Typical blurb of a Kentucky chamber of commerce? No. An editorial in the Detroit News.

Detroit, harried host to a third of a million migrant workers (probably a million if you count their wives and kids) would like to see them go home, now that the wartime boom party is over.

Detroit is worried about its unemployment. About the tension between the migrant worker and the established native. About race relations already electric. About the struggle between unions and management. About the conflict between the returning veteran and the man who holds the job he wants.

Since Detroit's worries reflect the problems of an industrial nation, the rest of the country has cause to worry, too. The great demobilization has begun. In this demobilization some 8½ million war workers must find new jobs, retrieve old ones or drop out. So must some 9 million servicemen even after allowing for 3 million who may stay in the larger postwar Army and Navy.

How will these 17½ million demobilized persons make out? Put on your rose-colored glasses and you see them making out all right. You see American industry preparing to spend $4,500,000,000 on new job-giving plants and machinery (three times the prewar average) in the next twelve months; you see goods-starved consumers, loaded down with 140 billions or more of cash and savings scrambling to buy; you see American machinery, chemicals, raw materials flowing abroad at a ten-billion-dollar-a-year clip; you see a great housing boom. In short, you see prosperity.

Put on your black glasses and you see the great deflation wringer at work; you see purchasing power taking a nose dive because workers are jobless or have shifted to lower paying jobs, or have taken a cut of 20 per cent or more because they no longer work overtime; you see that the jobless don't buy, and so endanger the jobs of others, that manufacturers become jittery and think twice before building the new plants they had planned. In short, you see depression.

Which will it be?

Organized labor warns it will be depression unless basic wages are hiked 20 per cent, and unless some 16 billion dollars worth of government war plants are put to work to provide jobs during peace. Industry is not unanimous. Ira Mosher, president of The National Association of Manufacturers, believes that less than 1,500,000 workers will be out of work for more than 30 days, and most of these will have a job within three months. Other industry spokesmen believe the reconversion transition will be severe, and the important Committee for Economic Development believes that government co-operation may be necessary.

Government, through such spokesmen as Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson, says we must learn to live fifty per cent better than before the war—or else.

Or else what? The answer is mass unemployment. For unless we do better than in 1939, an average prewar year, we will have 11 million looking for jobs when the demobilization is over. The arithmetic is simple:

Wartime employed (1944)	51,200,000
Returning servicemen	8,800,000
Total	60,000,000
Women, aged, others who'll retire	4,000,000
Postwar job seekers	56,000,000
Employed in 1939	45,000,000
Surplus	11,000,000

That is the ultimate problem we have to face now that the war is over, the boys have started coming home, the war plant smokestacks are growing cold. But before that problem rolls up on the horizon another and almost equally important one is already here: Reconversion unemployment.

Many Americans are getting a foretaste of the bitter dose of unemployment during the present reconversion period. V-E Day started war production downhill. Plants began closing their doors. Half a million war workers had already been let out before V-J Day.

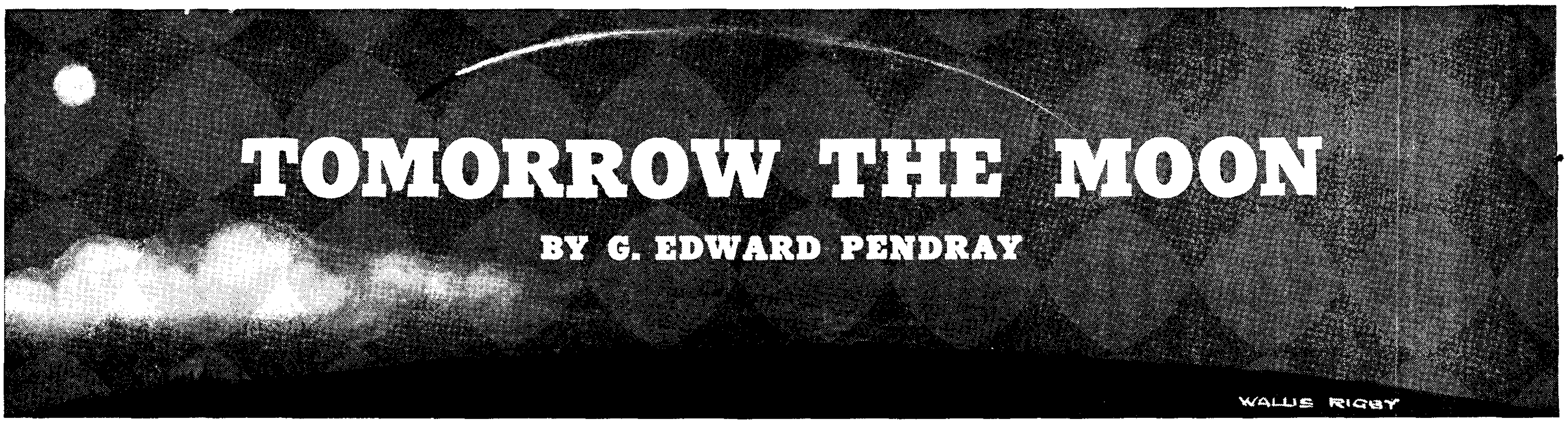
By year's end, the number will have been swelled to eight million (including soldiers) according to Washington estimates. Some 1,500,000 jobless workers and veterans were already pounding the streets looking for jobs by V-J Day.

This winter, then, America faces mass unemployment for the first time in years. In its severest form it will unfold before our eyes in the Tale of the Ten Cities.

The Ten Cities are those which the War Manpower Commission predicted months ago would suffer from "acute unemployment" even if V-J Day should be delayed. The War Manpower

(Continued on page 47)

ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE, COURTESY PACIFIC MILLS



TOMORROW THE MOON

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

G. Edward Pendray is one of America's foremost authorities on rockets and jet propulsion. He is secretary of the American Rocket Society and one of its founders. He was a pioneer experimenter, codesigner of the Society's first liquid-fuel rocket (shot in 1932) and founder of the Society's publication, the Journal of the American Rocket Society, of which he was the editor for many years. He is the author of The Coming Age of Rocket Power, a nontechnical explanation of rockets and jet propulsion. In professional life he is Assistant to the President of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.

The transocean rocket comes into its own with the advent of atomic power. It will be the most terrifying weapon man has ever devised, but its greatest possibilities lie in its peacetime uses. Here are the breath-taking possibilities

ONE evening in November, 1944, in Belgium there was a blast of flame that shook the evening countryside as a pointed cylinder began an upward curving flight that was to end just six minutes later in London—nearly 250 miles away.

This was one of the first of the German V-2 rocket bombs, a projectile forty-five feet long, five feet in diameter, weighing twelve tons. It was capable of reaching a maximum speed of more than 3,600 miles an hour. In its arching trajectory, it reached a point nearly seventy miles above the earth. It carried a ton of explosive.

This rocket not only shook London; it cast a long, speculative shadow into the future—a shadow that was greatly lengthened and deepened exactly nine months later when an American bombing plane wiped out a Japanese city with a single missile—the world's first atomic bomb.

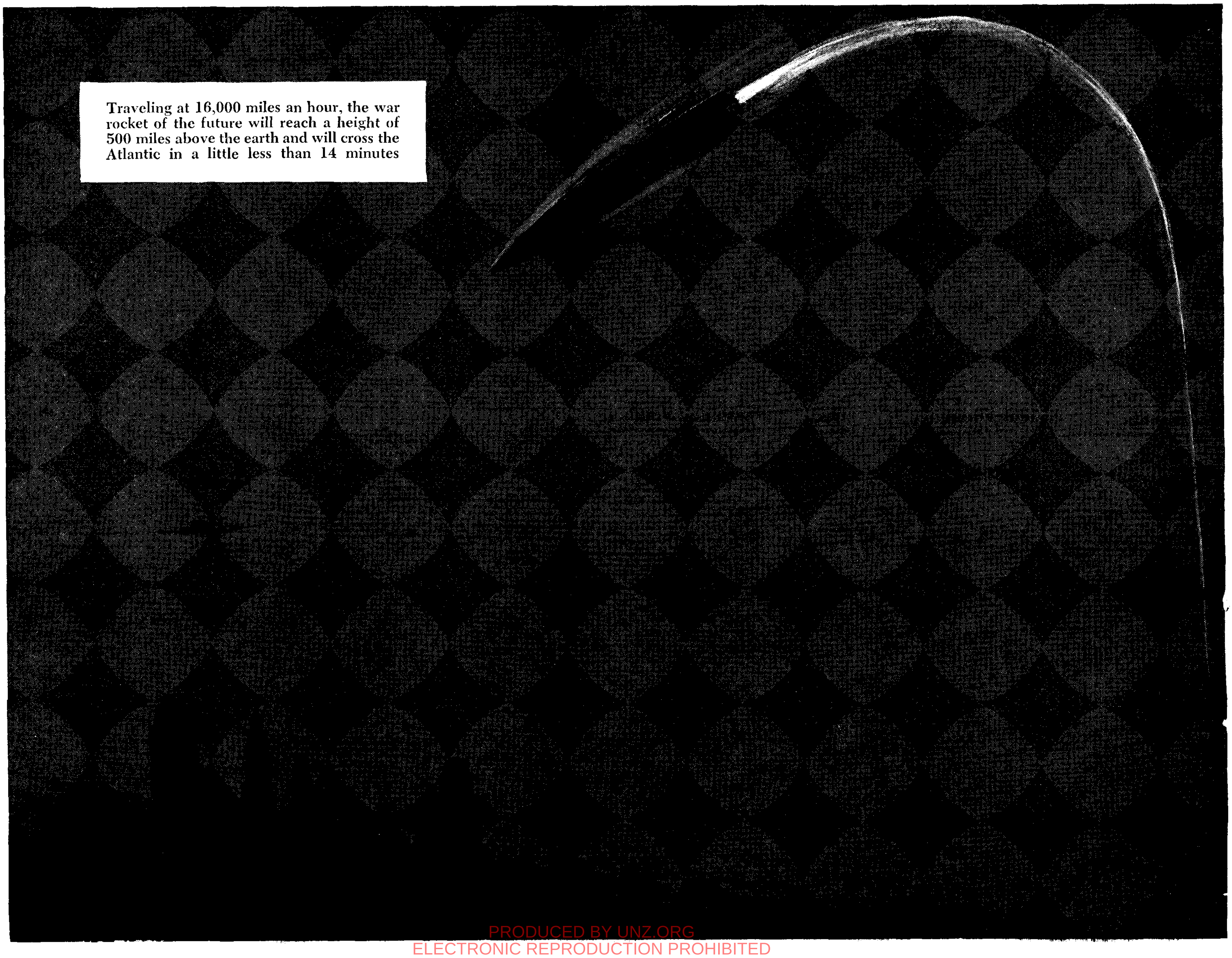
The Germans had proved that rockets could lob a ton of high explosive a distance of 250 miles, and do it in a manner that defied counteraction. What would have happened if the business end of V-2 had carried a load of atomic explosive instead of a ton of TNT?

The question is academic. V-2 had demonstrated, once and for all, that neither distance nor water barriers could protect a nation from rocket bombardment. And the atomic bomb had demonstrated, with equal clarity, that no nation could survive such a bombardment. Put these two simple facts together and you begin to get a picture of the war rocket of tomorrow.

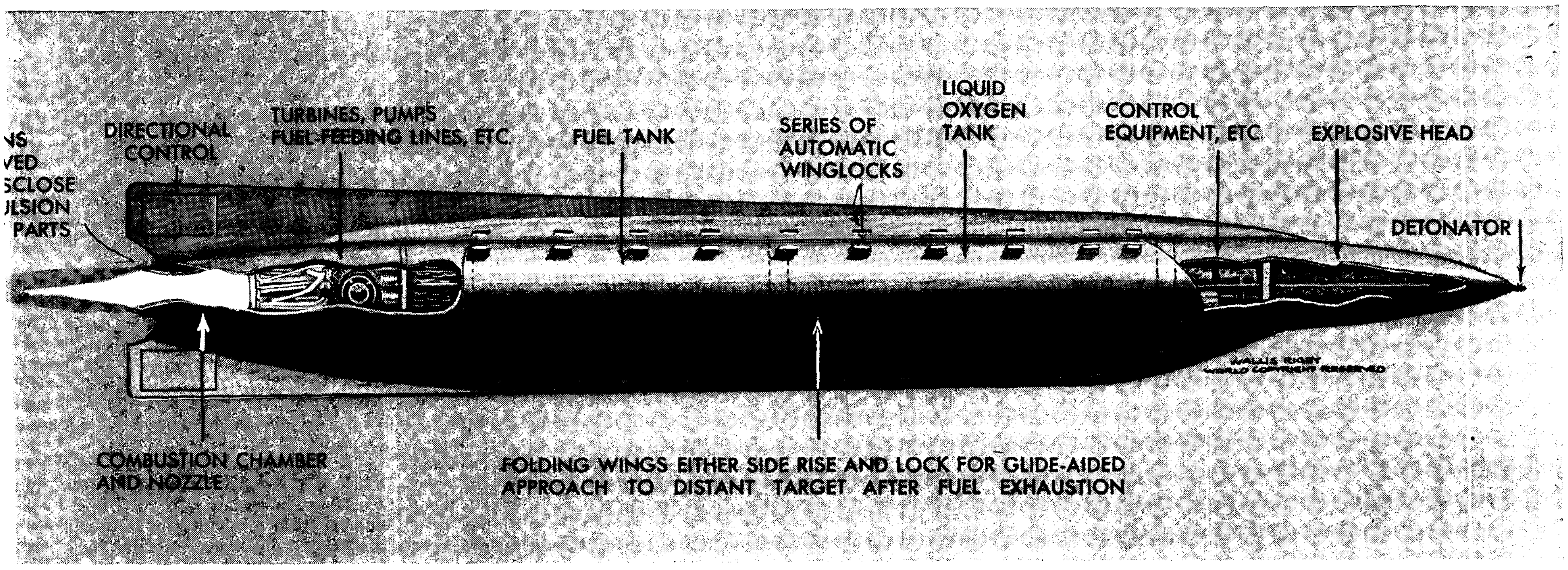
You can draw your own conclusions about this truly terrifying weapon from the known facts about both rocket propulsion and atomic energy.

V-2 was a massive and complicated affair, necessarily so because of the great weight of fuel required to carry its full ton of explosive. But a rocket carrying only a few pounds of atomic explosive would be much lighter and faster, and would have a far greater range. Further, if a practical way can be found to use atomic energy instead of liquid fuels to propel rockets (and this is by no means an impossibility) there will be no practical limitations on size, range and destructive effects of the war rocket of the future.

The potentialities of such a weapon are so great that the nature of war will be changed for all time to come. By a strange paradox, the rocket may both doom and supplant the big bombing plane—there is no reason why a



Traveling at 16,000 miles an hour, the war rocket of the future will reach a height of 500 miles above the earth and will cross the Atlantic in a little less than 14 minutes ocket cannot be developed that will set out fter a bombing plane like a hound after a abbit. When that happens, the rocket will ecome the ideal, if not the only, vehicle for arrying bombs. Thus, long-range bombardient with rocket-borne atomic bombs is one f the first things to be expected in any future ar. If man learns how to send rockets cross oceans before he learns how to preent wars, whole nations may be crippled bere they can even begin to get their defenses rganized.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PARTS
DIRECTIONAL CONTROL
TURBINES, PUMPS FUEL-FEEDING LINES, ETC.
FUEL TANK
SERIES OF AUTOMATIC WINGLOCKS
LIQUID OXYGEN TANK
CONTROL EQUIPMENT, ETC.
EXPLOSIVE HEAD
DETONATOR
COMBUSTION CHAMBER AND NOZZLE
FOLDING WINGS EITHER SIDE RISE AND LOCK FOR GLIDE-AIDED APPROACH TO DISTANT TARGET AFTER FUEL EXHAUSTION
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asic design for a transocean rocket using liquid fuel. It will be three times as large as Germany's 12-ton V-2 bomb, and will coast on wings at the end of its flight

That's the darker side of the picture of ocket propulsion as it stands today. There's more cheerful prospect, however. The ocket is opening up a new era in the arts of ace, particularly in the United States, hich has always been a leader in rocket rearch. In this connection, it may surprise ou to know that the German V-2 bomb asn't really a German invention at all. It as American. Designs for similar projecles, planned for peacetime uses, were fully orked out in this country long before the ar.

The whole field of rockets and jet propulon, in fact, was American in origin. It all egan about twenty-five years ago when Dr. obert H. Goddard, then a young prossor at Clark University, began shooting ockets near Worcester, Mass., to see how igh he could send weather instruments. ocketry was carried up to its prewar stages rincipally in this country, by Dr. Goddard nd other engineer members of the Amerin Rocket Society, the official association of ocket and jet-propulsion engineers. The merican Rocket Society before the war was e largest and most active rocket organizaon in the world.

Rapid Growth of Rocket Power

The results of all this pre-1940 work are en plentifully now. The Germans made me especially spectacular applications of ocket power, but the Allies have done some nazing things with it, too—a lot of which haven't yet heard much about. Rocketry nd jet propulsion have grown from nothing 1938 into an industry that will produce ore than a billion dollars worth of equipent in 1945.

The still unexplored possibilities of rocket ower are breath-taking.

Take, for example, the old idea—old, that among rocketers—of shooting mail, exress and maybe passengers at mile-a-second eeds from one point to another over the rth. This notion was considered just too ntastic by conservative engineers as recently s five years ago. Now it is almost a stateent of present possibilities.

A rocket is simply a *projectile* that is driven y jet propulsion. Being projectiles, rockets eed no wings to support them. They pierce through the lower atmosphere like artillery shells, fly high into its upper layers where the air is vanishingly thin, and come down again like a falling star. For that reason, if the rocket is to carry mail or express it needs some kind of equipment to slow its descent.

Best guesses at present are that the long-range mail and express rockets will carry small retractile wings which will be folded into themselves during the early, swift parts of the flight and will open as the craft begins to nose downward. The wings will make the atmosphere itself cushion the landing and will also serve to extend the flight.

The cost of carrying mail and express by rocket power may, of course, be greater than by airplane, but people are usually willing to pay something extra for speed—and speed, above everything else, is what the rocket has to offer.

Rocket motors already developed should make it possible to shoot large payload-carrying rockets for distances upward of 400 miles—about as far as between Pittsburgh and New York. Mail or express could be sent by rocket between these cities in just seven and a half minutes.

A little more improvement in liquid-fuel motors, such as may be accomplished in the next few months of research, and we could probably shoot 500 miles. This distance will take a little longer—about eight minutes.

Five-hundred-mile mail or express rockets could readily link many of the major cities of the country; for example, New York and Washington (228 miles), New York and Pittsburgh (369 miles), Chicago and Cincinnati (272 miles) and Chicago and St. Louis (294 miles). Los Angeles and San Francisco (404 miles) could be brought within seven and a half minutes of each other by rocket shots; also Denver and Santa Fe (410 miles) and Omaha and Minneapolis (367 miles).

Cities without direct rail connection with other large cities should be especially interested in rocket lines. The distance between Toronto and Cleveland, across Lake Erie, is about 200 miles; a rocket could shoot from one to the other in six minutes. From Toronto to Milwaukee, a long, awkward route across parts of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, is about 500 miles, an eight-minute rocket flight.

Of course, mail and express shots up to about 500 miles are only what could be done now, or in the near future. There is no reason to suppose that rockets will stop there.

The Germans claim to have been readying some jet-propelled weapons capable of shooting across the Atlantic to bombard New York and Boston from Europe. Details are still lacking as to just what sort of devices they had in mind, but the idea of the transocean rocket is by no means fantastic. We're not ready for it just yet, but give us a few years of active research and it's not an impossibility. It may come with dramatic suddenness if the tremendous forces of atomic energy can be controlled for use as a propellent and, even if this proves impractical, there are other possibilities for new and better fuels. For example, if someone can find a way to liquefy a substance called monoatomic hydrogen, it would theoretically give up enough power to send rockets across either of our oceans with the greatest of ease. And to the moon, too.

To cross the Atlantic, a rocket would have to reach the enormous trajectory speed of about four and a half miles a second, or say, 16,000 miles an hour. It would have to fly in a high arc, sweeping clear out of the earth's atmosphere during part of the flight, perhaps reaching altitudes of 500 miles or more. It would make the entire tremendous voyage from Europe to this country *in just a little over fourteen minutes.*

Rockets of this kind, of course, would have to be steered with automatic devices from start to finish. If a pilot were to go along, it would be only for the ride. His human reflexes would be too slow to guide the projectile accurately. A second's indecision at 16,000 miles an hour would cause him to miss his destination by hundreds of miles.

The beginnings of suitable automatic controls for long-range rockets have been worked out. The Germans guided their V-2 rockets at first with a combination of gyro-controls and short-wave radio. When the Allies found ways of spoiling the aim by scrambling up the radio signals with interfering devices, the Nazi scientists developed a new instrument to guide the rocket. This gadget, which was contained within the rocket, utilized the "pull" of the rocket's varying acceleration to operate the mechanism that kept it on its course.

Such an instrument theoretically could guide a rocket exactly to its destination without outside aid. It would have to be very complex and delicate, though, and the probabilities are that, for peacetime use, mail and express rockets will be guided simply by a combination of internal gyro controls and short-wave radio beams at the take-off and landing. Apparatus of this kind has in fact already been developed on paper.

The engineers believe mail and express rockets probably will represent only the early stages of the use of rocket power. It is certain that when rockets have been developed sufficiently to carry mail with regularity and safety, some daredevil will want to go along. And thus may begin the era of rocket passenger transportation.

If it ever comes, such rocket passenger transport will not compete with aircraft transportation in the ordinary sense. Planes will still be poking along from here to yon at 200, 300 or maybe even 400 miles an hour, driven by propellers. There will also be faster aircraft, powered by gas turbines or jet engines, that may be scooting through the higher levels of the atmosphere at speeds up to 1,500 miles an hour or over.

The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics recently disclosed that it is experimenting in its wind tunnels with jet-propelled planes that will fly up to 2,000 miles an hour. But even 1,500 miles an hour is pretty fast. Such a speed will bring every point of the earth's surface within eight hours of every other point. You would be able, at 1,500 miles an hour, to fly from one side of the earth to the diametrically opposite spot on the other side in one comfortable working day. For most folks that will be fast enough, but for some it will still be too slow. For these there will be the passenger rocket.

A long-distance passenger rocket may fly at least ten times as fast as the fastest plane, so the first question that comes to mind is whether the human frame can stand such speeds.

A Question of Human Endurance

We have had a lot of experience with the ability of the human body to stand high speeds. It is known that we can move at literally *any speed,* so long as the motion is fairly steady, with no fast stops or starts. As a matter of fact, everybody in the world is traveling at about 19 miles a second this moment—in the earth's orbit around the sun. It doesn't hurt us a bit.

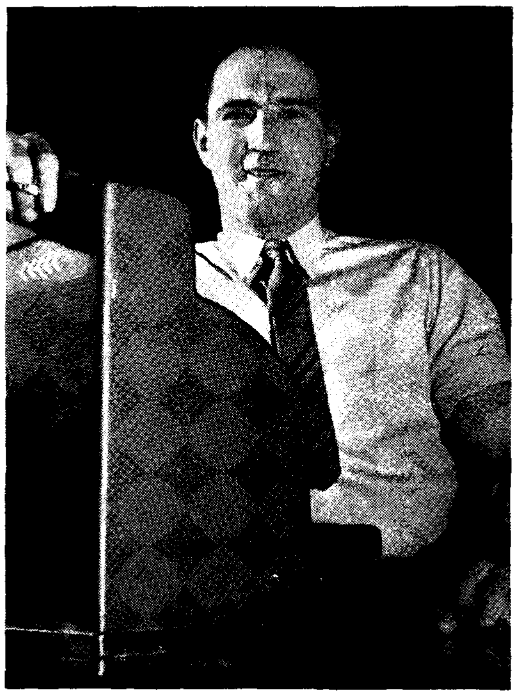
What does hurt is a rapid increase or decrease in speed—what the physicists call "acceleration" and "deceleration." In a passenger rocket we shall have to be careful to accelerate no faster than the human body can take it. But again there is plenty of evidence that we are on the safe side. For the rocket must not gain velocity too rapidly for other reasons: It must build up speed at a rather gradual rate until it has reached the high stratosphere; otherwise air resistance would keep it from getting anywhere at all.

Thus, there is a practical limit to the rate of acceleration of a rocket. It works out to about three times the rate at which a falling stone picks up speed. Aviators in power dives have reached and survived an acceleration rate of nine times that of a free-falling body. Furthermore, when pulling out of such a dive, they survive a terrific deceleration drag—nine Gs, the pilots call it—which simply means that the gravitational pull on their bodies is multiplied nine times.

It is also the nature of a rocket that it must burn up all its fuels as fast as possible. It then coasts the rest of the way to its destination on its momentum, like a shell. Our passengers would consequently be subjected to the acceleration for only a very short time.

(Continued on page 87)

LLUSTRATED BY WALLIS RIGBY



BOB LEAVITT

Lieutenant Carlton R. Rouh is holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor

THAT'S HOW IT IS, BROTHER

BY IRA WOLFERT

A hero talks, simply and realistically, of heroism and its rewards — neither of which are very hard to find once you have learned where to look

ALL the thinkers who think in the papers and on the radio," said First Lieutenant Carlton R. Rouh, United States Marine Corps, "say that the only thing the fellows want when they come home is just to take up where they left off and get going again.

"But that is one they would do better to tie outside. Learning to want just that is the hardest thing there is, I think, for a soldier to learn. Those fellows have had a knocking around, the combat soldiers anyway. There's been artillery knocking down their ears, and all the rest of it, all that stuff out there knocking at their brains, and sometimes they get the impression that they've been thrown into a meat grinder 100 miles long.

"Then, when finally they're through the meat chopper and get a foot ashore in the United States of America, I don't care who they are, or what kind of a deal they expect is waiting for them, they all think the same thing. Holy cracking creeping jeepers! they think, as if the United States was a beautiful girl for them to touch. After that, the same dirty old overalls hanging on the peg waiting for them is a shock to see. It's like being a child and getting a 'sensible' present for your birthday. Coming home from war is the greatest, biggest, most wonderful bangest-up birthday most fellows are likely ever to have in their whole lives. It takes a little studying to learn that a sensible present, a chance to take up where you left off and get going again on your life, is the best for you.

"And there is no kidding about that. The very best break a soldier can get is to throw the whole thing over his shoulder, count his life in the war as dead and take up as a civilian where he left off.

"The reception the soldiers get when they come home is a mixed-up kind of thing. Take me. I don't want to seem to be bragging, but just to get the facts down and illustrate the point, I'm the only fellow in my home town (Lindenwold, New Jersey) who won the Congressional Medal of Honor. I'm the only fellow from this town who ever won it, and you can name your own odds I'm the only one around here ever will win it. They don't come easy.

"But when I got home, nobody noticed it much. While I was waiting for President Truman to give me the medal and the doctors to finish recapping and retreading me for limited service, the Marine Corps came down and offered to co-operate in any celebration the town was planning, throw in a band and a parade and the rest. But nobody in town was interested. There was no parade. There wasn't anything. When I came home, I didn't get patted on the back by anybody hard enough to hurt.

"That may sound like a complaint, but it really isn't. Because here's another fellow, out of the Philadelphia area, and he comes home with the Navy Cross, another tough one to win. He's wined and dined. Can't go nowhere without there's people opening his mouth for him and pouring drinks down.

A Hero Takes a Fall

"It's all very nice for quite a while, quite some weeks, in the Coffee Pot and the main dining room of the hotel and the juke joint and the Chamber of Commerce and the American Legion and wherever he wants to go. Then he comes up to district headquarters and holds out the medal and says, 'Take it back.' That's a fact. That actually happened. That's really what he said. 'Take it back,' he says. 'It made a bum out of me.'

"Then there's a patriot over the line in Pennsylvania who thinks nothing's too good for the boys. So he takes one of the local heroes and buys him a gas station. What could be sweeter than that? Well, look at it from the kid's angle. He don't know nothing. He did what he had to do in the war and what he felt called upon to do. He comes home and the glad hand is sticking out a mile long. Everybody's saying nothing's too good for him and they give him a gas station to prove it.

"Well, what the hell is so good about a gas station? A gas station is hard work. It's long hours and worries and taking lip from cranky customers and having guys try to steal the eyes out of your head. You'd think it was good enough if you worked ten, fifteen years to put the gas station together for yourself. But with everybody saying nothing's too good for you, well then, who can blame you for thinking what the hell is so good about a gas station when fellows who didn't do anything in the war except work hard at making money for themselves are riding around in swell cars, smoking cigars that you got to use both hands to hold up?

"The kid threw the gas station away after a couple of weeks. I don't know what happened to him after that. Everybody said the war made a bum out of him, a guy who thinks the world owes him a living.

"It wasn't the war made a bum out of him. There is nothing in war to teach you the world owes you a living if you've got ears to listen to what the war says to you. But if you've got a head that can be turned, that old glad hand can sure turn it around."

"Cobber" Rouh, as the Marines learned to call him ("Cobber" is Australia's equivalent of our "pal"), is a big, serious-minded, soft-talking man of 26 now, black-haired and with the black, shining eyes of his French ancestors. His own story of what made a hero out of him is practical and hardheaded, and it takes into account facts that the "nothing is too good" contingent back home is inclined enthusiastically to overlook.

The Hotel Linden, with its twenty-one rooms and bar-and-sandwich counter, seems to be the key to what made a hero out of Rouh. It sits stolidly on the edge of the obscure byway of Lindenwold and is a not exactly luxurious enterprise. Only with careful management and hard work did it earn a living for the Rouh family—a widowed mother and her four sons.

Carlton Rouh became boss at the age of 18. He wore an apron around the place, and the handy man's overalls, and the bookkeeper's green eyeshade, and the manager's felt hat, and the owner's worried look when going down to the bank—and just generally wore the pants there. This went on for five habit-forming years. In this time the hotel formed in the youth what is formed in most owners of small businesses who keep above water—a habit of initiative and a habit of responsibility toward the job itself and toward the workers, if any, involved in it. It was this more than anything else that, carried to its ultimate conclusion, won for Rouh a soldier's ultimate award.

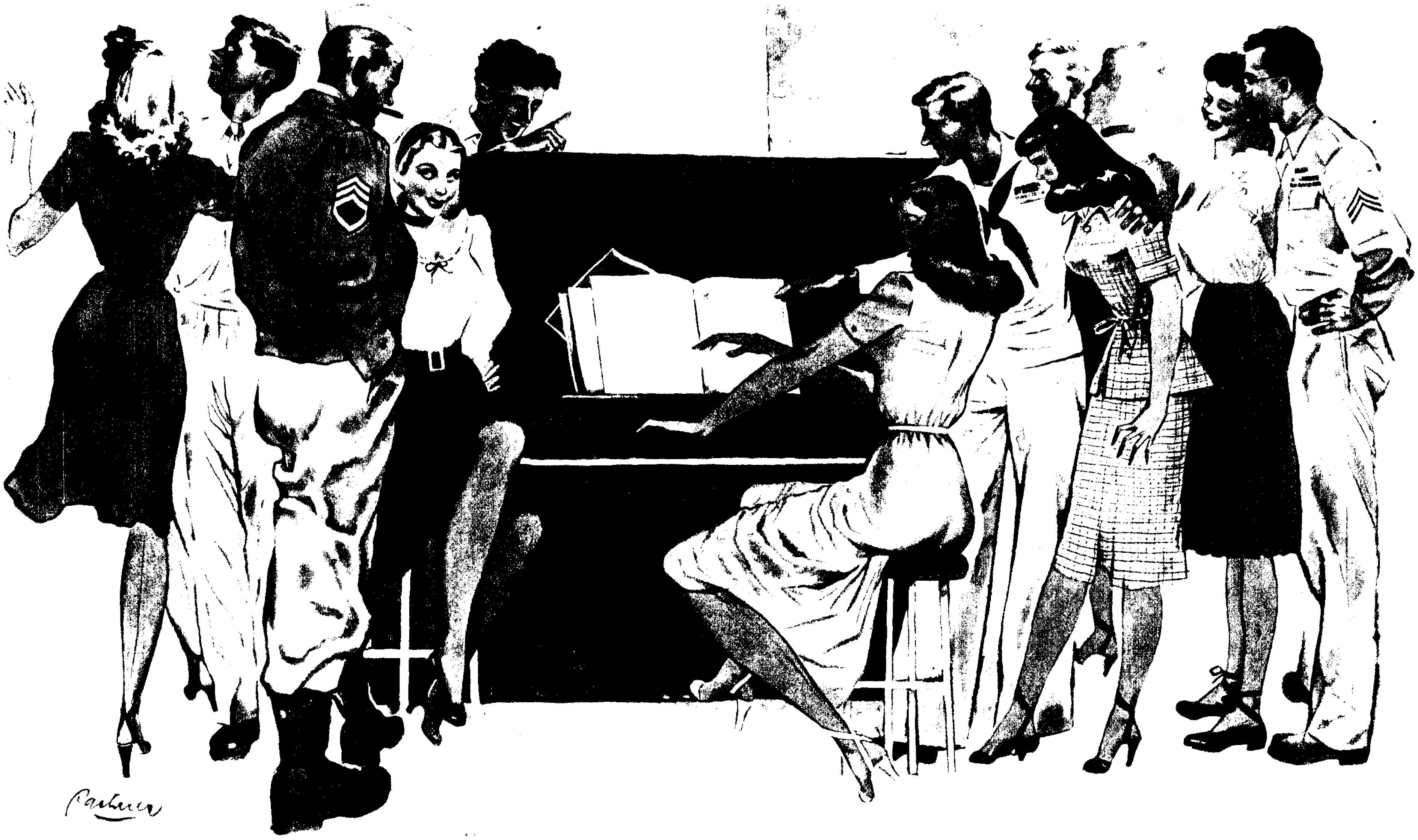
"A fellow looking into his own mind, trying to figure out *why* he did what he did in

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"It was the most beautiful knife I'd ever seen. They'd kid me about it and ask me was I carrying it just to scare myself"

Mary was at the piano facing a semicircle of soldiers and sailors and their girls. Someone said, "Do you remember Always? That's my favorite song"



You Remember Gloria

By Louella MacFarlane

Emma believed that Gloria had ruined her life. Now, face to face with this woman she had hated for so long, she saw at last her chance for revenge

THE house at 1215 Hollylane Drive always reminded Emma Bloch of Queen Wilhelmina. It was a large, square sandstone mansion, three stories high, with octagonal turrets crowning its flat roof. A wide, bare cement porch reached across the front. From it, six circular steps of cracked Italian marble fanned downward, connecting the house to the terraced hillock upon which it perched, disdainfully uncomfortable, like royalty on a picnic.

It had been built by an actor in the era of gold bathtubs, exactly in the center of what was now the heart of Hollywood. Emma acquired it after the death of her father, intending sooner or later to put an apartment building there. Before she got around to it, however, 1215 had established itself as an overflow house for her varied philanthropic activities, a kind of way station for abandoned children, dust-bowl victims, refugees from Europe and homeless war workers.

Emma was glad now that she had not disposed of it. "Hospitality House," the servicemen's canteen on Vine Street, was creaking at every joint. An additional building was needed and 1215, temporarily vacant, was the obvious, ever-ready answer.

Finding someone to help manage it was not so easy. Emma thumbed through her black leather address book quickly, hardly needing the typed names to conjure up a complete picture of each person listed. But from "Abbot, Dorothy" to "Zcesnic, Carla" there was no one who was exactly right for Emma's purposes. They were either incompetent or already being used by Emma to the limits of their time and talents.

Emma slapped the book shut. She stuck a pencil between her large white teeth and bit down on the eraser. Idly, she jogged it up and down with her index finger, waiting for inspiration. "Dear Lord," she murmured, only partially irreverent, "please send me someone for 1215."

The office door opened and Madge, Emma's secretary, entered the room closing the door behind her. "Gloria Devalle's outside. She'd like to see you," Madge said.

Emma's lips curved in an upside-down smile. "No, thanks, Lord," she said. "I could do better than that myself."

Madge's native curiosity had atrophied from lack of satisfaction. She disregarded Emma's ironic aside. "I can tell her you're busy . . ." she suggested.

Emma shook her head. *It was a long time ago,* she thought. *Twenty years.* Emma had been in love with Martin Kalix, the "bright young man" at Magnetic Pictures, who was then just starting his career as a producer. It was the natural order of things for him to marry Emma, the only child of Julius Bloch, founder of Magnetic Pictures, Inc., so heads and tongues wagged furiously when he fell violently in love with Emma's friend and protégée, Gloria Devalle. After a while, Gloria went on to a new love, and Hollywood forgot. But Emma never had.

"I'll see her," Emma said. She pushed herself back in her swivel chair until her narrow, well-shod feet left the floor, balancing herself with hands pressed against the edge of her scarred desk, her eyes on the door.

Hollywood is such a tightly bound community that the two women had seen each other often through the years, but some months had passed since their last meeting.

The first look told Emma what she wanted to know. Gloria's hair, still black and lustrous, was combed sleekly off her brow into a soft roll at the back, and her eyes were wide and untroubled, but there was a thin unconcealable line of desperation at one corner of her full lower lip. Her meticulously tailored slack suit, old but carefully pressed, gave no hint of poverty, but Emma's quick eye priced the socks, which barely showed beneath the cuffs, at nineteen cents.

Gloria sank gracefully into a proffered chair, tapped a cigarette on her thumbnail and lighted it. "You're looking well, darling," she said. "And as busy as ever, I see. What are you up to now?"

Emma smiled her thin-lipped friendly smile that showed good nature rather than warmth. "Another canteen—like Hospitality. Remember 1215 Hollylane Drive, Gloria? Going to do it over, top to bottom."

Gloria raised an eyebrow ruefully. "Remember it? Wally Roy's old house. Well, rather! Really, Emma, I never had much luck with men, but Wally was the prize skunk of the entire zoo."

Cold distaste arched Emma's nostrils. "You got what you wanted," she said. "Wally gave you more than he ever got back."

And so did all the others, she thought, before and after him. So did Martin Kalix. His utter devotion in his two hands and you took that too, Gloria, as if it were some small unimportant thing that a man like Martin Kalix loved you.

The violence of her thoughts was unexpectedly matched by Gloria's naked unhappiness. She stared back at Emma, eyes clouding over, then bowed her head. "Don't pick on me, Em. Please don't. I'm too utterly miserable."

"Well," Emma asked, "what is it?"

Gloria took a deep breath before she spoke: "I'm broke."

Emma rose from her desk and stood for a moment facing Gloria, shocked, incredulous and angry. To be hard up—to wear cheap

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Change of Tune

By Norma Bicknell Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Zeke had come back to marry the girl he'd turned down. But Benita had streamlined her own ideas, and now it looked as though he might end up by breaking his heart instead

THE modest sign outside had said "Benita Frocks," but inside, the shop looked less a shop than a modern drawing room furnished with extravagant simplicity for lounging. Zeke, accustomed to rubble and broken walls and shell-scarred floors, felt awkward and unpressed in the elegance surrounding him. He looked down to see if he had muddied the tawny carpet, but his shoes weren't G.I., and neither were they muddy, so then he remembered. He remembered that at last the war was over. Presently his paper would send him back to the South Pacific where he would try to put into small, honest words the new era of peace and the undramatic story of the men whose lot it is to enforce it there.

But now he wanted to see Benita.

A knob turned in the wall, a door opened where there had been no door, and a girl came toward him. It wasn't Benita. This girl was an adjunct of the shop, a synthetic creation, flawless as the unframed mirrors.

"I'll call Miss Dune," the girl said. "What is your name?"

"Zeke Anson," he said. He was accustomed now to recognition when he spoke his name. The girl came subtly to life, hearing it.

"Please sit down," she said. Zeke looked around him, and he thought: In three years Benita has done this.

He was awed, but he was troubled, too. Would she give it up, all this, to marry him? Because he wanted to marry her. Three years ago he hadn't. . . .

Three years ago he'd said, "How old are you, Benny? Twenty? And you want to get married to me? Look," he'd said, and his voice had been gentle, because you couldn't look down on heartbreak and not be moved; "let's let you grow up a little, shall we? I'm going to Europe. I've got a lot of things to do in these next few years. I'm middle-aged, compared to you. I'm twenty-nine." And he'd said, "Nothing lasts in this world, Benny. Not even love." He had put an arm around her, and she had put her face against his chest, not moving, scarcely breathing. "Go on with your designing," he'd said. "You've made a whale of a start for a toddler. Give it all your time, all of your attention. And someday, before we're too much older, maybe we'll meet again. Nobody knows."

She had backed away from him slowly, neither pleading nor protesting. "If you should ever need me, Zeke," she said, "I'll count on you to let me know."

It had been both touching and absurd, because how could he ever have a need of her, and yet there had been something in the simplicity of her assumption that had given him a moment's uneasiness, as though he had brushed past destiny without recognizing it. . . .

The door at the back of the room opened again. Benita paused a moment, drawing the door slowly shut behind her, looking toward Zeke but not recognizing him. He stared at her without smiling. Three years had wrought a profound change. She was taller than he had recalled, or perhaps, being thinner, she appeared taller. Three years ago her hair had been lighter, too, wind-whipped and willful. It was sleek now. Benita was sleek, and if you liked sleek things, she was spectacularly beautiful. The wall behind her was vividly yellow, and yellow was one of her colors; it accented the ocher warmth of her skin, it gave her hazel eyes an amber cast.

Zeke, forgetting himself, stared on, honestly puzzled, trying to discover by what trick of make-up or coiffure she had obliterated the girl he had remembered.

"Hello, Zeke," she said. She smiled, and for half a second the wind-whipped willful child peered out at him. She held out her hand, a long, squarish hand, a competent hand. "Home from the wars?" she said. She suggested with a gesture which chair would be most comfortable for him. She offered him a cigarette from a box of them on a hand-carved table. She took one herself and accepted the light he offered, looking at him critically through the smoke. "Have you been ill, Zeke, or have I forgotten how you used to look?"

It hadn't occurred to him that he might have changed, too.

"You've made a miracle with a three-year leeway," he said, indicating the salon.

"Is it really three years?" Benita asked. "I haven't kept track. I've been too busy, and I've had to work too hard. I didn't do it all by myself. Friends with faith in me helped. It is nice, isn't it?" She looked about her with anxious pride. "It isn't typical of me," she said, "but I think I have become typical of it."

Zeke was thoughtful. "Is that good?" he said at last, cautiously.

"Of course, silly," she said, laughing. When she laughed, he knew her, and his heart took hope. "I'm vastly improved. Don't you remember how young I was, always running true to impulse? You should remember. I proposed to you, didn't I?" She looked at him soberly. "I do apologize, Zeke. You were sweet, and patient and understanding. Good came of it, though. I followed your advice, and this," she waved her hand, "is mine."

"And now you're happy?"

She considered that. "Yes," she said presently. "It took a while to re-sort my values, and it was painful, but perhaps that was best, Zeke. I know now what I need, and what I can't endure. Yes, I'm happy. I hope you are," she said politely.

"I'll be around this next month," he said. "I'd like to see you, if you'll let me." It was a cautious compromise with what he'd meant to say. He had come straight to the shop from his hotel after he'd checked in that morning, the words he had kept warm these past few years sincerely on his lips at last—"I need you, Benny." But this girl wasn't Benny.

"I'd like to see you, if you'll let me?"

"Of course," she said. She paused, frowning. "I'm being married in three weeks, and there are hundreds of parties—"

Zeke stood up and he was weary. Once he had said to her, "Nothing lasts in this world, Benny. Not even love." He had no one to blame but himself for having counted on Benita's proving him wrong.

Creeping pain assailed his stomach, the small-boy pain he recalled from childhood terrors and tragedies. He had been without it now these many years, yet here it was again, spreading its ache through his body, shredding the hopes he had woven from his developing knowledge of his love for Benita.

Benita told him about her wedding plans, but he didn't listen. If Benita's love had not endured, none could. There was no enduring thing in this world, and a man aware of that could guard himself against future pain. He wondered where, in the years just past, he had been keeping his pride. The trick now, of course, was to keep Benita from knowing what had happened. This girl, standing before him, had no need of anyone but herself. She had grown wise.

Zeke smiled down at her, a crooked, controlled smile. "You have things pretty well mapped out for yourself, haven't you?"

"I've grown up, Zeke," she said earnestly. "You told me to grow up, and I did, all by myself."

"That's fine, that's fine," he said. "I'll go along. You have work to do."

"There's always work," she said. "It's good to see you again." She gave him her squarish hand. "Give me a ring," she said. "I'll manage time for you."

"If you should ever need me," she'd said. The tune had changed. Now she would manage time for him.

OUTSIDE, the day was hot with midsummer. The shop had been cool, but out here, the city steamed and pressed against his temples with its noise. He walked along, not caring where he went, and he kept seeing the heartbroken face of a girl lifted to his, beseeching him. It was an image he could spend his life trying to forget.

He turned presently and made his way along the crowded sidewalk, toward Perley's place, a small and dingy cocktail lounge with a bar that was stained and scarred. A man could sort his griefs here, and drink them to inconsequence, one at a time.

Perley, a butcher's white apron tied around his grotesque waistline, knew him.

"You been away," he said, and wiped his fingers and leaned across the bar to take Zeke's hand. "Been missing you for years," he said. "What'll you have? Same as always?"

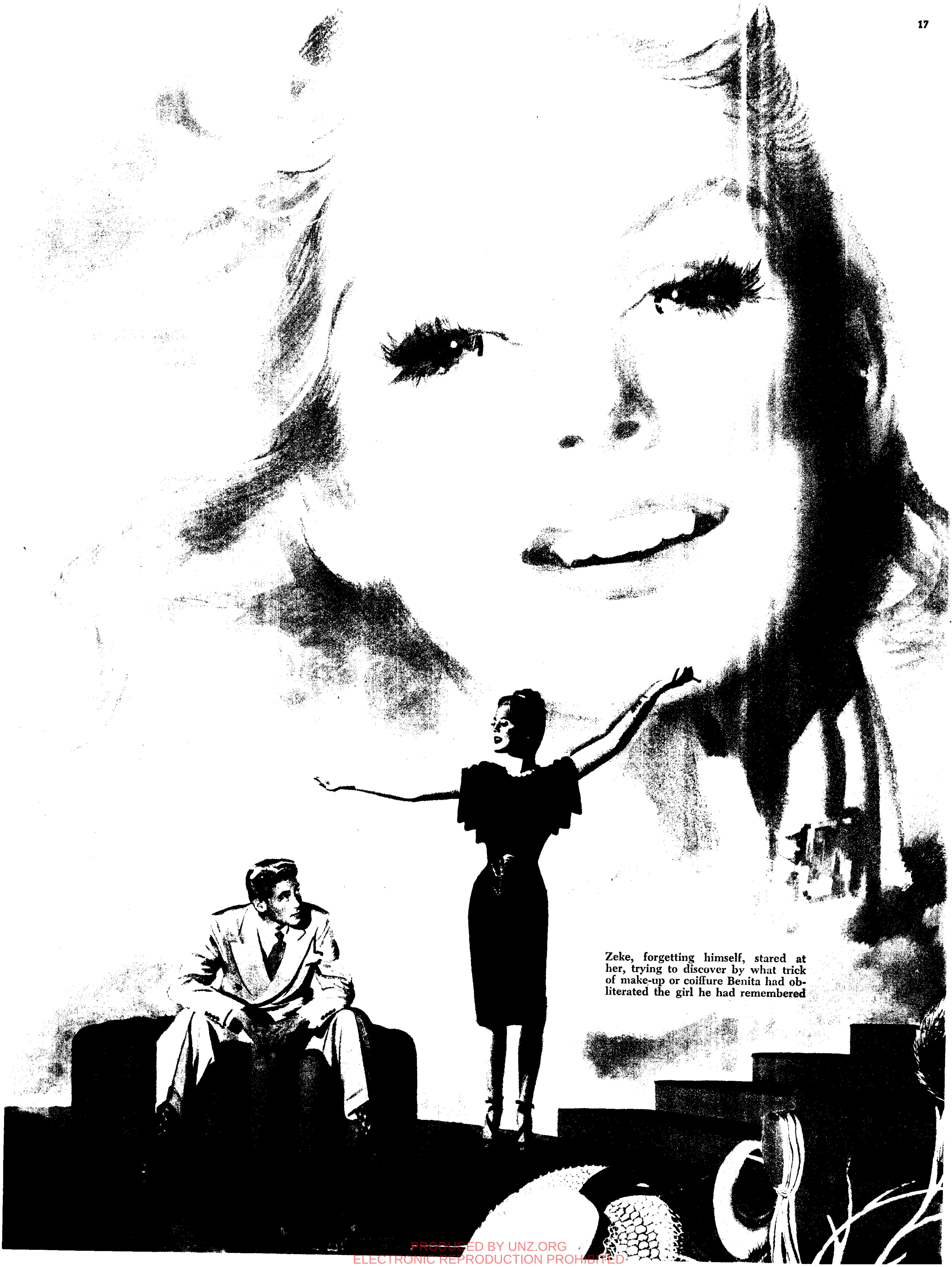
Zeke nodded. "How's business?" he said.

Perley set a bottle of Scotch before him. He leaned forward confidentially. "Another year or two I'm getting out of this business," he said. "Time was a man knew his capacity and respected it. Nowadays it's drink and get drunk." He shook his balding head. "Everything's changing," Perley said sadly, "even people."

He moved down the bar to serve other customers and returned presently to push the bottle of Scotch closer to Zeke.

"Drink up," Perley said. "You been

(Continued on page 52)

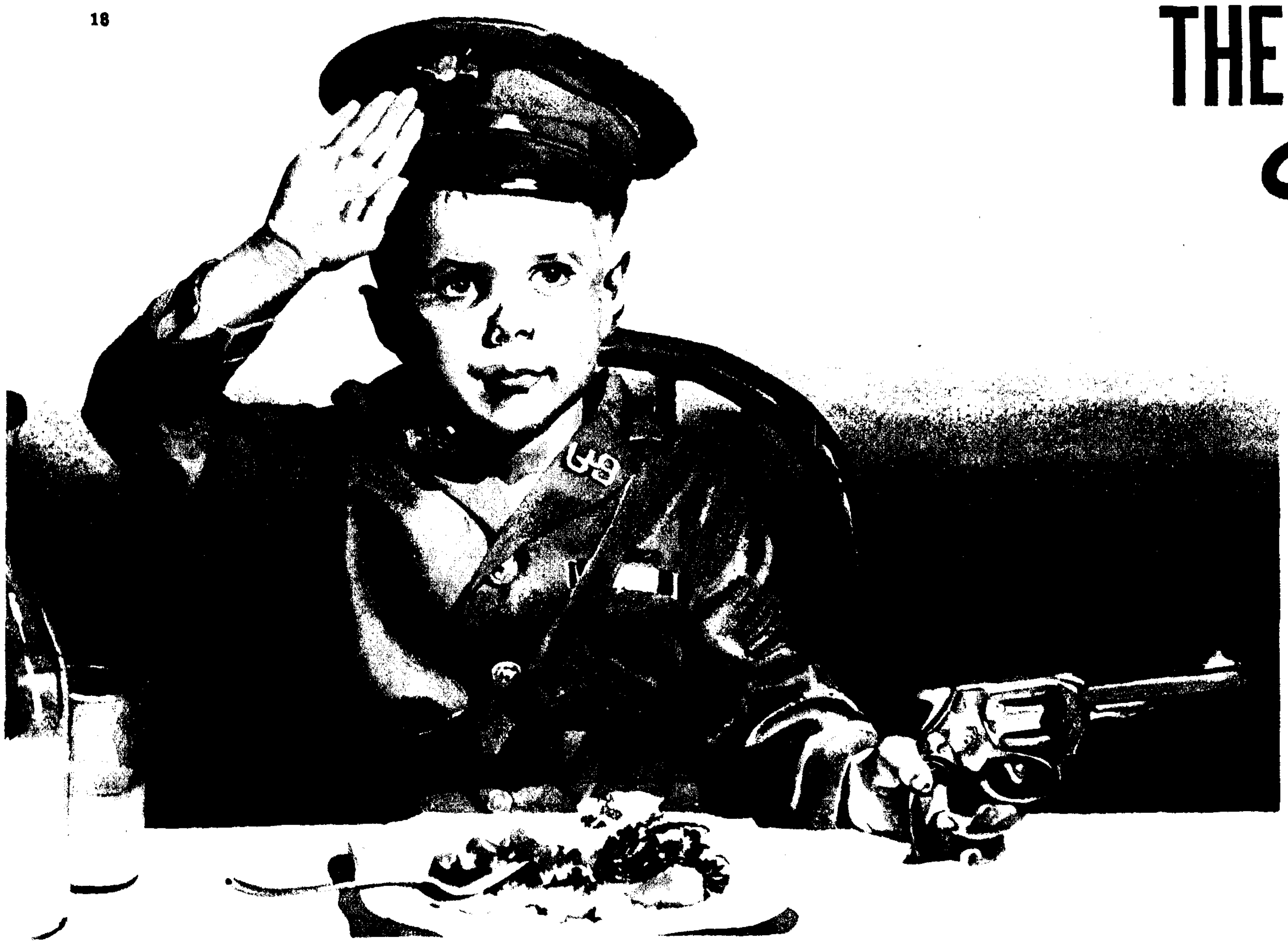


Zeke, forgetting himself, stared at her, trying to discover by what trick of make-up or coiffure Benita had obliterated the girl he had remembered

THE *Salute*

BY PETER PACKER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"This is how I'm gonna salute when the generals go by," Jimmy said as he raised a chubby hand to his forehead

ALTHOUGH the Sunday papers made no mention of the time, Mr. Robey felt quite sure that the convoy would pass through his neighborhood at around four o'clock in the afternoon.

"It tells you right here in the paper exactly where they're going," he told his wife while they ate Sunday dinner, "and I know all them places. Even if you allow all the time in the world for traffic jams, handshakes and detours, it won't take them above three hours, not unless they get out and walk."

As she cut young Jimmy Robey's pork chop into small pieces, Mrs. Robey said, "You'd think the papers would have sense enough to tell you the exact time so as not to keep folks standing around."

"Why should they do that?" said Mr. Robey irritably. "Who are we to be told exactly when General Patton and General Doolittle are going to show up at a certain place? I wouldn't think much of myself or anybody else neither if they objected to a little waiting for men like them."

"Well," Mrs. Robey said, "if you have to do much waiting, keep the children in the shade. Eunice always gets headaches if she's out in the sun too long."

Jimmy Robey said, "This is how I'm gonna salute when the generals go by, Daddy." He raised a chubby hand to his forehead, palm outward.

Mr. Robey shook his head and leaned over toward his son to correct the position of the boy's hand.

"That's more like it," he said.

AT THREE-THIRTY, Mr. Robey with Jimmy, who was four, and Eunice, who was six, left the house and headed toward Wilshire Boulevard. Jimmy wore a uniform of khaki twill complete with a Sam Browne belt made of dyed cotton. First sergeant's stripes were sewn to the tiny sleeves of his blouse. Eunice wore a clean white cotton dress and a big straw hat.

When they arrived at the boulevard, cars were speeding past in both directions as usual, but the sidewalks were as deserted as they always were on Sunday afternoons. It was a sparsely built-up section, and very few people walked there, even on weekdays.

Mr. Robey gazed up and down the empty sidewalks. "If the generals were to come by now," he said, with a significant nod of his head, "a lot of people would be disappointed."

"Where are they now?" Jimmy asked.

"They're just about getting to Santa Monica now, son," Mr. Robey said. He turned to his daughter. "The sun ain't bothering you, is it, Eunice?"

"No, Daddy," the little girl said.

"That's fine," Mr. Robey said. "We'll just walk down to the intersection and see what's doing down there. Forward—*march!*"

He was only able to keep up the marching cadence for about three steps, however, and then the children began to drag behind. He slowed down to their pace and strolled toward the intersection. There was a handful of people on each corner. A few children sat on the curbs, some idly waving their flags at passing automobiles. The adults were mainly women, middle-aged or old.

The poor turnout depressed Mr. Robey, and he took the children and stood some distance away from the small group standing on his corner of the intersection. He shielded his eyes and stared westward along the hazy, rising sweep of the boulevard, but there was only the endless stream of private cars, flashing and glinting in the sun, unbroken by the olive drab of military vehicles which he expected momentarily.

The children stood quietly for a while in the shady doorway of a closed plumber's shop, eying the faucets and ball valves and toilet seats. They waited patiently for Daddy to break the exciting news that the convoy was coming, so they could start cheering.

But Mr. Robey kept shaking his head and saying, "No sign of 'em yet."

At four-thirty, Mr. Robey cautioned the children not to move and went over to speak to the traffic policeman who stood in the center of the intersection. "What's holding up the convoy, chum?" he asked.

"Search me," the policeman said. "All us traffic men are supposed to be notified by a state cop fifteen minutes ahead of their arrival, but there ain't no cop been here yet."

Mr. Robey returned to the children. Eunice was sitting on the dusty wooden floor of the doorway. "I got a stone in my shoe, Daddy," she said.

He probed into the shoe, but there was no stone in it. He pulled her sock up snugly, then lifted her up and brushed off her dress.

Jimmy said, "There's a woman over there got her own chair to sit on." He pointed toward an old lady sitting on a camp stool.

"You ain't tired yet, are you, son?" Mr. Robey asked.

"Naw," Jimmy said and began to hop up and down.

"Well, don't tire yourself, son," Mr. Robey cautioned him.

The number of people on the corners had increased a little, but altogether there could have been no more than fifty on all corners. Mr. Robey heard a woman say, "If they don't come soon, I'm going home and fix supper. I've been waiting almost an hour already."

Mr. Robey walked over to the group. Speaking to no one in particular, he said, "It's them small suburban towns does it. Them people in the sticks ain't seen nothing like this before and I guess they just about mobbed the convoy, otherwise they'd have been here at four o'clock according to my way of reckoning."

Suddenly there was an eager surge among the people as a state officer on a motorcycle swung out to the boulevard from a side street and pulled up alongside the traffic policeman. He spoke to him for a few moments and roared away. The policeman shook his head.

"Don't expect 'em for at least another hour!" he yelled at the people.

They edged away from the curbs, disappointment showing in their faces.

Mr. Robey looked thoughtfully at Jimmy and Eunice. They had exhausted their interest in plumbing accessories long ago and were now looking up at him with tired, questioning eyes. Mr. Robey figured that it would take twenty minutes to walk home, another twenty to return, which meant that the children would get only twenty minutes rest. It was hardly worth the walk home.

He picked Eunice up in his arms. "How's my little gal doing?" he asked, grinning at her. "All the big generals will be along in no time at all now, and you're gonna have the best time ever." He set her down, then took his handkerchief out and spread it on the floor of the doorway. "Now you set yourself down on Daddy's handkerchief and take a load off your mind. That's a good gal."

He turned to Jimmy and said, "Well, soldier, how you making out?"

"I'm thirsty, Daddy," Jimmy said.

"That's no way for a soldier to talk," Mr. Robey said. "A soldier does his duty come hell 'n' high water. You're on guard—see—and you dassent leave your post."

"Couldn't we go to the drugstore for a drink?" Jimmy said.

"We could. But it's a mighty long way, and supposing we missed General Patton while we was in there guzzling, huh?"

"I dassent leave my post," Jimmy said stoutly.

"Attaboy," Mr. Robey said and patted the youngster on the back.

THE time dragged. The groups on the corners thinned, then grew a little bigger. A few cars began to park on either side of the boulevard.

When six-thirty came, there was still no sign of the convoy. Both Jimmy and Eunice were sitting on the floor in the doorway. Mr. Robey was leaning against the window staring glumly into space. During the wait, he had smoked half a pack of cigarettes and his mouth was dry and foul. He turned to look down at the children. They were dozing, leaning against each other, their little bodies limp with fatigue.

Suddenly he heard the first faint whine of sirens coming from the west. The traffic policeman was busy herding traffic off the boulevard, the waiting groups were crowding to the curbs, and the occupants of the cars were getting out.

Mr. Robey bent down and shook the children. "Come on, kiddos!" he cried. "The generals are coming!"

He half dragged, half carried the exhausted, bleary-eyed children to the curb and stood beside them, his shoulders jiggling with excitement.

The whine of the sirens continued to increase until it became a constant, high-pitched howl, and now in the distance he saw the vanguard of the convoy rolling rapidly toward them. At fifty miles an hour, two columns of state officers roared up and past, followed in a few seconds by the convoy itself—a score of olive-drab command cars and recons.

Mr. Robey's eyes followed the convoy as they might follow a tennis ball driving over a net, and he was unable to identify a single one of the occupants as the vehicles shot past the intersection. The cheering of the thin crowds died away almost as soon as it began, and pretty soon all that could be heard was the petulant spin of starters as the parked cars prepared to leave.

Mr. Robey felt Jimmy tugging at his coat.

"Daddy, when do I salute?"

"It's all over, son," Mr. Robey said. "They came and went awful fast."

IT WAS seven-thirty before he and the children arrived home. He was carrying Jimmy in his arms. Eunice shuffled slowly along beside him.

"What happened?" Mrs. Robey cried, meeting them at the door. "I was almost frantic with worrying!"

Mr. Robey stared at her pale, lined face and her thin mouth—and then suddenly he grinned.

"Well, we seen 'em!" he cried triumphantly. "We had to wait, but it was worth it to see good Ol' Blood an' Guts. We sweated it out!" Then he clapped his hands together, rubbed them briskly, and barked, "Bring on the chow for the hungry, victorious troops!"

a short short story complete on this page

PIX

SOCIALISM, BRITISH BRAND

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

RADIOED FROM LONDON

The author, Harold J. Laski, is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Labor Party in Great Britain. Because of his radical political views, Conservatives and Liberals everywhere are alert for some indication of the extent to which his political philosophy will guide the Labor Party's program of social reform. When asked about Mr. Laski's influence, Prime Minister Attlee told Parliament merely that the government's policy would be shaped by its ministers, but that Mr. Laski, as a citizen, had a right to express the views that have focused world attention on him. Regardless of whether you agree or disagree with the viewpoint expressed here, this article is important to an understanding of the political forces at work today in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

Left: Harold J. Laski, Britain's strongest advocate of drastic social reform. Below is Prime Minister Attlee, titular Labor Party head, with Mrs. Attlee

BRITISH COMBINE

IN ITS broad outlines, the program of the British Labor Party has been before the world for nearly half a century. And ever since Labor became the official opposition in the House of Commons in 1922 there is hardly a detail of its policy that has not been massively discussed, in debate that has never lacked for energy or eagerness, in every part of the United Kingdom.

It is not an accident that has brought the Labor Party its majority. The first World War signalized its coming of age. Between wars, the Tory Party had twenty years in which to show, as the government of the country, that it had the insight and imagination to fight for great principles in the arena of international affairs and on the domestic scene, and to concert the great measures so urgently required in both social and economic matters. It failed lamentably.

In the first place, the Tory Party was halfhearted in its acceptance of new institutions; in the second, it was content to put plasters upon open wounds without even disturbing the hold of the vested interests on supreme power. It drifted helplessly into the second World War, the nature of which it never grasped and preparations for which it had gravely neglected.

The return of the Labor government, with power enough to begin the process of vital social change, means that the British people are anxious for the great experiment which will give hope and exultation not only to themselves but to all men and women who are aware that the old pattern must lead inevitably to repetition of old disasters. The mandate of the Labor Party is for revolution via consent.

No doubt there are men and women everywhere to whom the Labor victory is a portent of world disaster. They are the same kind of people who thought that Thomas Jefferson would ruin the United States, who regarded the election of Andrew Jackson as an inevitable prelude to ruin, who spent the years of Franklin Roosevelt's terms of office in the conviction that his refusal to be persuaded by their prophecies of woe meant that an ax was being laid at the foundations of American well-being! British Tories have tended to react in similar fashion, just as their predecessors thought that something like the end of the world was at hand when the reform bill of 1832 admitted the middle classes to power. They thought that unrest and revolution in 1848 meant not an inevitable expression of profound grievance but "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." They thought the death duties of Sir William Harcourt in 1894, and the budget of Mr. Lloyd George in 1909, were a threat to that eternal order of nature by which they had the right to permanent enjoyment of privilege without performance of function.

So the result of the election on July 26th offers us the age-long spectacle of an old and obsolete world moaning in horror at the advent of a new world. So believers in Ptolemaic astronomy must have prayed in dismay as they watched the growing acceptance of Copernican ideas.

All Jeremiahs, whether they lament with the raucous voices of Lord Beaverbrook and Colonel McCormick, with the wistful academic gentility of Professor Mayer, or with the resolute nostalgia of Mr. Hoover, for an era that is dead and damned, forget two things of first importance. They forget that this is a dynamic world; that the pattern of capitalist democracy has no more title to permanence than the pattern of feudal oligarchy had.

They forget that whenever a government in its evolution reaches the point where it can live only by restraint of opportunity and acceptance of its inability to utilize the discoveries of science and technology in their fullest implications, it must give way to new institutions and changed relations more able to satisfy the wants of human beings. The world's Tories forget, also, that freedom in a democracy is not a protection of their past opportunity but the organization of wider means through which men and women may find a way to the creative fulfillment of personality. No social order which has twice within one generation stumbled blindly into war is entitled to deny that men may experiment with new principles and seek for expression of new faith.

The Labor government, whose advent in Britain the Jeremiahs greet with cries of alarm, has been given power by the free consent of political democracy. There is no more mature process in the world. The voters made a decisive and unmistakable choice. They were so determined to make it that they deliberately preferred the innovations they expect from Mr. Attlee and his colleagues to support for Mr. Churchill, whose highly distinguished services to civilization during the European war very few of them would deny. They differentiated in the only way they could between the great war leader they were proud to acclaim and the leader of the Tory Party, which for them represented vested interests in whose claims and purposes they had clearly lost confidence. They knew that the democratic socialism of the Labor Party was firmly built upon procedures of consent. They knew, also, that at each stage of the new government's journey it would have to maintain support for its measures in public debate before one of the most exacting assemblies in the world. Nor can anyone seriously doubt that the character of their support made the Labor Party not the party of one interest or one class, but the party thoroughly representative of the nation in all its aspects.

An End to Coddling Royalty

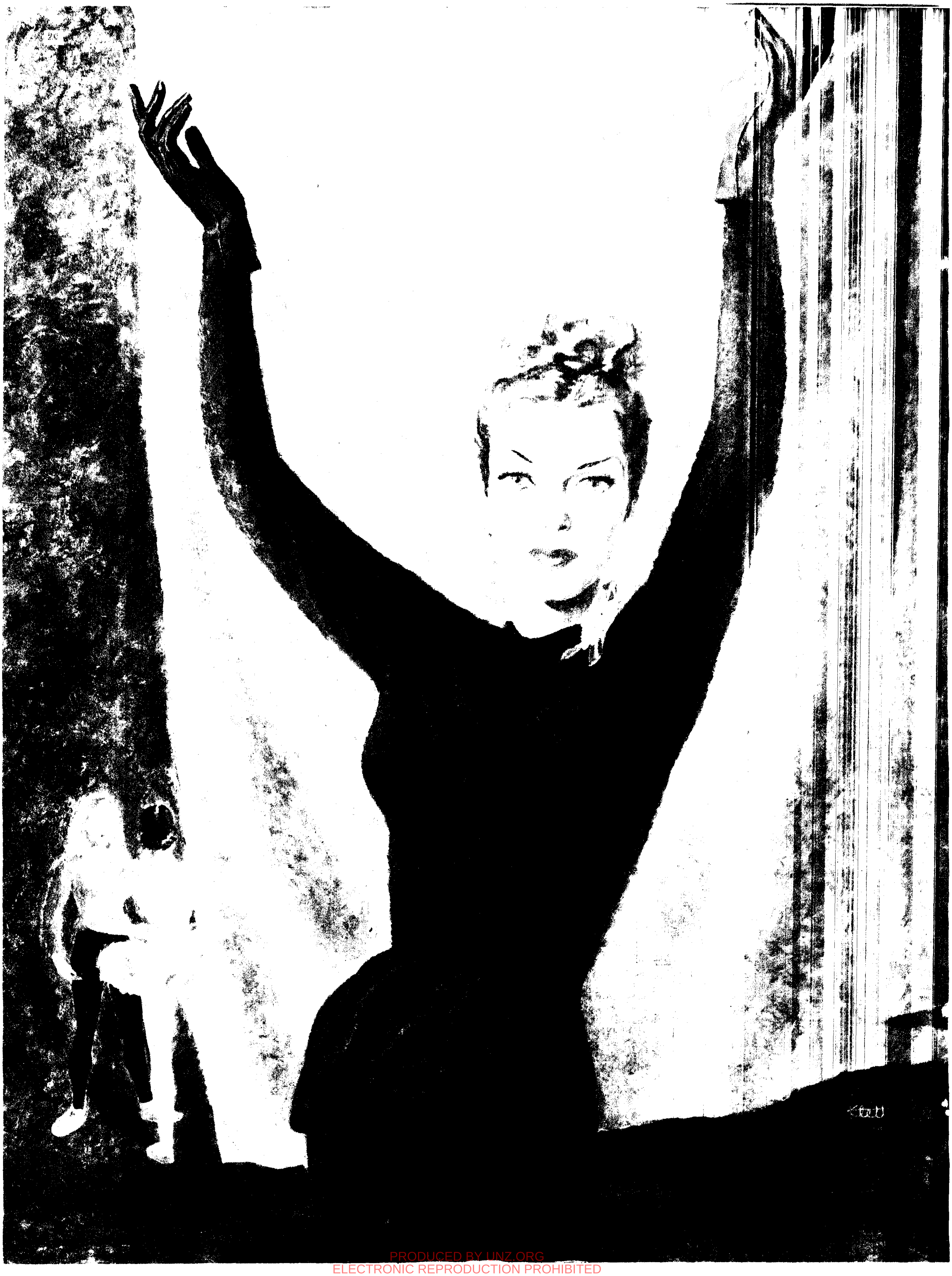
In the realm of international relations the Socialist policy ought to be assurance to all who are anxious for an enduring peace in which nations can seek to rebuild a free, ordered world. It is no doubt true that the Labor government will exhibit none of Mr. Churchill's angry if anachronistic tenderness for obsolete monarchies and decaying social systems. It is unlikely to pursue ardently the cause of King George of Greece, or to feel that Spanish freedom depends upon maintaining the mass of its people either as paupers or as prisoners. It's certain to feel that the vast cartelized industrial empires which so insolently dared to override the responsible decisions of national states must be brought under constitutional processes of law.

The Labor government will be loyal with the devotion of passionate conviction to the effort to fulfill the great ends to which the new world organization is to be devoted. Ever since 1917, when it published its declaration of war aims, the Labor Party has insisted that collective security against aggression is the sole road to peace. But it has also insisted that it is not enough to build up a collective security system. Peace depends not less on taking measures to see that matters of common concern become matters of common action.

The Labor ministers, indeed, are not starry-eyed dreamers who believe that a declaration of great aims is the same thing as their realization. They know that the causes of war are profound, and they believe that their deepest roots lie in the field of economic action. They know the love of power, the frustration of impulse, which leads men and women to seek fulfillment in the national community. They know the effort to compensate for bad government at home by conquest or glory abroad. They know that even the need for prestige may be all-important. But they are convinced that nothing is more likely to arrest the causes of war than to seek to raise by international action the standards of material welfare all over the world.

The Labor Party is hostile to imperialism

(Continued on page 79)



THE problem Adele Simpson, clothes designer, set for herself was as follows: to produce a dress suitable for summer and winter, daytime and evening, wearable with or without jewelry, with or without furs, with a little hat or a big hat or with no hat, graceful in motion, easy to put on, easy to clean, flattering to flat-stomached figures and the other kind, distinguished in style yet guaranteed to stay in fashion for more than a year, and not too expensive.

All this, we thought, was a lot to expect from one dress. But Miss Simpson sketched and worked and fiddled with materials and came up with the black crepe dress, worn by dancer Zorina in the painting.

This dress, living up to Simpson specifications, bridges the seasons. It accepts warm September days with poise, and, topped by a jacket of cloth or fur, it welcomes cooler-to-cold weather. With its high neckline, its tight long sleeves, it has the dignity that puts it at ease anywhere, any hour of the day. It can take jewelry or let it alone. See how, with a minimum of jewelry, it dramatizes Zorina's hands and throat. It deals kindly with any reasonably good figure. The shoulders are easy, the armhole low, the waistline molded close, and the charitable little peplum there in front stands ready to forgive any slight abdominal bulge. It has the new-season, rounded feeling. It admits that ladies have bosoms and hips and should have them. It is sufficiently restrained in line to make you feel pretty sure that you'll enjoy wearing it next year as much as now. It sells for about $50.

It is, we think, a fine example of the work America's top ready-to-wear designers are doing, and a reason for faith in their future.

Even before the war, American store-bought clothes were the admiration of all the women of the world. Wartime restrictions, although irksome, indirectly helped the cause of better design. A manufacturer cannot afford to produce five different styles in black crepe. So out of many designs he selects only two, the two best, and uses all of his material on them. Thus the shopper is limited to fewer, but better, clothes possibilities. It is a wholesome limitation, for, as every woman eventually learns, one dress that is right is worth three that are a little bit wrong, somehow. These better ready-mades are not poor imitations of costly, often impractical, custom designs. They are originals—the honest, to-the-point product of thoroughly American ready-to-wear specialists.

Miss Simpson's first interest in designing was personal. She is slight, less than five feet tall, and when she was a high school girl in New York, she couldn't find clothes to suit her in the stores. So she made her own things—and things for her four older sisters, too.

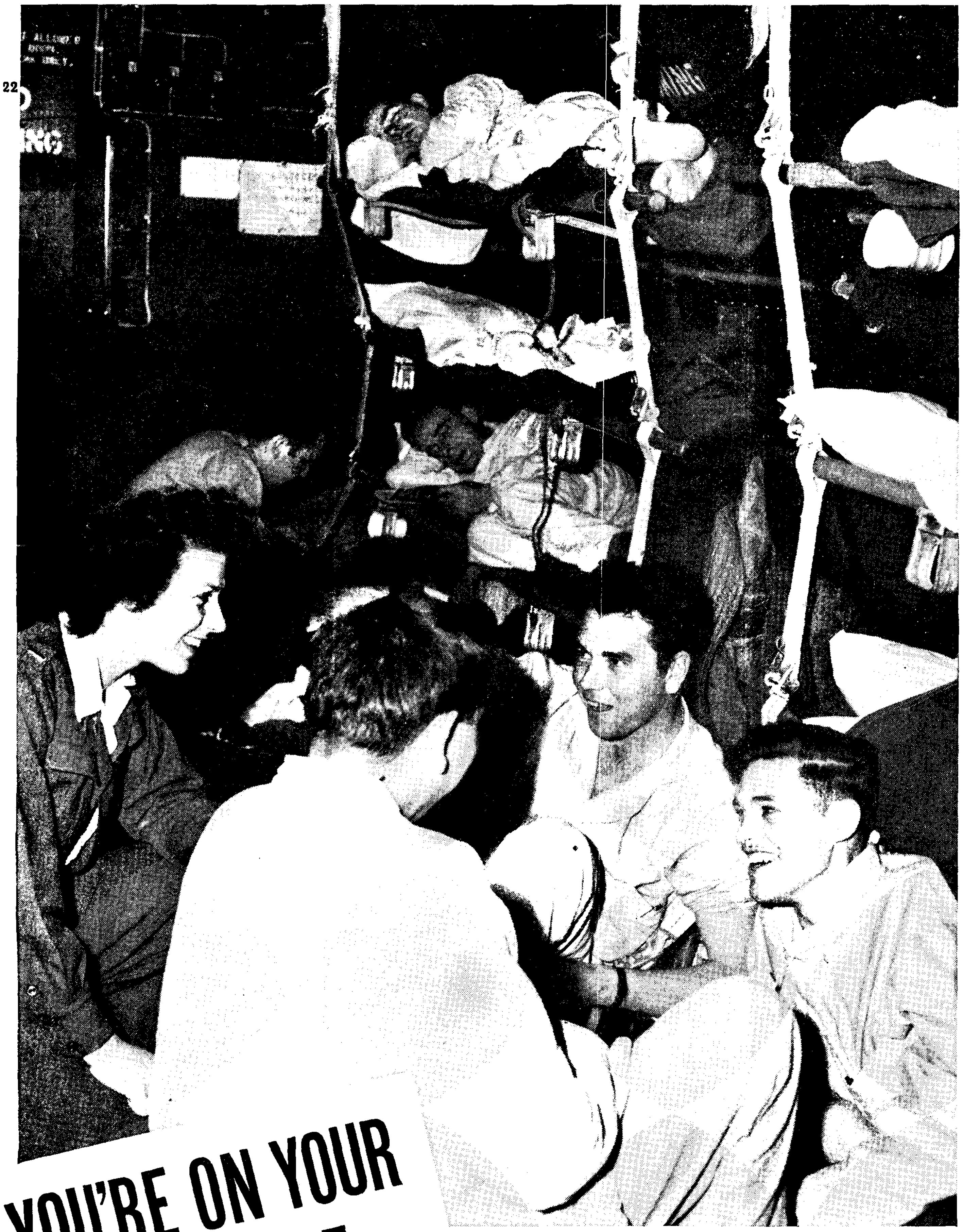
She took a dressmaking course at Pratt Institute, sold clothes in a department store for awhile and then took a sort of errand-girl job in a Seventh Avenue dress house. "If you want to be a designer, apprentice jobs are essential," she says. "When you sell, you see for yourself why one dress pleases the customer and another does not. You learn about fit, too. Tummies, I found, were the big difficulty with most women. Now nearly everything I design makes allowance for the tummy that isn't quite flat. A tie, a little drapery or carefully placed fullness helps here.

"To learn about grains of material, and how to cut and how to put the pieces together, you have to work in a dress house, even if your job is only picking up pins." Students often imagine that because they can draw clothes they can design. They have to learn that covering a piece of paper with a pretty sketch is a long way from covering a human form with cloth.

Miss Simpson's aim—with her whole collection as with this black crepe dress—is functional. Let other designers think in terms of costumes for dramatic entrances, she says, but she'll keep on thinking of clothes to live and work in. "There's a personal slant to all designing," she says, "and because I am a busy woman myself, I certainly am not going to spend hours getting all tricked out in an impractical costume for the sake of a dramatic entrance. So for women like me, busy women, I make clothes that are easy to manage, suits that need no blouses, dresses that slip on easily, with fastenings where you can get at them, dresses that stay smart under stress, that you can walk in and move your arms in. . . ."

As with modern furniture and modern architecture, the happy by-product of Miss Simpson's modern, functional clothes, is beauty. ★★★

ZORINA
PAINTED FROM LIFE BY WALTER KLETT
The first of a series



Army nurses like Lieut. Evelyn Goldberg help make the trip home bearable. "The greatest gals on earth," the boys say

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY HOME

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

A Collier's correspondent tells you how it feels to fly the Atlantic on a transport plane filled with wounded soldiers

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

WE LEFT Scotland at three-fifty in the morning. The aid men from the hospital were the only ones who talked, as they carried the wounded into the plane. "This one must have been a mess sergeant," said an aid man. He gave a stage groan, acting as if the litter were too heavy to carry. It is an old joke and it generally makes the other wounded smile. The wounded were loaded very fast, four litters in each tier, seventeen soldiers in all. The runway was removed, the wide double doors of the C-54 were closed. Now there was no noise except the dull, steady roar of the motors turning.

At first, the only thing about the wounded that looked alive and young was their hair. From the rear of the plane this was all you could see—matted, tousled hair, cut short in G.I. style, brown and black and blond. Anyone would recognize that hair and remember it, the way you remember when your brother had measles or when your son was kept in bed with a sore throat. Now the flight nurse and the medical technician walked between rows of litters and tied a drainage bottle here, put a pillow under a plaster foot there, and tried to fix the boy who was six-feet-three so his head wouldn't hang from the end of his stretcher.

When the plane was off the ground, the nurse and the medical technician settled down to the inevitable paper work of Army life, and those of the wounded who could began to read. What they were reading was a little booklet called "You're on Your Way Home," courtesy of the Army. It told them about their hospitals, the care they would receive, how they could get in touch with their families, how they would be taught trades and how to use false arms and legs or anything else that had been added, in the course of war, to replace parts lost.

It was a very sound and encouraging booklet and it made everything seem easy. There were no amputation cases on this plane and everyone here would one day be well, with nothing much changed except the heart, the mind and the soul, so the booklet read all right. But though these are not cynical boys, they have grown to be great realists. They read about their future and noted the facts; they would wait and see how it all worked out; right now they were tired, most of them were in pain, they were going home, and they didn't want to talk about the war or the peace or anything else. They wanted to lie in their litters and think of their families.

The one thing that thrilled them was to realize that they would be in New York this very same day. That came under the heading of miracles. So they slept and the great plane drove through the sky, a routine flight, one of thousands. We took it all for granted. I thought that if anyone died on this plane, or if the plane crashed, we would create a certain stir. But no one would die because the Army medical service knows superbly what it is about, and the plane would not crash because the Air Transport Command seems to have dominated risk.

Hard to Believe It Happened

There are many things to think about when you are coming home after a war, but your mind feels like scrambled eggs and you do not think very well. You think in small amazed snatches, saying to yourself, how in God's name did they get all those ships there on D-Day; and how did they ever straighten out that freezing rat race when the Germans broke through in the Ardennes; and how did anybody survive Italy? You remember places you were and people you saw and you remember the dead. It begins to seem very odd about who is dead and who is alive. You wonder how it all worked; it was too big to work, big and crazy. But it had worked and here we were, rocking in a large calm plane, with the Air Transport Command looking after us like a mother and bringing us home.

We were not at all unusual or interesting; some 30,000 wounded before us, two full divisions, had been flown home. We were indebted to this same organization for our mail (which is what armies live on, really) and the wounded were indebted for the millions of pints of whole blood that had been carried by air to the fronts where they needed the blood. We were variously indebted for more than we could thank, and of course we did not thank. We slept.

The wounded were all young, nineteen and twenty and twenty-one, and one old man of twenty-five. When they had slept out the first stage they began to talk. They talked in the bewildered jerks which match the way one thinks. A blond nineteen-year-old said, "I got hit somewheres near Erfurt. You know Erfurt? Eighty-eight shell. My buddy got killed. I jumped in a ditch and I think it must have hit a tree alongside me. I got great huge scars all over me but it's only my leg's bad. I guess they know how to make it bend again, don't they? In the hospitals, I mean?"

"Oh, sure," I said, full of that certainty and optimism which one hopes is the truth.

The boy lying on the second stretcher from the floor was also hit by an eighty-eight. Except for a very sick boy who had been a prisoner of war and was suffering from starvation, these wounds were all results of that peculiarly efficient and nasty weapon.

"The things a guy sees," the black-haired boy in number two litter said. "Anyone would think he was a liar unless they'd been there too. I don't want to talk to my family about it, anyhow. I'm just going to keep my mouth shut. I figure it's over and I don't want to think about it."

They never complained; if they were in pain they turned their heads toward the side of the plane, so no one could see their faces. They were very young faces; they would lose this look of strain and fatigue and control; they would surely someday look as young as

(Continued on page 39)

Arch of Triumph

BY
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The Story:

When Ravic, a famous Berlin surgeon hiding in France from the Gestapo, was accosted late one night by a strange, blond woman called Joan Madou, he did not expect to meet her again. Near to collapse, she had finally managed to tell Ravic her story—a man very close to her had died suddenly in their hotel—and Ravic saw to it that the police were notified, the body disposed of, the woman located in another place. Then he had forgotten her entirely. She meant nothing to him—there was too much of pain and horror in his life: a refugee with no papers, he made a bare living by operating without license for Veber, a doctor who ran a private hospital in Paris. Ravic lived only for a chance to revenge himself upon Haake, the Gestapo official who, in 1934, had brutally tortured him and who had been responsible for the death of the girl he loved. But Joan Madou was not to be dismissed. Having thought he had glimpsed Haake's face on the street, Ravic was describing the event to his only close friend in Paris, Boris Morosow, the doorman of the Scheherazade night club, when a package containing a small, carved Madonna was delivered. Ravic immediately recognized the figure as one which he had seen in Joan Madou's room. It was then he knew that he must see her again. . . .

II

RAVIC knocked. No one answered. He knocked once more and heard an indistinct voice. When he opened the door he saw the woman. She was sitting on the bed, which stood against the opposite wall. She was dressed and wore the blue tailored suit in which Ravic had first seen her. She would have looked less forlorn had she been carelessly lying on the bed in a bathrobe. But this way, dressed for no one and nothing, there was something about her that fell like a blow on Ravic's heart. He had seen hundreds of people sitting this way—refugees in the International, driven helpless into the most foreign of foreign countries.

He closed the door behind him. "I hope I'm not disturbing you," he said and at once felt how meaningless that was. What was there that could still disturb the woman?

He put his hat on a chair. "I wanted to drop in on you. Were you able to settle everything?"

"Yes, thank you. There wasn't much."

"No difficulties?"

"No."

Ravic sat down in the only armchair in the room. The springs squeaked and he could feel that one was broken.

"Were you planning to go out?" he asked.

"Yes. Sometime later. Nowhere in particular; just to go. It doesn't matter. What else can one do?"

Ravic had intended to stay only a few minutes. Now he changed his mind, seeing the woman sitting there so crushed. "Have you eaten yet tonight?" he asked.

"No. I'm not hungry."

"Have you eaten anything at all today?"

"Yes. This morning. It's easier in the morning."

"And in the evening?"

"One hasn't as much strength left in the evening."

Ravic nodded. "One hasn't as much strength when one is alone. It seems too pointless. Isn't that it?"

"Yes."

He rose. "When one isn't alone it's easier. Let's give it a try."

He expected her to make objections. But she stood up at once and reached for her raincoat.

"That won't do," Ravic said. "The coat is too thin. Haven't you got a warmer one? It is cold outside."

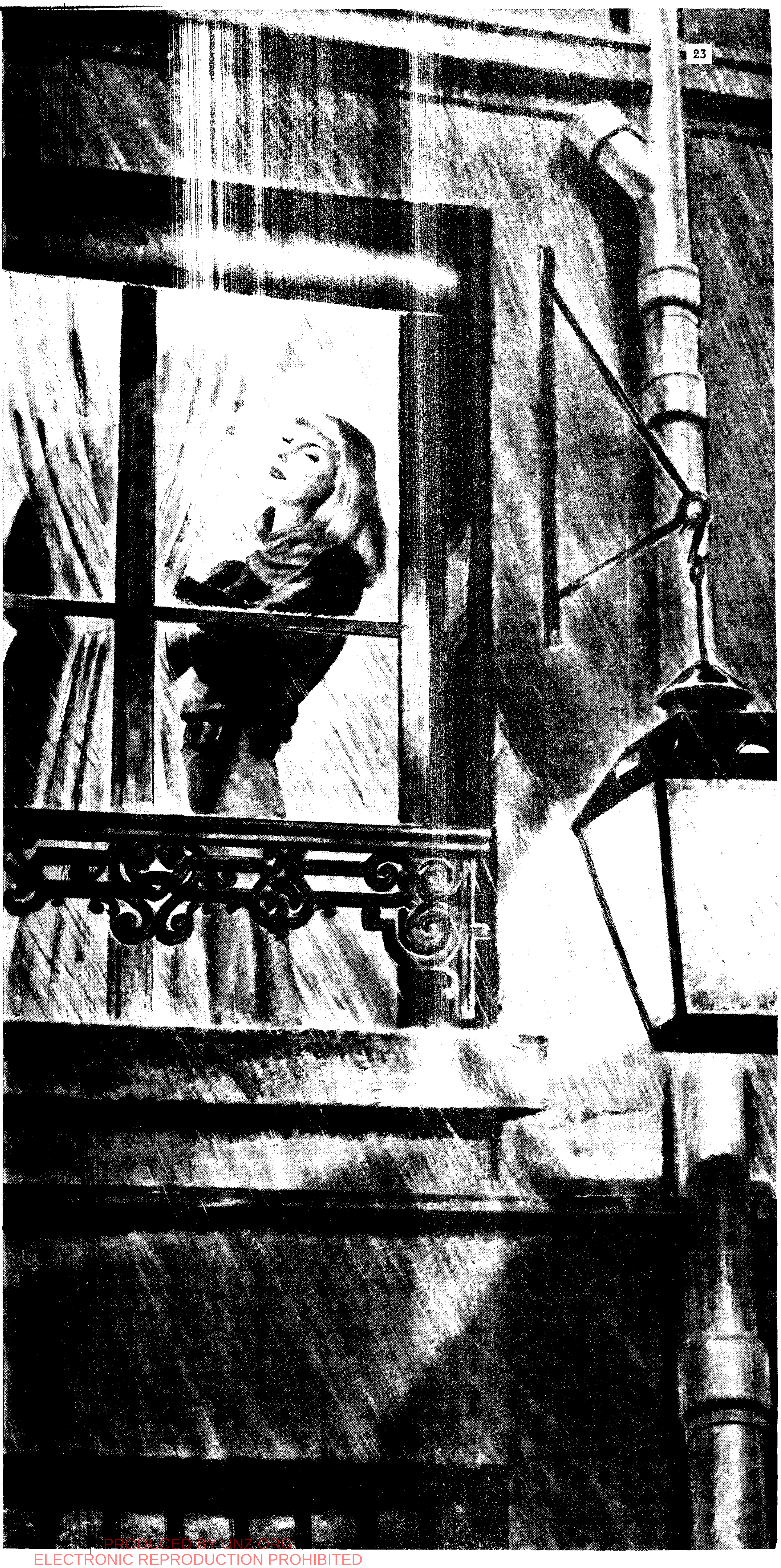
"It was raining before—"

"It is still raining. But it is cold. Can't you put something on underneath? Another coat or at least a sweater?"

"I have a sweater."

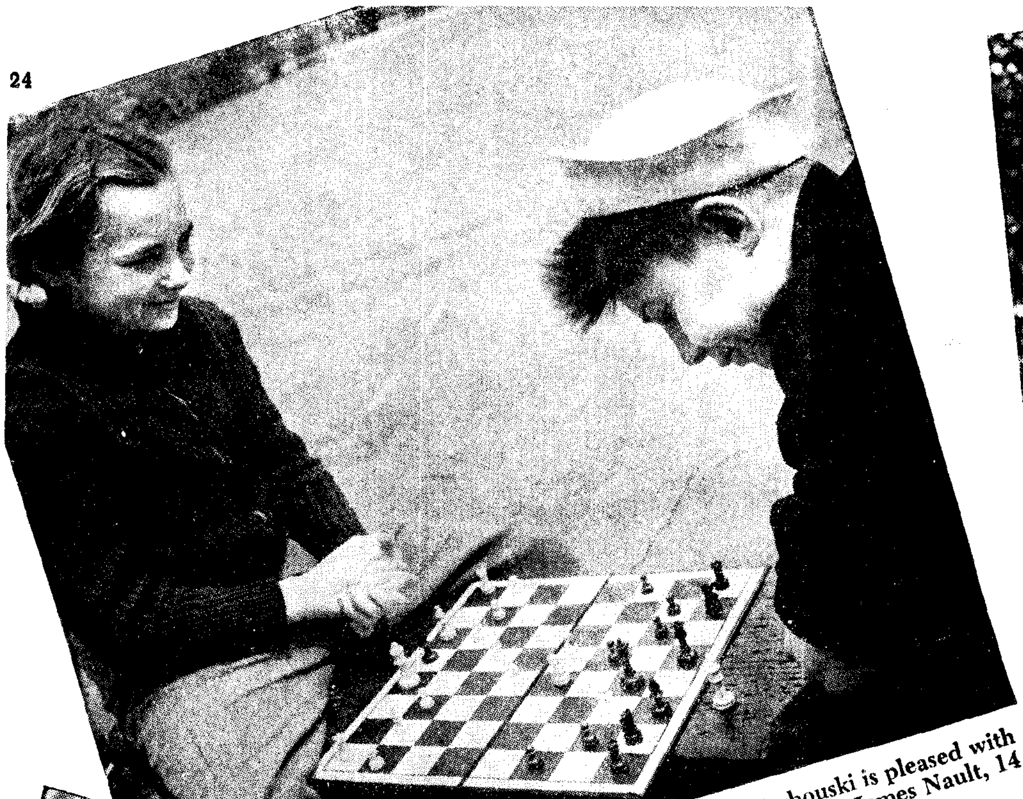
She went toward the larger

(*Continued on page* 61)



Ravic went to the window and suddenly Joan was beside him. "Don't leave me here," she said. "Not today. Tomorrow I'll have courage, but today I can't be alone . . ."

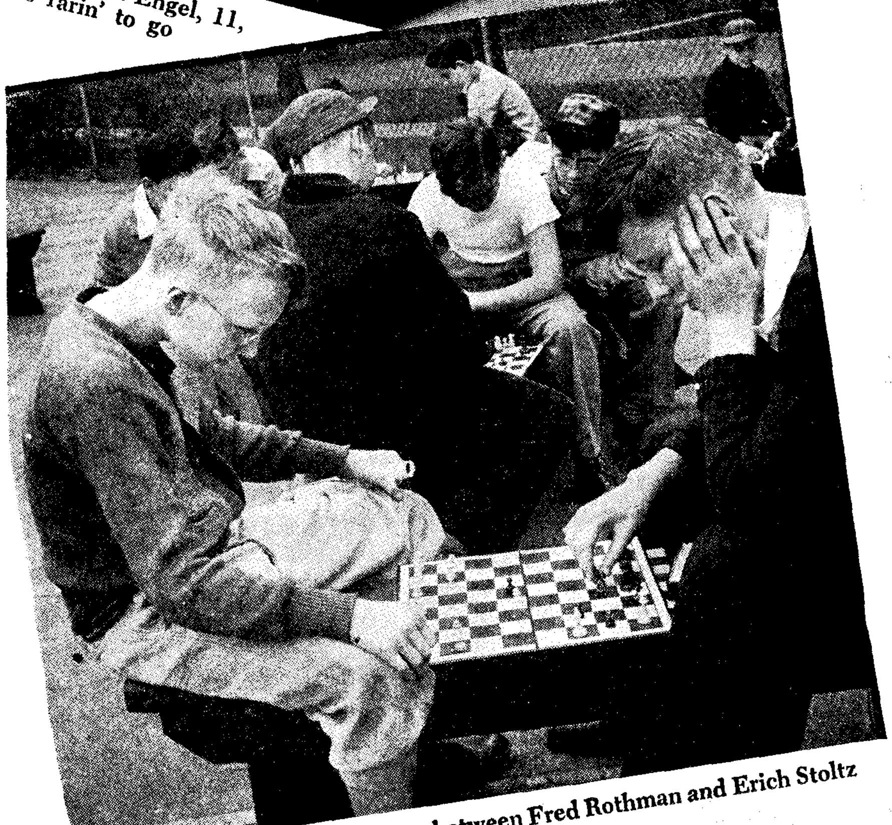
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



10-yr.-old Barbara Karbouski is pleased with her position. Opponent: James Nault, 14

Richard Pinsker, 11, takes the cheerful view of things

Lyle Van Engel, 11, is rarin' to go



Some man-sized concentration between Fred Rothman and Erich Stoltz

IT'S A KID'S GAME

BY CLAIRE NEIKIND

That's the way they look upon chess out in Milwaukee, where 20,000 youngsters play it in the public playgrounds

MOST Americans don't play chess. They think it's a brain-buster. To learn the game, they'll say, you need a college education. To win it, you need Albert Einstein's mind and Boris Karloff's personality.

But in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, chess is child's play—and 20,000 children play it. They accept it as casually as cops and robbers or marbles, and play it with equal enthusiasm. They prance through gambits, crow over checkmates, and romp through contests and tournaments. Every year, thousands of them swarm over the huge Marquette Stadium for a chess festival, with brass bands tootling and parade banners flying.

Today Milwaukee is a chess-happy town, because Dorothy C. Enderis, head of the city's Department of Recreation, had an idea. A competent and well-known educator, she was concerned with the gaps in the city's play program. Chess had intrigued men's minds the world over for more than a thousand years. Why shouldn't it be taught to children?

So chess teachers invaded Milwaukee's playgrounds in the summer of 1934, under the auspices of the Department of Recreation. Their memories of this first experience are hardly tender. Boys will be boys, and these boys were.

George Koltanowsky, Belgian chess master and world champion of blindfold chess, taught there that season. He emerged bent but not broken.

"It was very hot in Milwaukee," he recalls. "I would come to some playground and the kids would gang up on me. 'Whatcha got?' they'd ask, poking at my chess set. 'Chess board,' I'd tell them. Then maybe some tough kid would yell, 'Ya! Sissy stuff.' That would finish it. They'd jeer and go back to their softball game.

"I finally got wise to them. So I worked out a little program. First I bought them ice cream. Then I played softball with them. Then they played chess with me. Turn about is fair play."

As time went on, Koltanowsky began to up the ante. He made a standing offer of a brand-new bicycle to anyone who could beat him at chess—and ice cream, win or lose.

"It was an expensive proposition for me," he says sadly.

Almost every kid on the playgrounds got free ice cream from Koltanowsky that summer. One of them almost got a bike. She was a 12-year-old freckle-faced redhead, who played against Koltanowsky one blistering July afternoon and maneuvered him into a hopeless corner.

"I didn't tell her then, but it was almost impossible for me to win at that point," he confesses. "Believe me, I was sweating. Can you imagine what life would be like for me on those playgrounds if a 12-year-old girl beat me? But I managed to win."

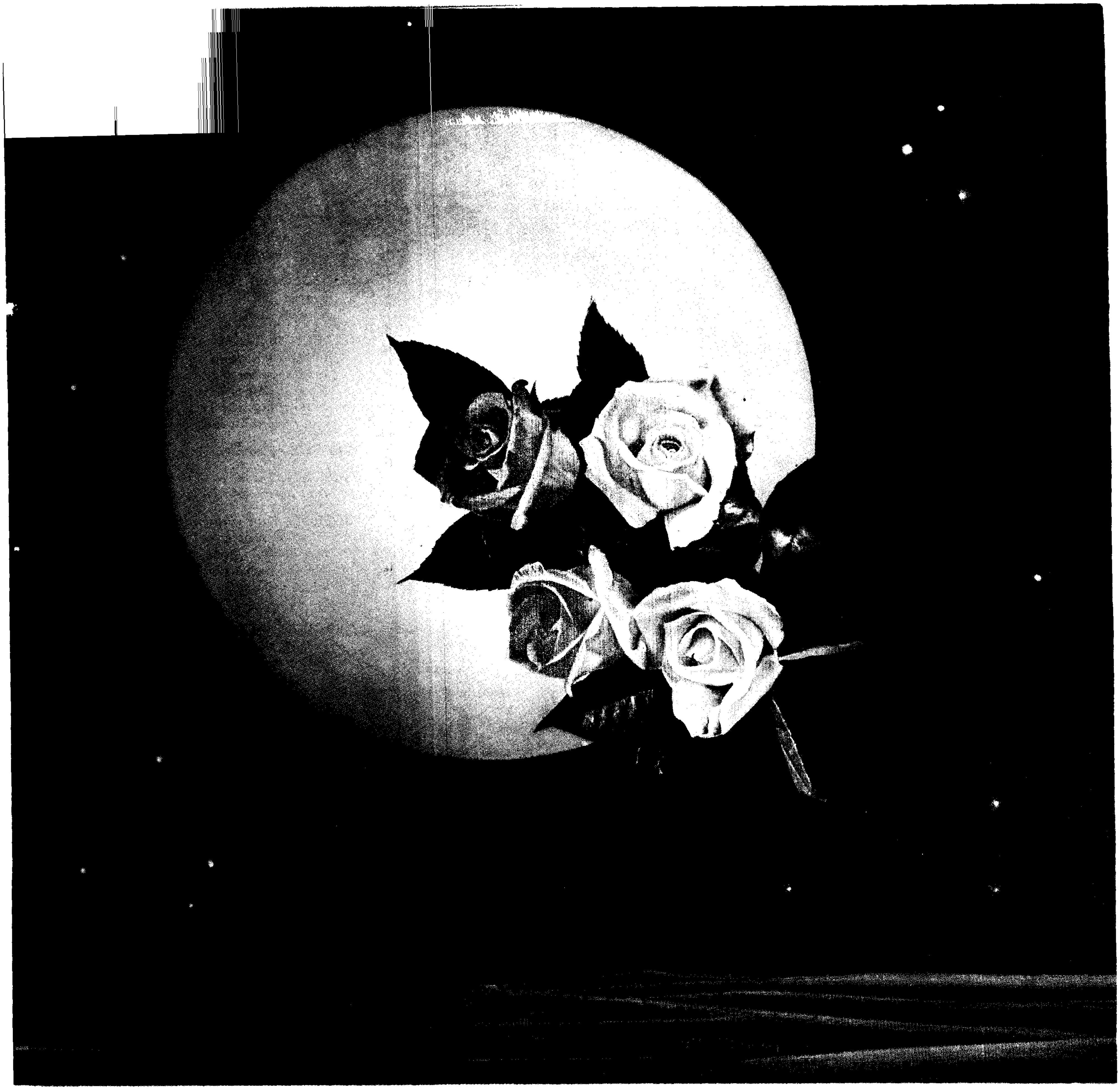
By the end of that summer, 2,000 children between the ages of seven and seventeen had learned to play chess. The chess program became a permanent fixture of the playgrounds. And in ten years, more than 20,000 children have become chess enthusiasts.

No bribes have been necessary since that first season. The game sold itself, and it's still selling. The teaching method is carefully planned and simple. The children learn by playing. They are told: "This is the king. When he can't move without being captured, that's checkmate, and you win the game. Here are the queen, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns. They defend the king. This is how they move. Now, play."

Each child is coached for five successive sessions. Then he is on his own. Most of

(Continued on page 82)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX



Once in a blue moon

YOU DON'T have to look very far to find a whiskey that offers some *one* quality you may enjoy.

But only once in a blue moon do you find a whiskey that's got *everything* . . . a whiskey like Four Roses!

That's because, as far as we know, there just *isn't* any other like it.

For Four Roses is a combination of specially distilled whiskies—selected to achieve that truly distinctive "Four Roses flavor."

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

FOUR ROSES

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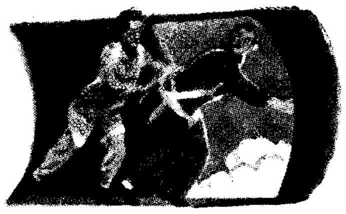
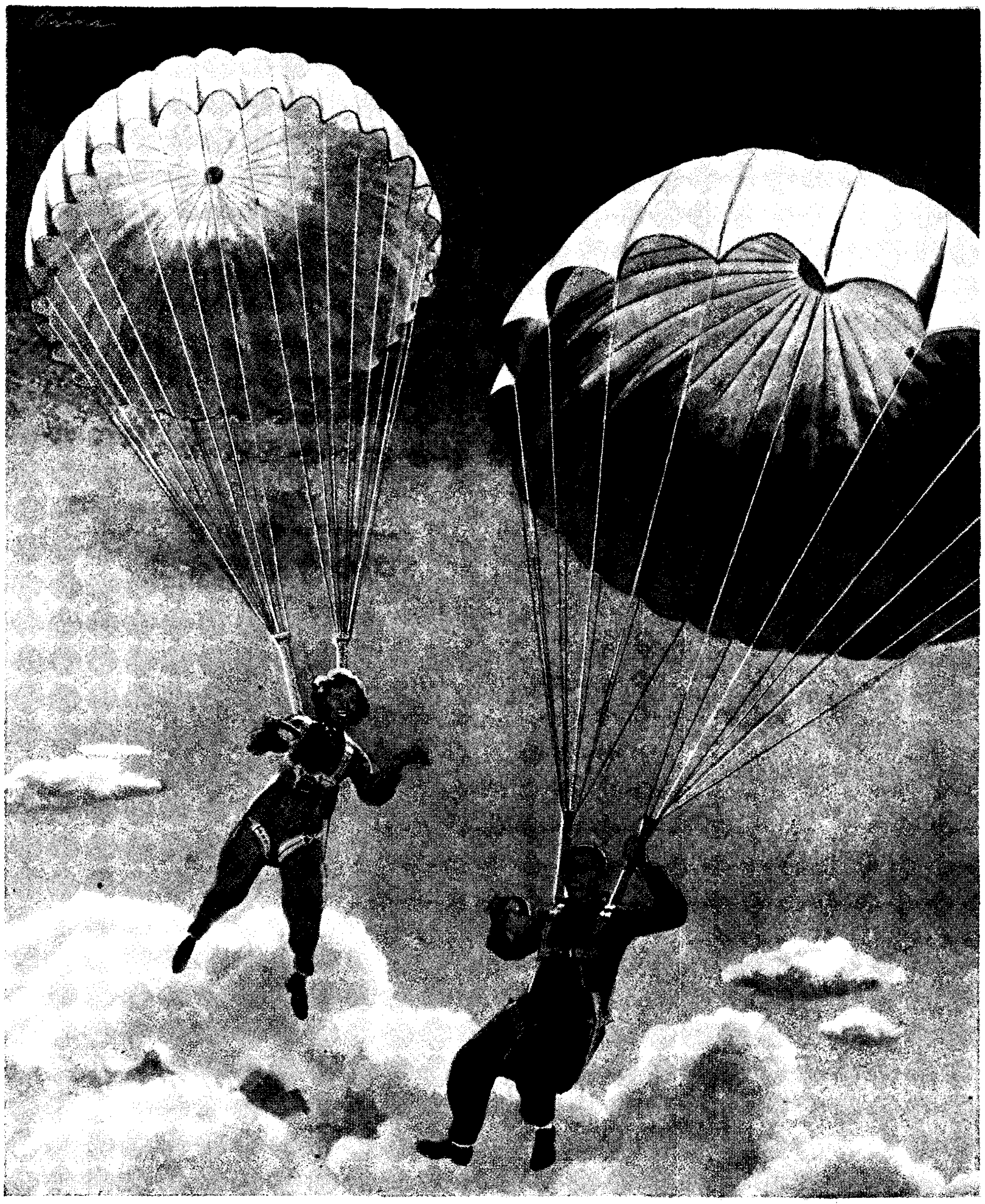
today as before the war



But George—they say it's Good to the Last Drop!



GRACIE—*See, George—there's nothing to it! You just float through the air with the greatest of ease.*

GEORGE—*I still think there must be an easier way of getting to the NBC studio than arriving by parachute.*

GRACIE—*Oh George—don't be an old stick-in-the-mud. Here we've got a great new radio show—and a brand-new sponsor like Maxwell House Coffee—and you still want to do things the same old way. Anyhow, don't you want folks to know?*

GEORGE—*Know what?*

GRACIE—*That Maxwell House Coffee gives us that on-top-of-the-world feeling!*

GEORGE—*Sure, sure—but after all, millions of other people feel that way too—and they don't go flying around in parachutes. Why, Maxwell House Coffee is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world!*

GRACIE—*Yes—isn't it wonderful, George? Just think of all those millions of people sitting by the radio every Thursday night—laughing at me and sipping Maxwell House Coffee! I can hear it now . . . laugh, laugh . . . sip, sip . . . laugh, laugh . . . sip, sip . . .*

GEORGE—*Laughing at you, eh? Where do my lines come in?*

GRACIE—*On the sip, sip, George! It's Maxwell House Coffee Time!*

REGULAR GRIND
MAXWELL HOUSE
COFFEE

A Product of General Foods

IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME... with GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN

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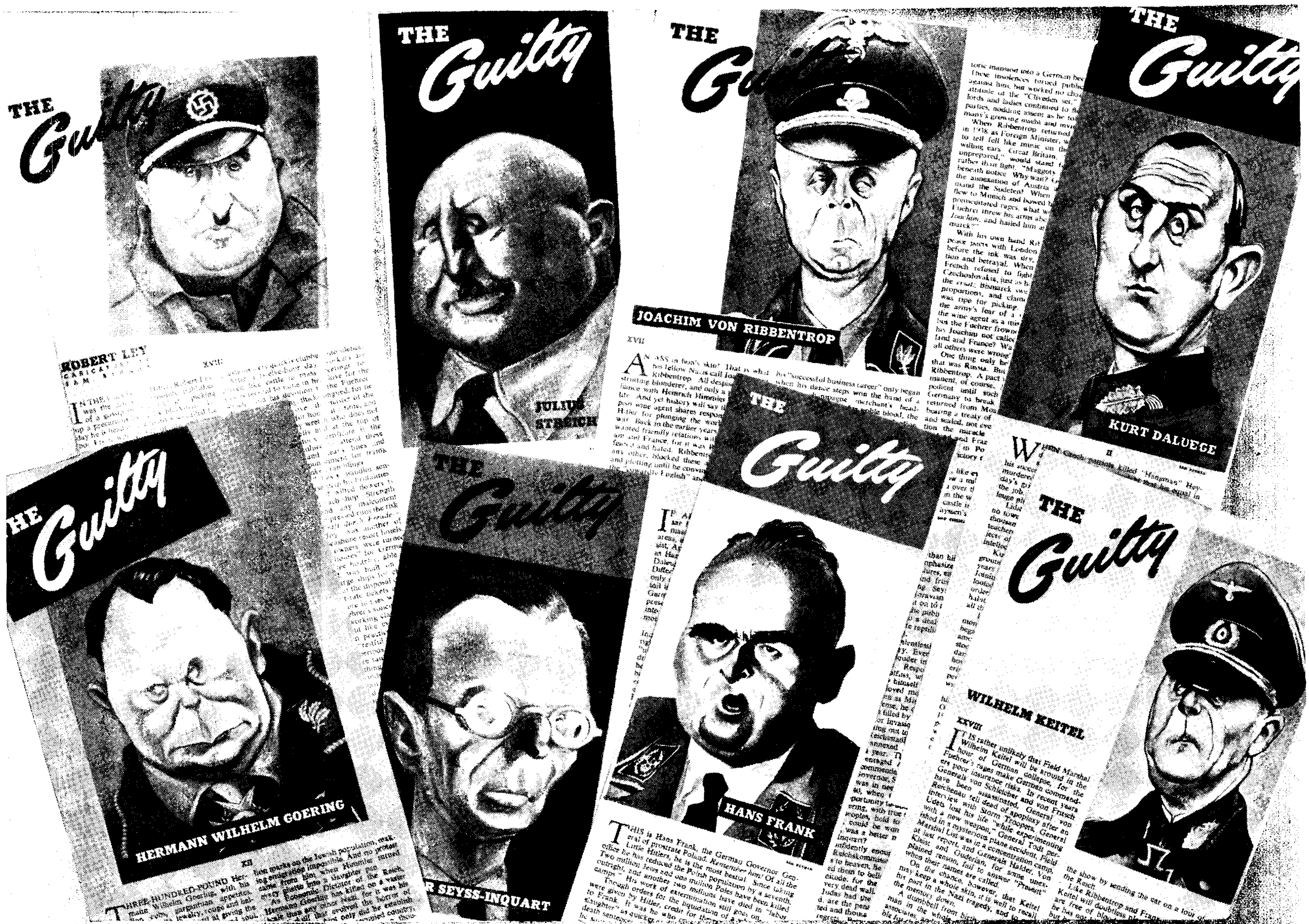
A great coffee brings you two of America's greatest comedians . . . so get set for enjoyment. Pour yourself a cup of Maxwell House, and tune in for a half-hour of non-stop laughs. See your local paper for time and station.



DOOMSDAY FOR THE GUILTY

BY GEORGE TUCKER

ON THE afternoon of May 20th, a U.S. Army weapons carrier stopped before the wire-enclosed Palace Hotel at Mondorf, Luxemburg, and Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering got out.

His uniform was unpressed. His face was white. "I think you are going to kill me tomorrow," he said as the guards led him through the gate.

Inside they wrote his name in the ledger and gave him the number 13. They assigned him to a small room on the fourth floor and then they frisked him, relieving him of a small vial of potassium cyanide—the standard Nazi suicide equipment—concealed in a can of soluble coffee in his pocket.

They examined his luggage and found several thousand tablets of paracodeine, similar to morphine, to which he had been addicted for years. They took away his belt, his shoestrings, his watch crystal, his razor and his penknife—routine antisuicide precautions.

Then they escorted him upstairs to his room. It had no mirror, no wall furnishings, no electric current. The window panes had been replaced by unbreakable substitutes. There was a canvas cot with a straw mattress and one small straight-back chair.

"This is it," Captain Hubert H. Biddle of Bremen, Ohio, commented.

Out in the garden, preoccupied by his chronic gall bladder condition and a serious heart lesion, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring paced slowly under the trees. Several rooms down the hall Dr. Hans Frank, Nazi whip in occupied Poland, lay in a half-fainting condition from his unsuccessful suicide attempt two weeks before.

These things Goering did not know. He stared at his room without taking in its detail. He was breathing through his mouth. "I think you are going to kill me tomorrow," he said again, dropping heavily into the chair. The chair, unequal to his weight, collapsed.

In this comic-opera fashion Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, chief of the Luftwaffe, governor of Prussia and Master of the Hunt, was admitted to the place known as Ashcan.

Ashcan was the code name for the Army's great interrogation center at Luxemburg where Ribbentrop, Seyss-Inquart, Doenitz and forty-nine other high-ranking Nazi officials and Wehrmacht officers were interned prior to their removal in mid-August to the city jail in Nuremberg to await the opening of their trial as war criminals.

As they faced their trial as war criminals, fear of their fate turned the top Nazis into cowards. "Not one," their captors report, "has the courage to say, 'I did it and I stand by it' "

Stripped of their authority, confronted by the consequences of their acts, these men bore little resemblance to high government officials whose overweening megalomania led to the most idiotic war in history.

"They are perverts, dope fiends and liars," Colonel B. C. Andrus, enclosure commandant, says. "When Dr. Frank got here he was wearing a pair of lace panties. Goering brought an apple-cheeked 'valet' with him. We ordered the 'valet' to hard labor. When Ley got here he had a gonorrheal stricture and complained that he couldn't live without women. When Keitel got here we took his baton away from him and he went all to pieces and wrote a letter to Eisenhower. These are the eagles who planned and executed a world war."

Dr. Bohuslav Ecer, the Czechoslovak representative on the United Nations War Crimes Commission and prosecutor of Karl Hermann Franck, the "butcher of Lidice," says he has never seen such physical and moral disintegration. "They are cowards, so they weep. They deny and weep. Not one of them has the courage to say, 'I did it and I stand by it.' "

Ribbentrop, more than any of the others, with the possible exception of Doenitz, has been able to maintain his reserve. But even he surrendered his poise when Ecer advised him he had been listed as a major war criminal and was slated for trial. "I, a criminal!" Ribbentrop cried. "Hitler made the decisions and gave the orders. I was only the instrument of his wishes and desires."

One night last summer a fierce electrical storm came up and bounced a few bolts of lightning off the trees. Shortly thereafter the enclosure's surgeon, Captain C. L. Miller of Lees Summit, Missouri, reported that Goering had suffered a heart attack.

"He can't stand thunder and lightning. It frightens him," Miller said. "I asked him how it happened and he said, 'I was all by myself in my room when the storm came up. It worried me. Then my breathing became difficult.' "

We walked over to the infirmary for a brief examination of the former Luftwaffe commander. His vast bulk completely filled the narrow bed. He tried to lift his head from the pillow in the simulation of a bow, but let it fall back at Colonel Andrus' nod. His arms lay limply at his side.

"He's heart-conscious," Miller said. "It gets to kicking and he's afraid it won't quiet down."

Colonel Andrus said, "He is so debased by his vices that he hasn't the moral stamina of a normal man. When he becomes frightened, he goes all to pieces and wrings his hands like an old woman."

On our way out we passed through the barbershop where Ribbentrop, Doenitz and Streicher were waiting their turn. They got instantly to their feet and bowed. This was regulation. There was no saluting or handshaking at Ashcan. They held the bow until released by a nod or wave of the hand.

Ribbentrop had on an old pair of trousers and a loose lumberman's shirt, open at the throat. His gray hair was shaggy. He accomplished the ritual with an easy elegance that might have been admirable under different

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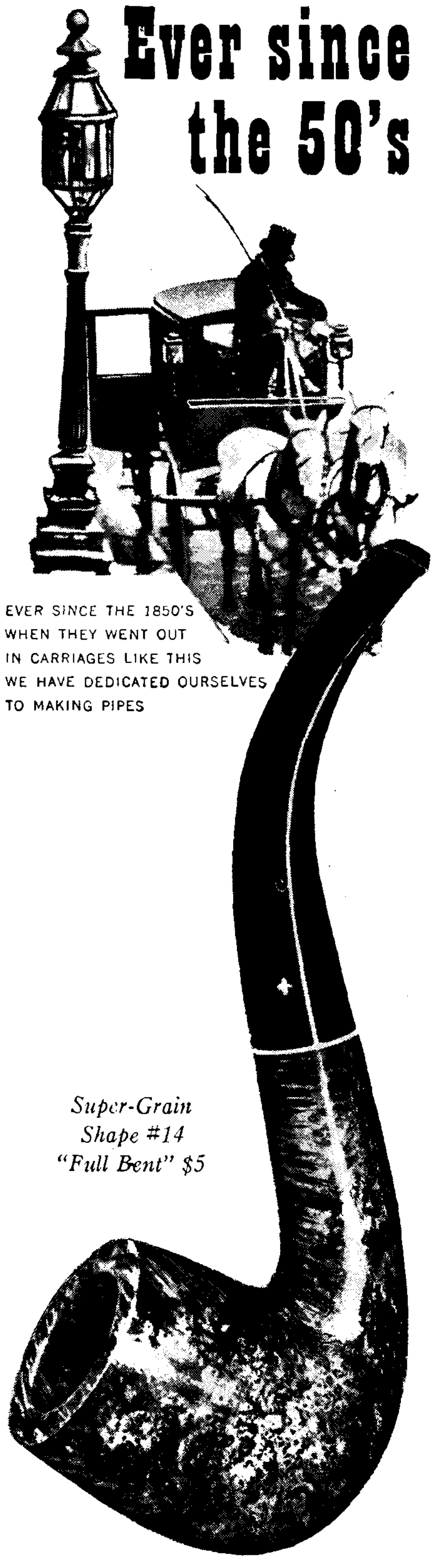
YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE NEWEST AND BEST IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF



circumstances. Jodl was in the chair having his hair trimmed by a German barber from one of the labor battalions.

Grand Admiral Doenitz, who assumed brief authority before the Reich collapse, and who still referred to himself as "the head of the German state," wore his gold-braided uniform. When he first arrived at Ashcan he bitterly resented having his razor taken away.

"Why are you taking it?"

The prison officer looked at him coldly. "Don't you know?"

"I wouldn't commit suicide. That would be cowardly."

That night he addressed a letter to General Eisenhower, reminding him that such treatment was not in keeping with his position as the "head of a state."

"Old Fat Stuff (Goering) wrote a letter to Eisenhower, too," Andrus said. "They all want to write letters. They'd flood headquarters with letters if we'd let them. We finally put a stop to it. Fat Stuff wanted a plane and several days leave to straighten out his tangled domestic difficulties."

Atrocity Films—Plus Lecture

There was no coddling or pampering or recognition of rank at Ashcan. The only entertainment was atrocity films. Recently the internees were treated to the spectacle of Buchenwald, but before the picture was shown, Colonel Andrus addressed a few words to them.

"You are about to see a certain motion picture showing specific instances of maltreatment of prisoners by the Germans. You know about these things and I have no doubt many of you participated actively in them. We are showing them to you not to inform you of what you already know but to impress on you the fact that we know of it, too. Be informed that the considerate treatment you receive here is not because you merit it, but because anything less would be unbecoming to us."

Then the lights went out and the saga of Buchenwald began to unfold. Its impact was so great that Captain Biddle, the prison officer, and Sergeant Arthur Michaels, an interpreter, of New York City, noted their reactions:

Dr. Hans Frank held a handkerchief to his mouth and gagged for fifteen minutes. Ribbentrop bowed his head and walked straight into the dining room. Kesselring was white as a sheet. Julius Streicher sat on the edge of the chair clasping and unclasping his hands. Goering appeared not to take much interest in the film but later commented. "That's the type of pictures we used to show our Russian prisoners."

The Palace Hotel itself, where major prisoners are interned, was only a part of Ashcan and it was so cleverly camouflaged that the local Luxemburgers were two months tumbling to the fact that most of the surviving leaders of the Reich were in their midst. In other parts of the village were two POW cages for labor battalions. These were established as a diversionary screen for the "Big House."

At the hotel, all internees, regardless of former rank, made their own beds and kept their own quarters. The records show that Ribbentrop, despite his love of elegance, was a very sloppy housekeeper and on two occasions was called on the carpet because of the general untidiness of his quarters. Orderlies were banned. If any internee required assistance in dressing or undressing, such as help in the removal of boots, he had either to change the habit or obtain assistance from another. Their rations were prescribed by law. On the first day I was there the menu consisted of cereal, soup and coffee for breakfast; pea soup, beef hash and spinach for dinner; powdered eggs, potatoes, bread and tea for supper.

Because food is essential in planning an escape, it was against Ashcan regulations for internees to carry food to their rooms. Consequently, when a small quantity of chocolate was found in the monk's cell occupied by Prince Philip of Hesse he was court-martialed.

The Prince is a slight, sophisticated type who spent nearly two years in a Nazi concentration camp. He claims kinship to King George of England and half the aristocratic families of Europe. When the collapse came, he was picked up by American authorities and reinterned, a circumstance that shocked some Allied officials. I was told that Prince Philip was wholeheartedly Nazi in the beginning of the war but caught on fast and began to oppose them when defeat seemed probable. For this about-face the Nazis imprisoned him.

He came into the room where his court-martial was held, wearing a gray jacket and blue trousers. He wore sandals with no socks and the ends of a white handkerchief showed from his breast pocket.

"I have a report from the prison officer that chocolate was found in your room in violation of prison regulations, and I am going to court-martial you under the 104th Article of War. Do you understand all that?" Andrus asked.

The Prince said, "Yes, sir."

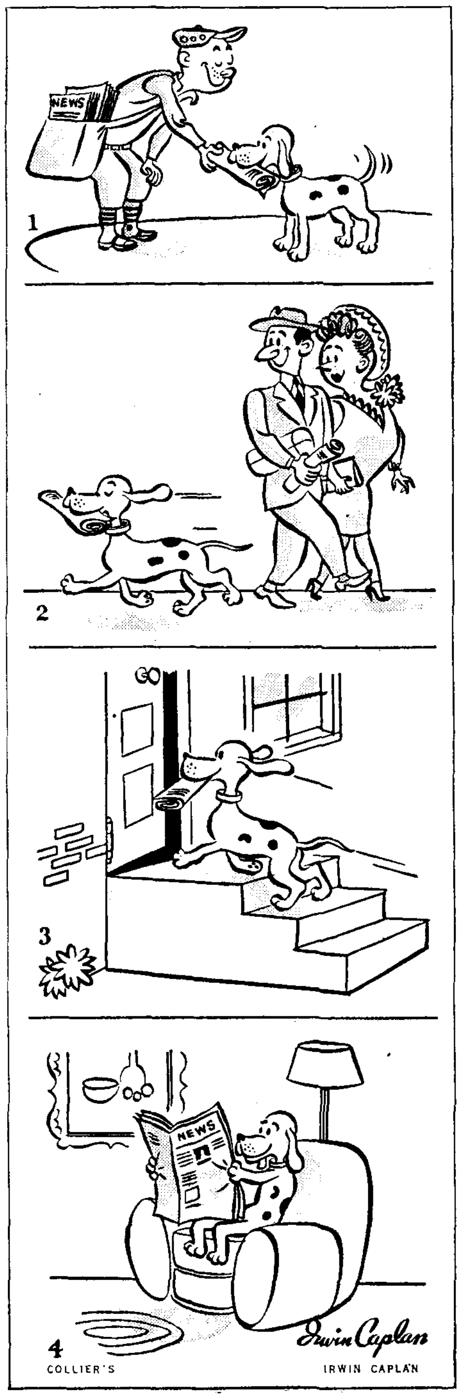
"You may make any statement you wish and then you will be confronted by witnesses."

The Prince folded his arms across his chest—not in nonchalance but in order to control the trembling of his elbows and knees. "I didn't know I wasn't allowed to have chocolate. I took it because I hadn't seen any for two years. I wanted to eat one piece every night, to make it last longer."

"Yes, the people of Holland and France and other countries overrun by the Nazis haven't tasted chocolate for two years, either," Andrus replied.

Moisture began to appear on the Prince's face. "I haven't been here very long. I wouldn't have taken it if I had known."

Andrus leaned forward and for twenty minutes the air was blue. Then he waved the Prince away.



"I don't see fit to award you any punishment this time. But if it becomes necessary to have you in here again . . ."

Prince Philip of Hesse vanished in a hysteria of relief.

One other item concerning food is of interest because it illustrates the position the authorities have taken as regards rank. There are no big shots among the internees at Ashcan and no flunkies to wait on them. Goering learned of this one morning over an unsatisfactory breakfast.

"This porridge is execrable," he cried. Turning to a German private who served as waiter, he added, "My dog in Germany eats better than this."

"In Germany your dog ate better than the German people," the waiter replied.

During the hours of sunlight the captive eagles were permitted to stroll in the garden at their leisure. Keitel, Kesselring, Jodl and Erwin Krauss, who headed the National Socialist motor corporation, formed a sort of unofficial sun cult and stripped themselves to the waist daily in order to give their bodies an even blend of suntan.

Kesselring always was in evidence outdoors. He was easily the most soldierly looking man of the group. Julius Streicher, the Jew baiter, had a fondness for the outdoors too, but was generally shunned by the other internees and walked by himself or teamed up with his buddy, Dr. Robert Ley, who alone seemed to enjoy his company.

Curiously enough, as the thought of his coming trial weighed upon Streicher, he experienced a complete change of heart toward the Jews. "When I was first captured I was beaten, kicked in the face and a Negro spat in my mouth. They starved me on potato peels. Then one day I changed camps. I was placed in a clean room. An American came in with a pitcher of cocoa and some crackers. He set them on the table and stepped back. 'This is from me to you, Mister Streicher. I am a Jew.' I broke down and cried. That was the most severe punishment I have ever received. I have always said there are no good Jews, but that boy proved to me that I am wrong."

The last time I saw Streicher he was standing on the veranda in the sunlight talking to Dr. Franz X. Schwarz, a former Reichsschatzmeister, and Kurt Daluege, an active hatchet man in his palmier days. Schwarz is an old man, 78, with chronic myocarditis.

High Praise from Gestapo Chief

"Daluege—he came here May 19th in a party with Dr. Otto Meissner, who used to be Hitler's Chancellery chief," Andrus said. "We frisked them. We had a boy who was pretty good at that—Sergeant William Blake, Jr., of San Francisco. He has gone home now. Daluege took an immense interest in the way Blake worked. When Blake got through with Meissner, Daluege clapped his hands. 'I see you have the touch of a professional detective. I know. I was chief of the Gestapo.' "

Daluege, General Walter Warlimont, Doenitz and a few of the others still have an appetite for making little jokes, but the majority were too preoccupied with Mr. Justice Jackson and his plans, to indulge in levity.

In better days Warlimont was something of a gadabout who prided himself on his feminine conquests. For a time he lived in Texas as an artillery observer and apparently was on the socially preferred list down there. "The girls in Dallas and Fort Worth were wonderful," he said, "but that San Antonio—that's the 'widows' playground' of America."

One day Warlimont got to talking with Sgt. Robert Bock, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the assistant prison officer, of his experiences during the Nazi occupation of Paris. "I landed a plane right in the middle of the Place de la Concorde," Warlimont said proudly. "No one else ever did that."

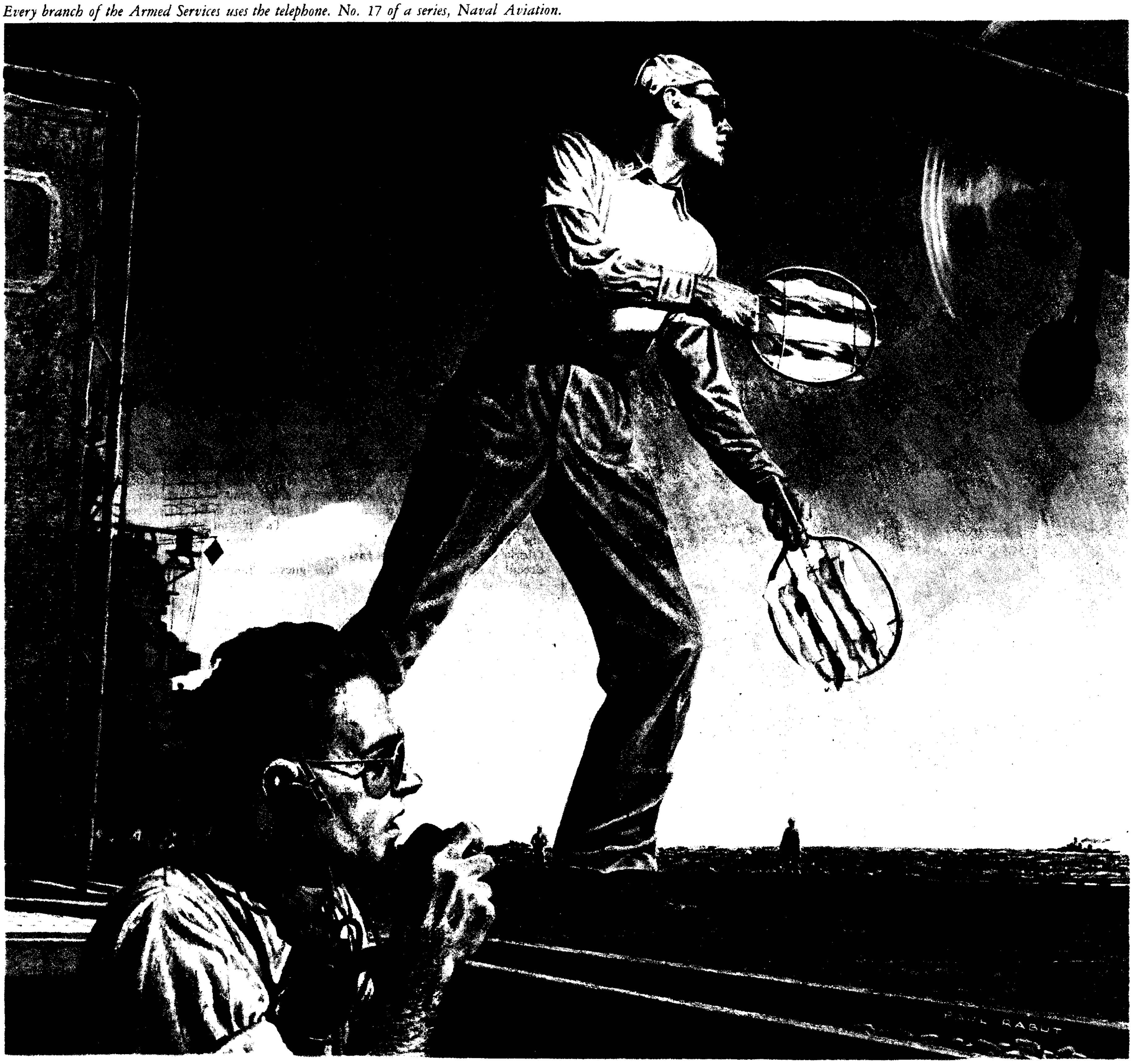
"Wasn't it dangerous? I mean, didn't you hit anybody?"

"There wasn't anybody to hit. They were all hiding or indoors."

"That's funny," said Bock. "When we liberated Paris the streets were so jammed with people the parade had to be held up two days."

THE END

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 17 of a series, Naval Aviation.



Signaling with his paddles, the Landing Signal Officer tells returning carrier plane pilots whether they're too high, too low, too fast, too slow—guides them safely aboard. By skillful teamwork he and his telephone "talker"—who keeps the LSO in touch with the bridge and the Air Officer—have become key men on the Navy's team of flying fighters.

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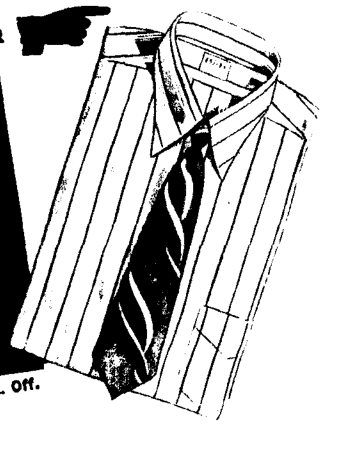

ALL DAY NECKLINE NEATNESS WITHOUT STARCH

You Remember Gloria

Continued from page 15

socks—was one thing. This was another. How could anyone, even Gloria, be so improvident?

Gloria answered her unspoken question. "I wasn't born to money like you, Emma," she said bitterly. "I wasn't taught how to get my money's worth—even out of my charities. Money was something to have fun with, to spend recklessly, to give away if I wanted to. Until you got me a job at Magnetic I'd never had anything to give away. You know what I did with that first pay check, Emma? I gave a party. I didn't ask you. You'd have been shocked. It was a wonderful party . . ."

Emma turned and walked stiffly to the window. All these years I've hated her, she thought. Hated her for taking Martin Kalix away from me without loving him, because he could help her succeed. And all that time, without my knowing, she hated me too.

Emma smiled bitterly, looking down at the street. "How broke?" she asked.

"Stony. I owe two and a half month's rent and I haven't anything left to sell or pawn. I've got about four dollars in my pocket." Gloria straightened and her voice became flat and deliberately brittle. "Four dollars," she repeated. "That's what's left of a twenty-dollar bill I borrowed over the week end. Would you like to know about that too, Emma? I crashed a party at Lorna Hood's and pretended I'd mislaid my purse . . . Gloria Devalle—crashing a party to get some decent food and cadging from the guests. Pretty, isn't it?"

EMMA raised her eyes from the teeming traffic of Sunset Boulevard. She adjusted the window blinds to let in more of the afternoon sun. "There're women in factories," she said casually. "Driving busses. Waiting on tables . . ." She turned back to Gloria. "Did you ever think of getting a job?"

"A job!" Gloria's back stiffened. "I'd crawl on my belly for a job. I'd take any kind of part. Anything!"

"I don't mean a job in pictures," Emma said.

Gloria looked at her blankly. "It's the only work I know," she said. "I'm not a bus driver or a typist. I'm an actress."

Emma leaned against the sill. "You never were an actress," she said. "You never gave a damn about acting. All you wanted was the adulation and the money that went with it. You were the most beautiful thing that ever hit Hollywood, but you weren't an actress—and ten years of stardom didn't make you one."

Gloria's lips tightened. "I'm still beautiful," she said evenly. Automatically, she reached for her cigarette, puffed it once shortly and then tamped it out. "Everything else you say may be true, but I'm still beautiful. You can't say I'm not."

Their glances met and held like crossed rapiers.

"Yes," Emma said slowly. "You're still the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. But you're forty-years-old beautiful, and that kind of beauty doesn't pay off at the box office."

As if an eraser had been rubbed over a blackboard portrait, all expression left Gloria. Emma waited, only her dark sure eyes alive in a face as still as the other woman's.

There was no sound within the room. The outside traffic was a distant hum, rising and falling like the spiraling buzz of an insect. Behind the closed door, Madge's typewriter clicked rhythmically. Emma held herself motionless, synchronizing her own breath with Gloria's until the other woman's eyes quivered. Then Emma, with an indrawn sigh, pushed herself up from the window sill.

Gloria's lips parted. She looked down at her still-relaxed hands wonderingly. Slowly she lifted them, turning the palms upward. "What can I do?" she asked softly, asking the question of her own hands and not of Emma.

The gesture caught at Emma's heart. *Always she's done that,* Emma thought, *just when I've hated her most. Something she does, like a child, and you know her ruthlessness is as innocent, as unpremeditated as a child's.* Emma clasped her arms, held them tightly against her spare body, feeling her hatred dissolve into shame at her hate. She was horrified at the effect her words had had on Gloria—it was as if she'd taken a club to a destructive kitten.

She let her arms fall to her sides and crossed briskly to the desk. There was no trace of her distress in the way she seated herself squarely in the uncushioned swivel chair and selected a cigarette. Suddenly Emma knew what she must do to rid herself of her shame.

"You were always a good hostess," she said casually. "You know how to make people comfortable, put them at their ease." She pulled a large checkbook from the middle desk drawer and started to write a check in her straight, angular handwriting, smiling up at Gloria briefly. "You have charm, my dear, as well as beauty, and it's possible there's a lot of unused good sense in that pretty head of yours."

"So?" Gloria asked, expressionless.

Emma blotted the check. "So, I've got a job for you. I can't handle the new canteen and the Vine Street house without help. And that's hard to find. I'll really appreciate your taking the job. You've the most important qualification—a friendly way with people. The rest of it is just hard work—on your feet eighteen hours a day, running up and down stairs, seeing that beds are made if you have to make them yourself, being sure everything goes right in the dining room no matter what hell is popping in the kitchen." She rose and handed Gloria the check. "Pay your rent with this. Send back the twenty you borrowed, and move into 1215 tonight. I'll have a car at your place at eight o'clock."

Gloria held the check carefully in both hands. She looked at it, not seeing it.

Emma bit her lips, feeling impotent and a little frightened. I've got to help her, she thought. For my own sake, I've got to help her. Twenty years is too long to keep hatred alive.

She raised her voice, trying to cut through Gloria's impassiveness: "I'll pay you a hundred and fifty a month and your room and board. If you do the sort of job I'm sure you can I'll raise the pay to two hundred and throw this in as a bonus."

Gloria folded the check and tucked it into her jacket pocket. Her eyes refused to meet Emma's and her voice was muffled: "It doesn't matter how much, Emma. It's only . . . Will people have to know? Will they have to know I'm getting paid for it?"

Emma smiled ironically. "No one will know unless you tell them," she said.

EMMA was not too engrossed in the preparation for the new canteen to be increasingly annoyed at Gloria's lack of interest. Having supplied the medicine, she felt only stubbornness kept the patient from responding. Work, to Emma, was a cure-all, but it had no effect on Gloria. She carried out all Emma's suggestions with a mechanical willingness which gave forth no warmth.

The night of the opening the two women made a last-minute inspection of the house. Emma felt her own enthusiasm for their accomplishment dampened by Gloria's apathy. Defeated, she shook her head. "I've got to call Madge," she said. "Got to see how everything's going at Vine Street."

She dialed the number viciously, needing an outlet for her anger.

"Everything's fine," Madge reported. She giggled, her voice jerking breathlessly as if someone were tickling her. "You've got a present, Miss Bloch," she said, her voice trailing off. A masculine voice took over:

"I brought you a Japanese sword, Miss Bloch—all the way from 'military secret.' Just like I said I would."

Emma relaxed and let the voice flow easily into its own groove in her memory. The inflection was familiar—brash and shy, overanxiously cheery. "It was harder hanging onto it than it was getting it. Didn't allow myself a single crap game coming back for fear I'd lose it."

Emma smiled at the picture which sprang

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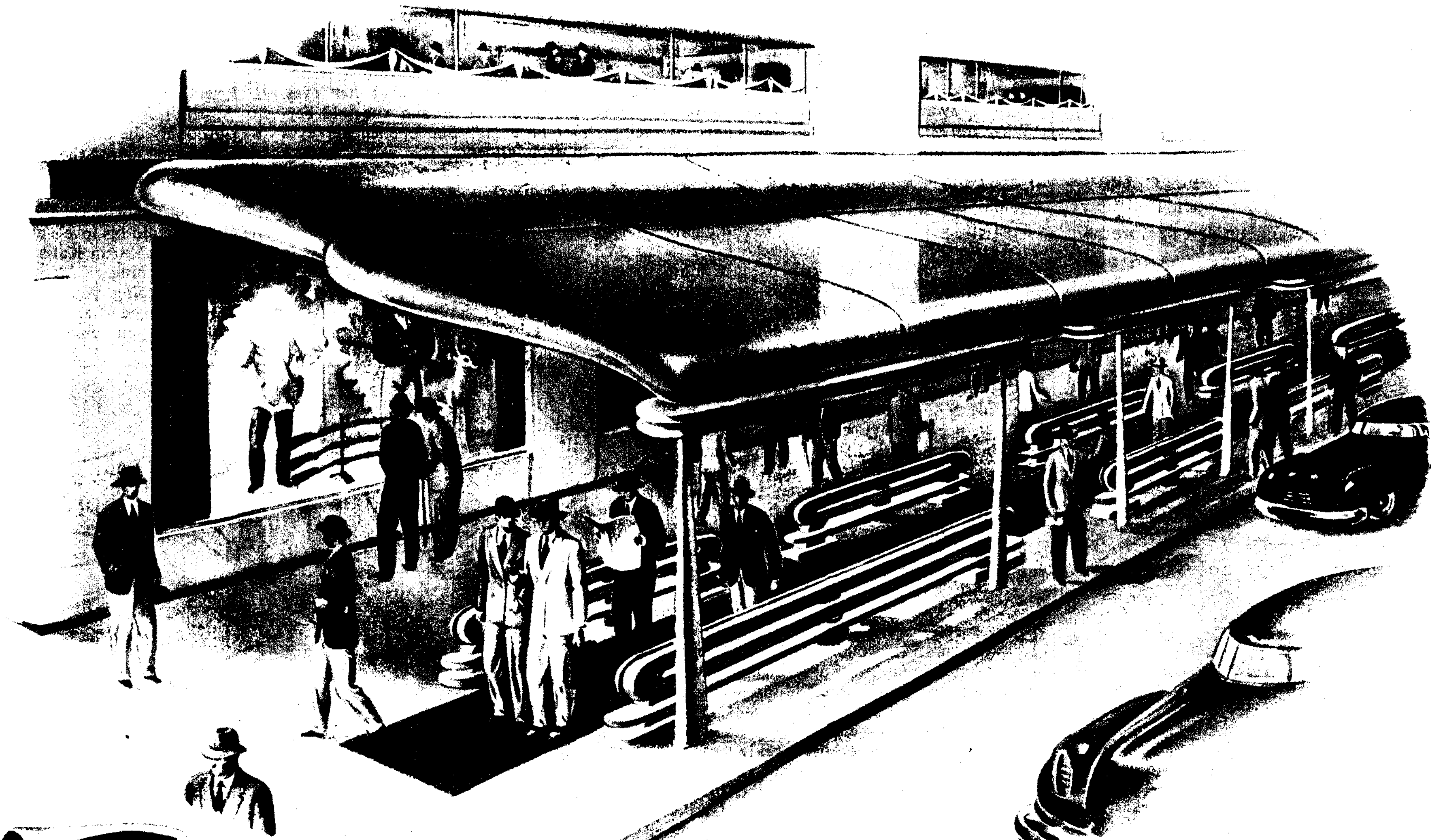

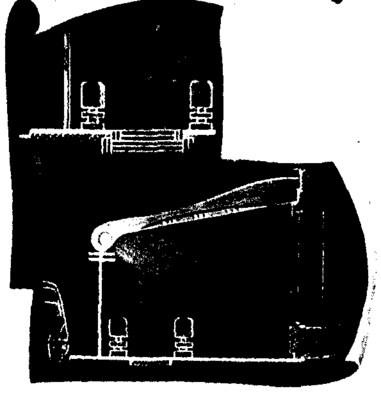

TOP: *View of endless-belt mechanism of the moving sidewalk.* BOTTOM: *Refrigerated air from concealed pipes cools the canopied sidewalk.*

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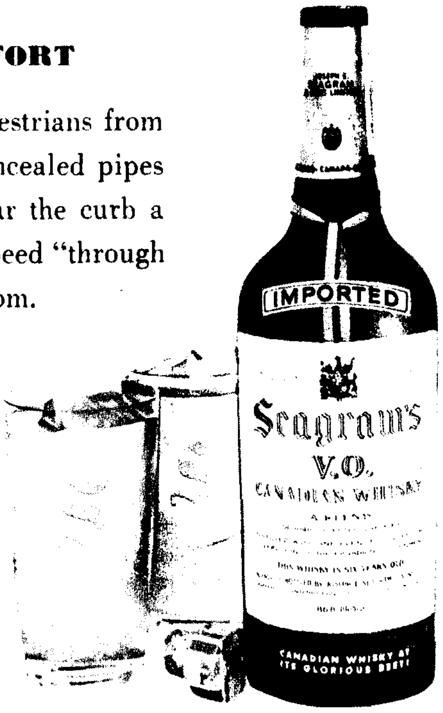

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finally into her mind—freckled face, red curls sprouting from under a tight sailor cap, eyes like a mischievous pup not sure of his welcome.

"It's Pinky," she said. "Pinky, I'm glad you're back."

There was a moment's surprised silence on the other end of the telephone. "She told you. Madge must've told you," Pinky said.

"Why, no, Pinky," Emma answered, amused and pleased that her memory had proved itself again. "I recognized your voice."

"You couldn't have . . ." Pinky's voice was an audible battle between hope and disbelief. "Gee . . . you couldn't have remembered *me* . . . could you? Did you really? Honest?"

Emma swallowed a lump in her throat. "Why, you silly little freckle-faced squirt, of course I remember you."

She hung the receiver in its cradle finally but stood a moment, her hand retaining contact on the smooth warm surface. That's something you can't talk about, she thought. That's worth all the time, the backaches, the sleepless nights. That's worth living a long life through. Just that. Perhaps everything that made Emma Bloch, Emma Bloch—was preparation for this: that you could say, "I remember you. You are important," to a lonely boy.

She stuck a thumb between her strong white teeth and bit on it reflectively. If that could happen to Gloria, she thought, she wouldn't keep acting like a beautiful automaton. Gloria's walking through the part, Emma told herself. She's letter perfect but she doesn't care. And it's your fault, Emma. You always run everything. You've taken all the fun, all the responsibility. You made a gesture, now follow through. Get out and give Gloria a chance.

FOR several weeks Emma resolutely stayed away from 1215. Gloria called frequently at first, and Emma, with a strong feeling of virtue, told her gruffly to settle the problems herself.

Almost a month went by with no word from Gloria, except for the weekly reports on services rendered and an accounting of money spent. Emma watched the figures mount and was not surprised when Gloria once more telephoned for instructions.

"Emma, really," she said defensively. "This is serious. I'm spending more than my budget and I've got to know where you want me to cut down."

"Nowhere," Emma said curtly. "You can count on me for two thousand. If you run over that you'll have to go begging. Write the unions. They'll increase their donations. Call up your friends. It's not hard to get money out of people if they know what you want it for."

"All right," Gloria said. "I'll start with you. Suppose you make that twenty-one hundred instead of two thousand?"

Emma laughed at the hint of mettle in Gloria's voice. "Twenty-one hundred it is . . . I'll drop by some night soon and see if I'm getting my money's worth."

Behind the simple answer Emma heard both pride and challenge: "Any time, Emma. Come by any time at all. We'll be ready for you."

Emma smiled smugly as she hung up the receiver.

EMMA'S Hospitality House did not attempt competition with the Hollywood Canteen. Emma recruited dishwashers, typists and cooks—not entertainers—but there was no rule of the house which prevented a performer from practicing his profession when his work was done. Thus it was no surprise for her to hear the unmistakable voice of Mary Malone singing I Want to Be Good, So Bad when she climbed the marble steps of 1215, a week or so after her conversation with Gloria.

Emma had her hand on the screen door when a voice stopped her: "That you, Emma?"

She turned. A flame glowed in the semidarkness at the far end of the porch. Smiling, Emma walked toward the man who sprawled there in a large wicker chair, a cigar jutting from his lips, his feet resting on the porch railing. Swathing his small body was a white butcher's apron.

"Hello, Martin," Emma said. She hunched herself up on to the railing near his feet. Her hand rested briefly on the upturned toes of his polished shoes. "You look less like a movie producer than even a movie producer's got a right to look," she said.

Martin Kalix grunted, "Quip me no quips, Emma. Three hours KP duty is punishment enough."

Emma smiled to herself. "What do you want from me, Martin? Loving tenderness. . . ? A little honest work won't hurt you."

"It hasn't hurt Gloria," Martin said.

There was a long silence. Emma leaned back against a pillar and shut her eyes. *You've had a full life, Emma,* she told herself. *Don't be a pig.* She opened her eyes slowly in wonderment. The words were a ritual which had lost its meaning. There was no stab at her heart, no need for her defenses. *Jealousy dies away,* she thought. *Jealousy dies too.*

"What's happened to her, Em?" Martin asked. "Six months ago she was just a washed-up movie star who'd kept her figure. But now—tonight I couldn't take my eyes off her. She's like the first time I saw her. Remember, Em?—the night we previewed my first picture."

"I remember," Emma said, and her mind went on silently: I thought you'd propose to me that night if the picture went well. I had it all plotted, a dozen different ways against a dozen different backgrounds. But all ending with your saying, "I love you," and your kiss. And because I was so stupidly sure I was even eager to have you like Gloria. I was proud of her—as if she were something I'd made—just because I'd bought the dress she wore and I'd let her put my perfume behind her ears. "Give the kid a break, Martin," I said. "She's gauche and she can't act but she's so beautiful it doesn't matter. . . ."

"She was so eager," Martin said slowly. "So young—and wanting everything so much. As if she'd never been a child at all but just got born that day and couldn't believe all the wonderful things there were around her—"

"Yes, she was like that," Emma agreed. I waited for you to turn to me and smile, she thought. Waited for you to share with me my delight in Gloria, and you were looking at her like a man seeing the sun rise. When I left you, all crushed and empty inside, neither of you knew I was gone.

Martin's voice rose again out of the silence: "She makes all these youngsters, even Mary Malone, look like something painted on a wall." He knocked the ash off his cigar with a sharp movement of his wrist.

"Fans don't forget their favorites," Martin said. "We've had a hundred letters about Gloria Devalle in the past year. People say to me, 'Martin, why don't you sign up some of these old-time stars? Take Gloria Devalle. They'll still pay money to see her. They'll buy a ticket out of curiosity if nothing else.' But me—I say this: It spoils the romance."

Emma listened to him quietly. She felt tired and relaxed as if through great effort she had rid herself of a demon.

"It's like losing your first girl," Martin went on. "You remember how she looked and how you felt when you saw her long ago. You think you want to see her again but when you do, you're sorry. The romance is gone. And that's what I'm selling, Em—romance, illusion."

HIS voice died away again. Emma was silent, thinking how often she had listened to Martin's arguments with himself. She was probably the only person in Hollywood who had ever shared the indecisive moments of Martin Kalix. We've been friends all these years, Emma thought, and I've let jealousy kill the full flavor of it. I've valued it as little as Gloria did his love—as if the friendship of a man like Martin Kalix were some small, unimportant thing.

"But supposing you see your old girl," Martin continued after a moment. "And she's just the way you remembered her. Just as unattainable and just as unbelievably lovely. As if she'd gone along a parallel path with you, just out of your sight except for now and then when you came to a hill. Then you got something, Em. You got nostalgia and romance and a kind of pleasant ache in your heart. And when you got those things up there on the screen, you got what people need and want. You follow me, Em?"

Emma grinned into the darkness. "Sure. You're going to cast Gloria Devalle as Tania in Forgotten Woman—and you're going to make a fortune."

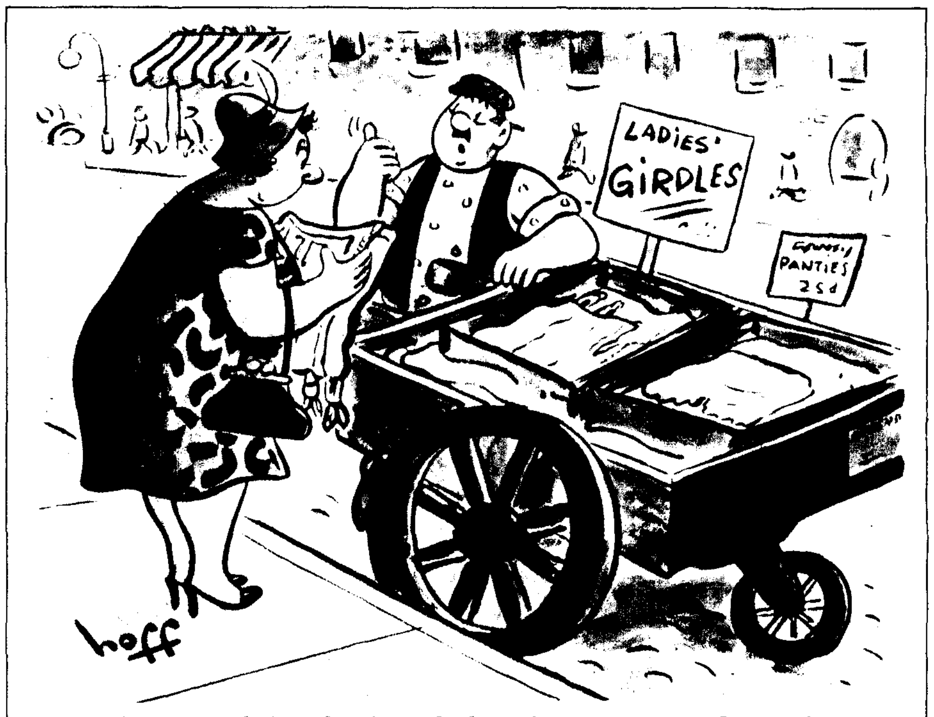
Martin chuckled. "Did you get Mary Malone to drag me over here tonight?"

Emma slid from the railing. "No, Martin. I'd like to take the credit for it but I didn't. I haven't even seen this transformation in Gloria that has you sitting in the dark, communing with the past—and the future."

She started away but he held her with a hand on her arm. His middle finger and thumb met around her wrist. "You always had the littlest wrists," he said.

He released her and she patted his cheek. "See you later," she said and spun abruptly away.

The lights were bright after the dimness of the porch, and Emma blinked a little looking around her. Mary Malone was still at the piano, facing a semicircle of soldiers standing around with their girls. Gloria came out of the kitchen and glanced about distractedly. Quickly Emma appraised her. Martin was right. Something had happened to Gloria Devalle. Emma grinned crookedly



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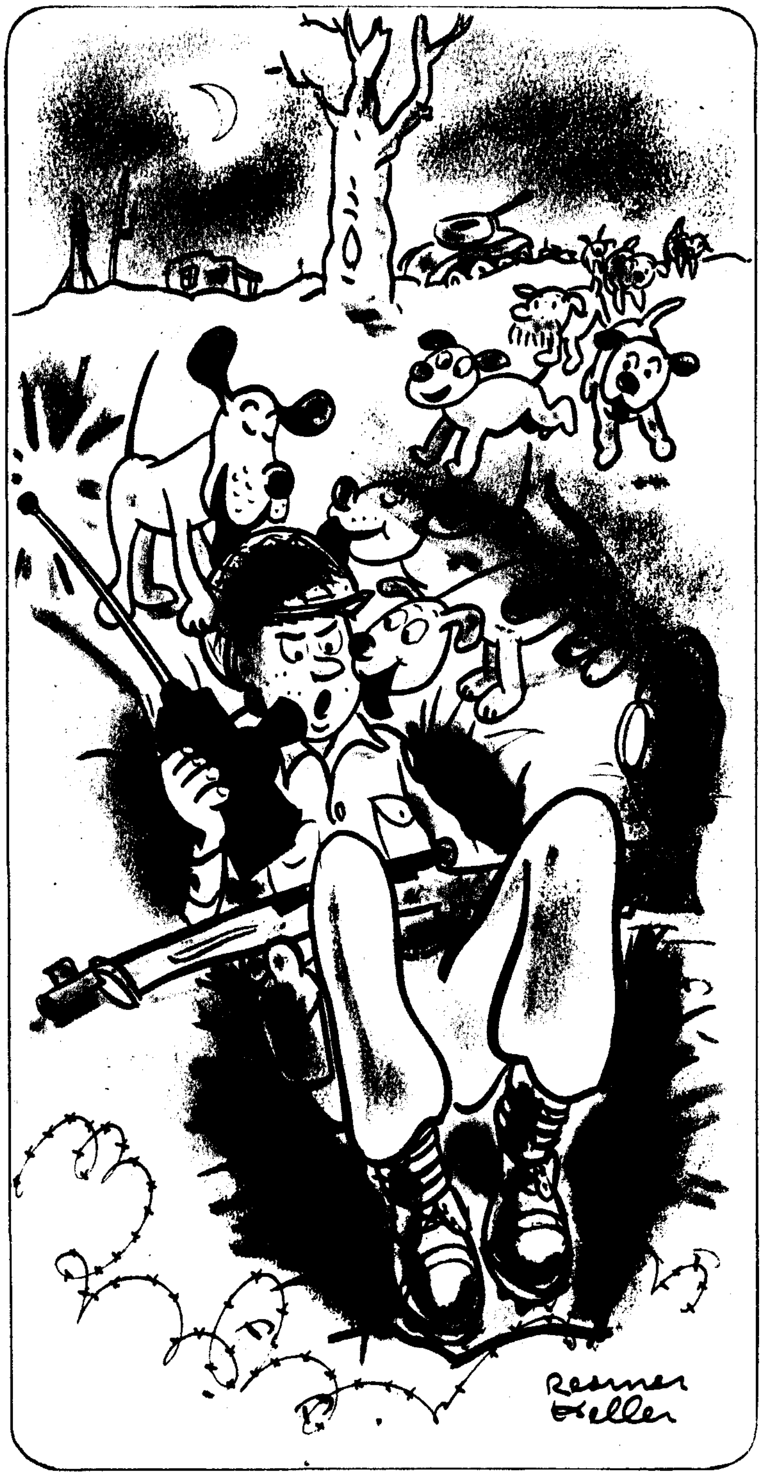

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and, squaring her shoulders, walked toward her. "Hello, Glory," she said. "Quite a crowd."

Gloria smiled suddenly, her eyes alight. "Isn't it?" she said. "Really, Emma, you should have seen the gallons of orange juice these kids drank."

Emma said, "Martin Kalix's got something to ask you."

Gloria had already moved away a foot or two. She twisted to face Emma. "Oh? Is it important?"

"The earth quakes with its importance."

Gloria smiled. "He's been wonderful. He's worked like a dog out in that kitchen. Aren't people wonderful, really, Emma?"

"Sure," Emma said shortly. "He's a nice guy."

Gloria laughed at her affectionately, her body once more poised for flight. "I'll talk to him in a minute," she said. "First I've got to find someone who can make scrapple." Her cheeks dimpled. "Really, Emma, the things these boys ask for!" She darted away and Emma stared after her, a half-smile twisting her thin lips, her dark eyes curious.

WANDERING toward the piano, Emma pulled a hassock close to it but not near enough to become a part of the group. She saw Martin enter, slipping off the white butcher apron. She pointed with her chin, indicating Gloria's approximate whereabouts.

She looked over the faces of the soldiers idly, waiting for one to catch her interest and hold it. Mary finished her song and a dark-haired sergeant said, "You remember Always? That's my favorite song."

Emma smiled without mirth. You were in rompers when that song came out, she thought. When I danced to that tune and tried not to look at Martin Kalix and Gloria Devalle and saw them just the same—saw Martin looking at Gloria and Gloria looking at the reflection of herself in his eyes . . .

She went into the dining room and poured herself a cup of coffee. Sipping it, she went to find Gloria and Martin. They were at a small table in a quiet part of the sunroom. Gloria's face was surprisingly calm and thoughtful. She looked up as Emma neared them.

"Martin's offered me the part of Tania," she said.

"It's a good part, Glory," Emma said. "You'll be swell."

Martin said, "She's worried about her job here, Em."

Emma put her coffee cup on the table. "What's there to worry about? Some people manage two jobs," she said sharply.

"Trouble is," Martin explained, "we're shooting it up north. In the Big Trees. She'd be gone a month or more."

"I can't do them both, Emma. I really can't."

Emma put her hand on Gloria's shoulder. "Of course not, but don't worry about it. You've done a good job here, Gloria. We'll get along, Madge and me. And when you get back, if you want to, you can take over again."

Gloria looked up at her straight and long. "Have I, Emma? Have I really done a good job?"

"Sure," Emma said crossly. "Look around you. You don't need me to tell you."

Gloria separated her clasped hands. Her lips turned upward at the corners as if she were smiling at a secret joke. "Thank you, Martin," she said. "You don't know what it means to me, having you offer me the part of Tania. But I can't."

Emma looked quickly at Martin. His lips were tight.

"Listen, Gloria," he said. "I know you need a job. Playing hard-to-get won't do you any good."

Gloria's smile widened. "But, Martin, I'm not. I never cared about acting—it was all the things that went with it I liked." She turned her face up to Emma's and for a moment there was a new adult look in her eyes. Then they brightened mischievously and she glanced sideways at Martin. "And you're wrong, darling, about my needing a job. I've got one. Emma's even promised me a raise." She lifted her eyes again to Emma. "Haven't you, Em?" she asked.

Emma laughed, not quite knowing why. "That's right, Martin," she said. "Starting tonight. Glory's the best boardinghouse keeper in Hollywood, and I can't afford to lose her."

"Now look here, Gloria—" Martin said.

But Gloria had turned away at the sound of the front door. Emma's eyes followed hers. A young soldier stood hesitantly in the doorway. He looked slowly—hopefully—around the crowded room and then reached behind him for the doorknob.

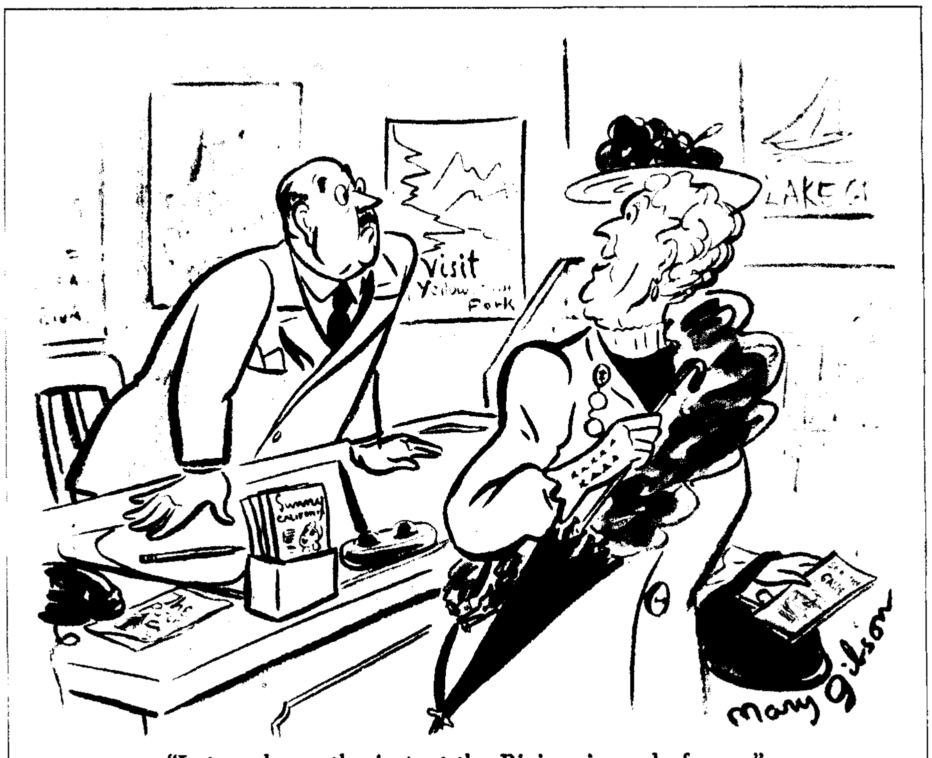
"Oh, he's leaving," Gloria said. She jumped to her feet and darted toward the door, her murmured excuses floating back.

Martin reached out to stop her. Failing, he tossed his hand to one side in helpless fury and turned exasperated to Emma. She laughed at him silently, putting a hand on his arm to ask forgiveness for her laughter.

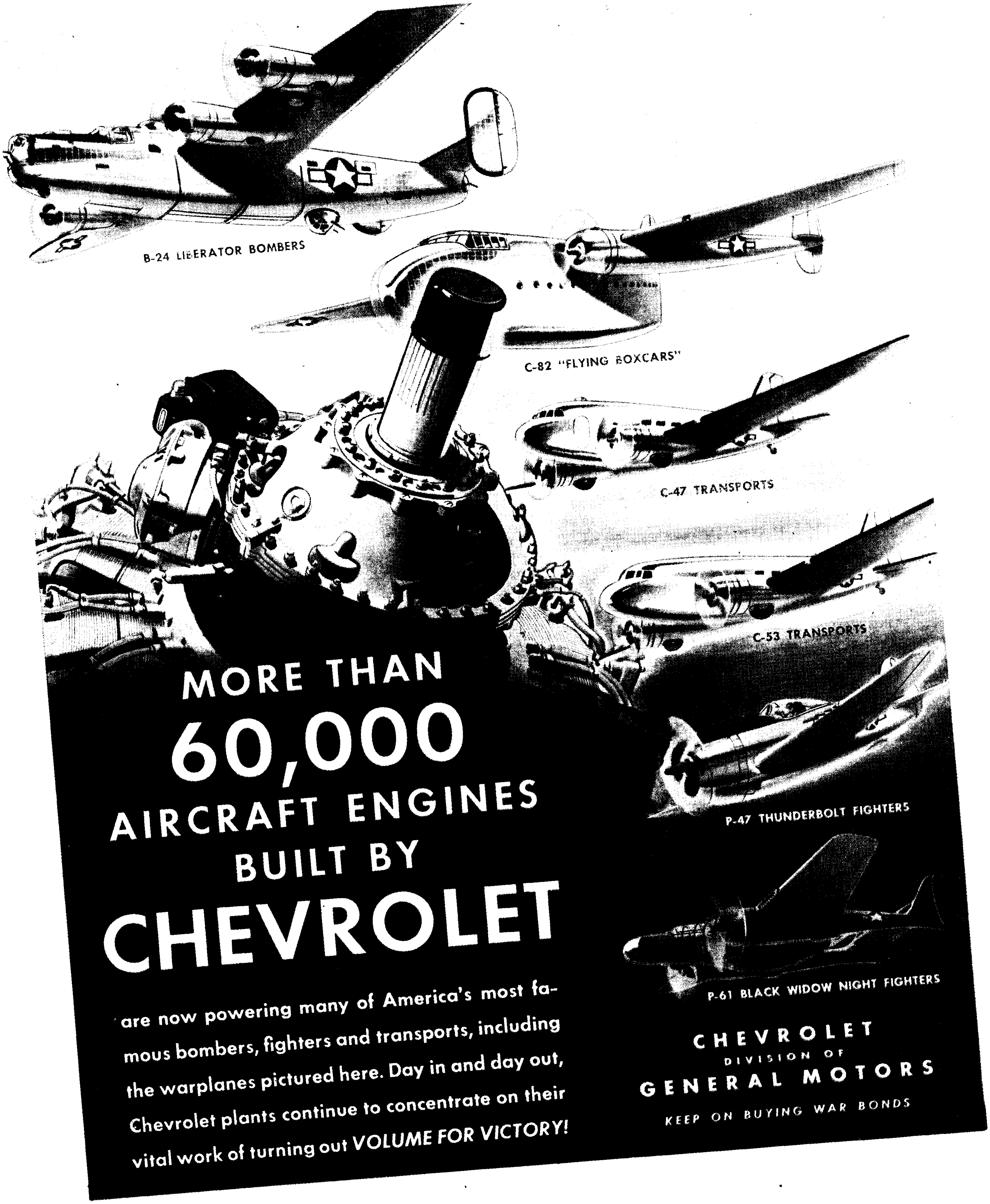
Martin looked at her steadily for a moment. Rebuffed, she lifted her hand from his arm. "Glory doesn't need us any more," she said softly. "You can't begrudge it to her, Martin. Everyone's got a right to be on the giving side."

She waited. Slowly Martin's stony eyes warmed. Sudden amusement plucked at the corner of his mouth. He took her hand in his and, as they turned to watch Gloria Devalle, their shoulders touched companionably.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Let me know the instant the Riviera is ready for me" MARY GIBSON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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

If you've ever felt Fate looking over your shoulder, you'll like this story about a man who walked into a bewildering pattern of events, and suddenly found himself walking out on the wife he loved

IN THE closely packed line of traffic ahead of him, a car slowed suddenly, and Craig felt rather than saw the halt catch at each vehicle in turn, like a twinge of pain. His glance swiveled up to the rearview mirror and around to the lane at his right. There was a just-adequate space there, and he pulled the car into it in a smooth swing. Behind him a horn yelped with surprise, and he shot ahead, passing the line of traffic while it was still bouncing to a stop. The maneuver pleased him, and he was amused at his pleasure. Driving a car was still a rare and nostalgic experience after his months in the Pacific, where there had been no such slick civilian motors and no place to drive them, had there been any.

It's crazy, he thought. I'm nostalgic for the things I now possess. I'm homesick for the place where I am.

He made no further inquiries into the source of his pleasure. Beyond thought, with a physical reaction that was deep and certain, he knew that he felt a kinship with this automobile, of lesser degree but compounded of the same ingredients as the kinship he had felt with his various planes. Here was a mechanical ally, trusted, responsive and knowable. Here was, unexpectedly and comfortingly, an old friend in a land that was new to him.

He felt adequate and at home in this car, as he had felt in the plane he had just landed at the training field. As he had not felt for a long time, not for nearly a month. Not since he had come home.

As he came into the outskirts of town, the rush-hour traffic thickened, grew more confused, issued sounds that were ever more angry, and Craig delighted in it.

The contest interested him, amused him, and when he finally looked up from it to see where he was, he realized that he had gone past the intersection at which he should have turned. He was miles beyond that wider, quieter avenue which would have led him very quickly into the "good" apartment house district. He was already at the edge of the business section. Well, it didn't matter really. It was still early, hardly after six; Jane would not even be expecting him this early.

He slowed down, watching his surroundings, letting the traffic flow by him unmolested. He told himself that he would turn at the first crosstown street and he tried to remember which one was the most direct. It was odd how much you could forget, in a few months, about a city you'd known all your life. Then ahead of him, against the darkening sky, he saw the outline of that large hotel whose name he couldn't remember, and he knew that it was on the corner of a street that would take him home.

THE hotel was The Bennett—of course, he remembered now, now that he saw the name again. He had danced there a lot once, there had always been very good orchestras, and the bar had been dark-wooded and dim and pleasant. He turned the corner, onto the street that was the right one, just as he had thought, and then braked to peer again at his watch. Yes, there was plenty of time for a drink. Why not, as long as he was here? He could use a drink, after the battle tricks he had just flown his students through. He didn't need one but he could use it. And it was still so early.

She was much prettier than he had thought. Seen as a whole and with some objectivity, she had an appeal that was untroubled by subtlety

Naturally the bar was not the same. It was pastels and mirrors and sheen, where before it had been dark-brown and comfortably shabby. It was crowded, where always before it had seemed empty. Now there was some tastefully selected light music in the background, where the old respectful silence had been, and shrill gay voices had replaced the murmured confidences of one wise man to another.

Craig felt a flash of resentment at the change, but this instantly gave way to relief. He knew then that it would have been awful to have found the place untouched, unchanged. He would have felt once more his own differences, would have faced once again that unreasonable sense of guilt. But it was all right; this could be any place, and he could be anybody. He was, he thought, safe in the spiny arms of progress.

He went to the end of the bar where the lone males were congregated. A bartender, who didn't look old enough to be allowed near a bottle of liquor, asked pleasantly, "Yes, Major?" and he gave his order. Several faces,

(Continued on page 56)

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You're on Your Way Home

Continued from page 22

they were meant to look. The captain of the plane walked along the aisle, checking the welfare of his passengers and saying nothing. There were three captains in all, as the entire crew changed at each fueling point en route. They were all alike, too: unexcited, competent men who took these enormous planes through any weather and brought them in safely and turned around to collect more kids, longing for home.

Like all people who have done hard jobs really well, they did not speak of themselves. The kids did not boast of the towns they had taken, the rivers they'd crossed, the hills they had attacked; the Air Transport Command crews did not boast of those endless miles they had flown, from transporting supplies over the Hump into China to transporting literally millions of passengers safely around the world, landing on fields that might be ice or sand, but always getting there. It was a nice plane full of nice people, even though it smelled pretty awful the way wounds and bodies and drainage bottles will smell; and it was a happy plane. I couldn't even imagine what home would be like because home was written on everyone's face so lovingly, so hopefully; home must be the end of the rainbow.

Then we landed late at night at Mitchel Field and everyone was silent when the doors opened and the hot air of American summer came into our close and smelly quarters. The boy on the number two litter said wonderingly, "I don't feel any different yet."

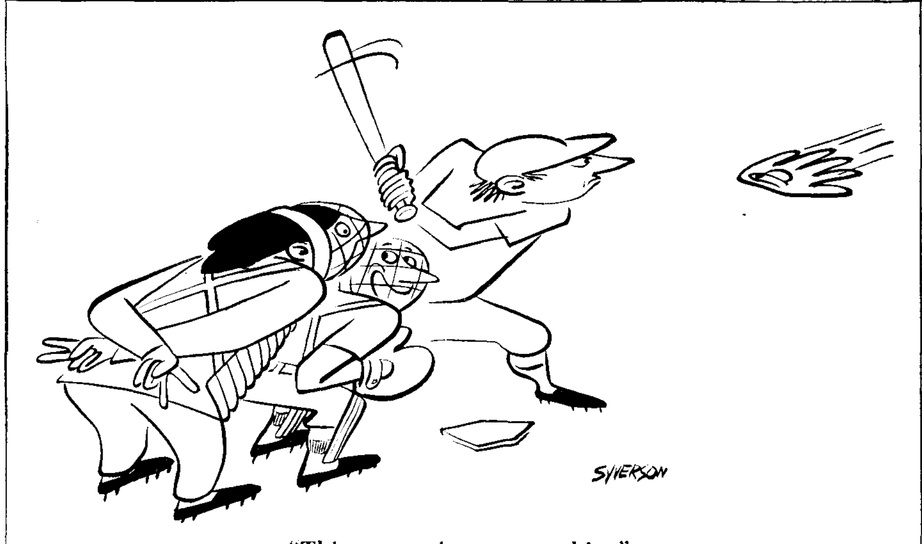
We were tired and this was the end of the war. Everyone on American soil seemed clean and bright and fresh and friendly. We must have looked none of those things, and confused as well. Unexpectedly, we all had a kind of desperate feeling; we said goodby to one another too warmly, too long; we promised to visit one another; we clung to one another still. For the war, the hated and perilous and mad, had been home for a long time too; everyone had learned how to live in it, everyone had something to do, something that looked necessary, and now we were back in this beautiful big safe place called home and what would become of us?

In one of the ambulances a boy called from his stretcher to a friend lying above him: "I guess we'll find some of our buddies from the old outfit, won't we?"

"Yeah, I guess so," a rather small lost voice answered.

They were suddenly just wounded solitary kids, and one hoped there would be plenty of room for them and that someone would quickly make them feel they had come home.

THE END



COLLIER'S "This guy swings at anything" HENRY SYVERSON

Any Week

Continued from page 4

A SOLEMN letter from London fetches a clipping from the Picture Post, an English magazine, in which its editor, Mr. Tom Hopkinson, views with well-controlled alarm the coming invasion of American magazines. Mr. Hopkinson says that it's up to British magazines to see that "Britain is to be Britain and not a second-rate U.S.A." The gentleman sending the clipping has ideas of his own. Among them is: "American magazines are published for their readers; British magazines are published to suit their editors." All we can think of saying is that it has long been apparent that there's something wrong somewhere, which makes just about as much sense as the rest of this paragraph.

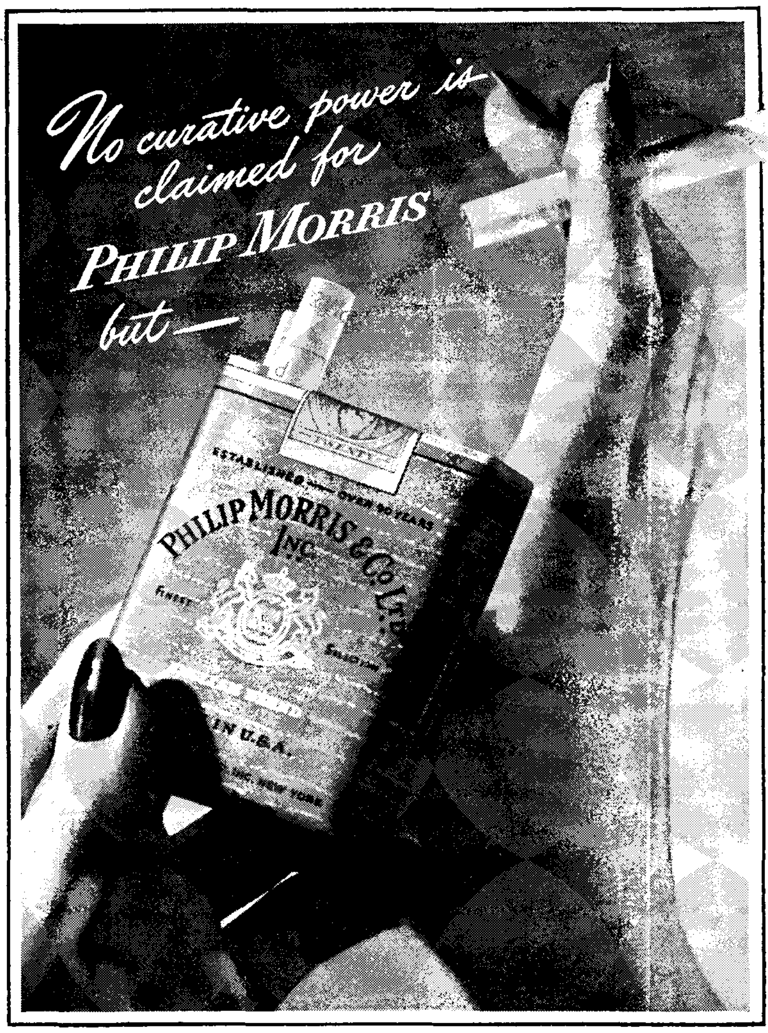
FROM Guatemala City, Mr. Ed Thornberg notifies us that the editor of a local paper got a letter from a reader asking whether his country was a member of the new association of nations. The editor replied: "We do not know and are not interested in un-Guatemalan nonsense."

GETTING back for a moment to Canada, we've got out an old letter from our favorite forecaster, Mr. Jacob Stone of West Vancouver, British Columbia. Therein Mr. Stone predicted "Japan's date with destiny—August 8." That, you'll remember, was when Russia declared war. This Stone guy's got something. He was awfully right about the Normandy invasion and the German surrender dates. And he doesn't make any charge, either.

AND here's a notice from Mr. Carl T. Bring of North Walpole, New Hampshire. We do not know Mr. Bring, never heard of him. Anyway: "If I owe you any money don't bother to write me about it. Stamps cost money and there is no use throwing good money after bad."

NEVERTHELESS something should be done. Miss Emma Mary Kallberski of Baltimore, Maryland, sends us the following: "I have never written to an editor before. Have you any suggestions?" That's all there was to her letter. What we mean to say is: Things can't go on like that.

WHICH reminds us of a remark made by the Honorable Henry Fountain Ashurst who used to be United States Senator from Arizona. A diffident caller at Mr. Ashurst's office was having some trouble getting started. "I-I-I-I am . . . I am," stammered the caller. And Mr. Ashurst patted him gently on the shoulder and said, "That's all right, son. Who isn't?". . . W. D.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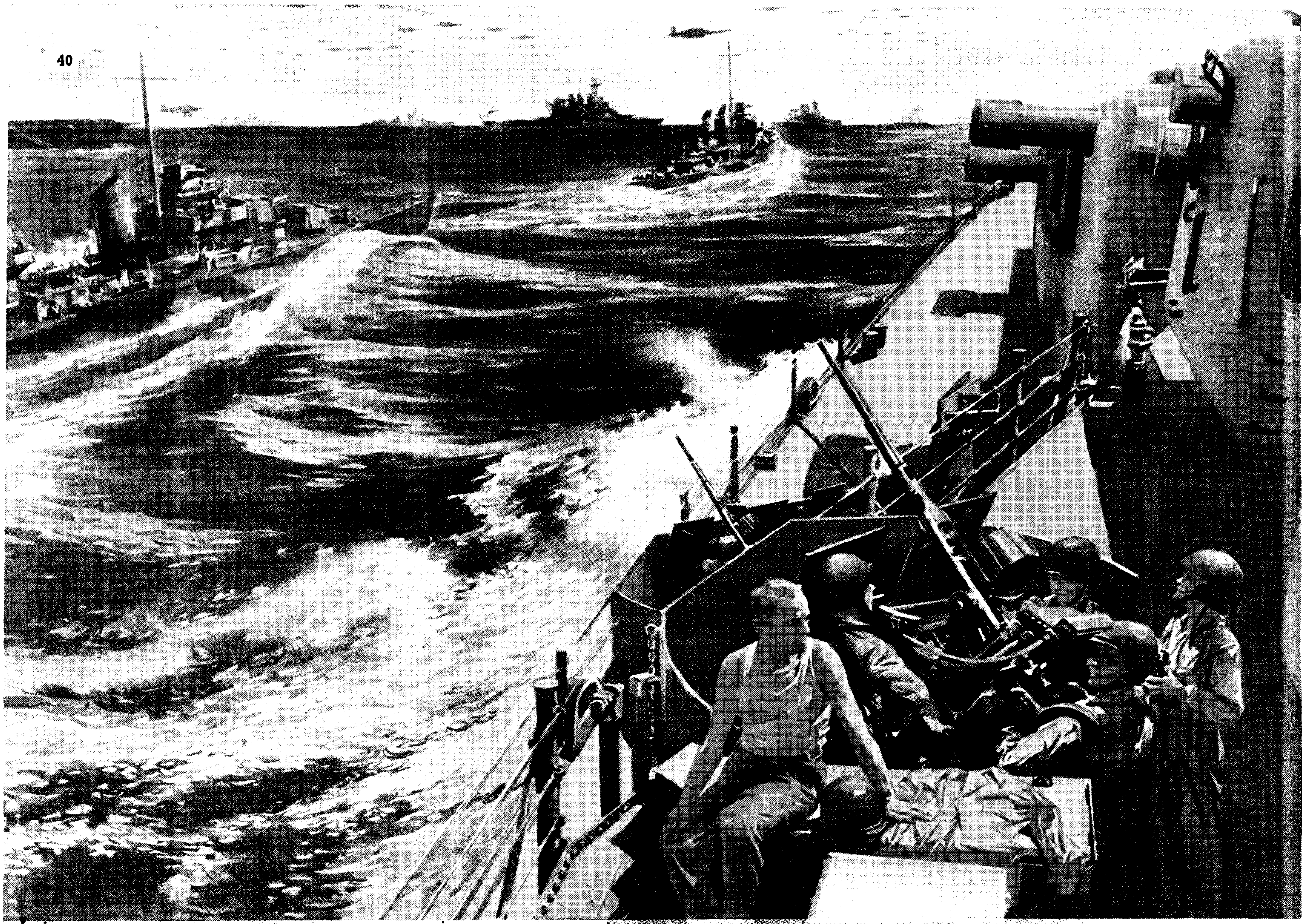


The sun was hot on the admiral's shoulders and on his head. He felt strangely proud of the fact that two of the crew lighted cigarettes while he was there

THE ADMIRAL IS LONESOME

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Caught in the midst of battle, the admiral denied fear, but somehow his mind kept returning to one small and painful incident in his childhood

NO ONE had ever told the admiral how lonely it would be. It seemed now very strange to him that they had not. Years ago, in the Academy, where he had listened to lectures about the things he might someday be doing, he had been schooled, he thought, in every possible phase of his trade.

"The responsibilities of a commander," the lecturers had said, and had gone on.

"The function of a naval officer in society," the writers had written, "is different—" and they had gone on.

The admiral had read them all, had listened to the voices repeating the rules as old as ships, explaining the ones learned yesterday. But none of them had told him how lonely it would be to wake up in the cold correctness of an admiral's cabin.

The admiral permitted himself to lie on his bunk thinking about it. There were only a few moments before going to sleep at night—moments between waking and sleeping, really—and those few gained by awaking before necessary in the morning.

Out of all the day, there were only the few moments which were his. He was not an admiral then. He was, if he chose, a singer with a great mop of hair and a voice like a tolling bell. Sometimes he was a careless youngster, gay, foolish and daring as he had never been.

In those moments he could be anything he chose—even, most unlikely of all, a grandfather awaking in the upper room of a white house somewhere, stretching, walking down a stair, stooping to meet the onrush of a child who grabbed his legs and clung to him as he walked toward a breakfast table. Nobody at that table rose when the admiral entered. Nobody stood at attention.

The admiral got out of bed, stood in his pajamas on the steel deck, endured the stooping and bending, the flexing of knees, the twist of the body from right to left and back again which were a part of the things he no longer had to think about, ever.

The tap on his door was precisely right, neither too soft nor too loud. He said, "Come in, Jones."

A Marine entered, stood stiffly at attention. Every detail was perfect, the gleaming belt, the trousers pressed exactly right, the hand with the message board correctly extended.

The admiral said good morning and received an answer as impersonal, as totally expressionless, as the young face which said it. The admiral took the board, read the message slowly, scribbled his initials across the bottom. He decided it was not possible for a man to be completely a machine. Somewhere, this youth had friends. In some part of this ship, perhaps, he sat in off hours, shirt open and a cigarette in his mouth, listening to his friends, laughing at their jokes.

The admiral said, "Jones, have you a family?"

"No, sir," Jones said. "No family, sir."

As he left the cabin, the backs of his trouser legs showed as perfectly creased as the fronts, betraying the fact that he could not possibly have sat down since he put them on.

THE admiral stepped into his own trousers, left his shirt collar open, half for comfort, half to set a comfortable example to the staff and cruiser officers, who otherwise would have sweated in neckties.

As usual, he was the first at the flag mess breakfast table, but only by seconds. Before he was well seated, the others were coming in—Burton, the heavy flag secretary, a lawyer in civilian life; Moroso, the taciturn lieutenant, long-time enlisted man and impressed by nothing; half a dozen others who ate at the admiral's long table, even Allerton, the air officer, whom the admiral considered his personal mistake.

Allerton's face was chubby, and the admiral imagined he could see on it the whole history of the man—appointment to the Academy through pure political influence, graduation by chance, too-fast promotion because the senator was always there at his elbow. The senator had even influenced the admiral, indirectly; and the admiral was sorry now for his weakness.

Their "Good mornings" were short; most of them scanned the ship's news beside their plates while a mess boy brought fruit, answered the admiral's "Good morning" with a wide smile—but the smile was servile, meaningless.

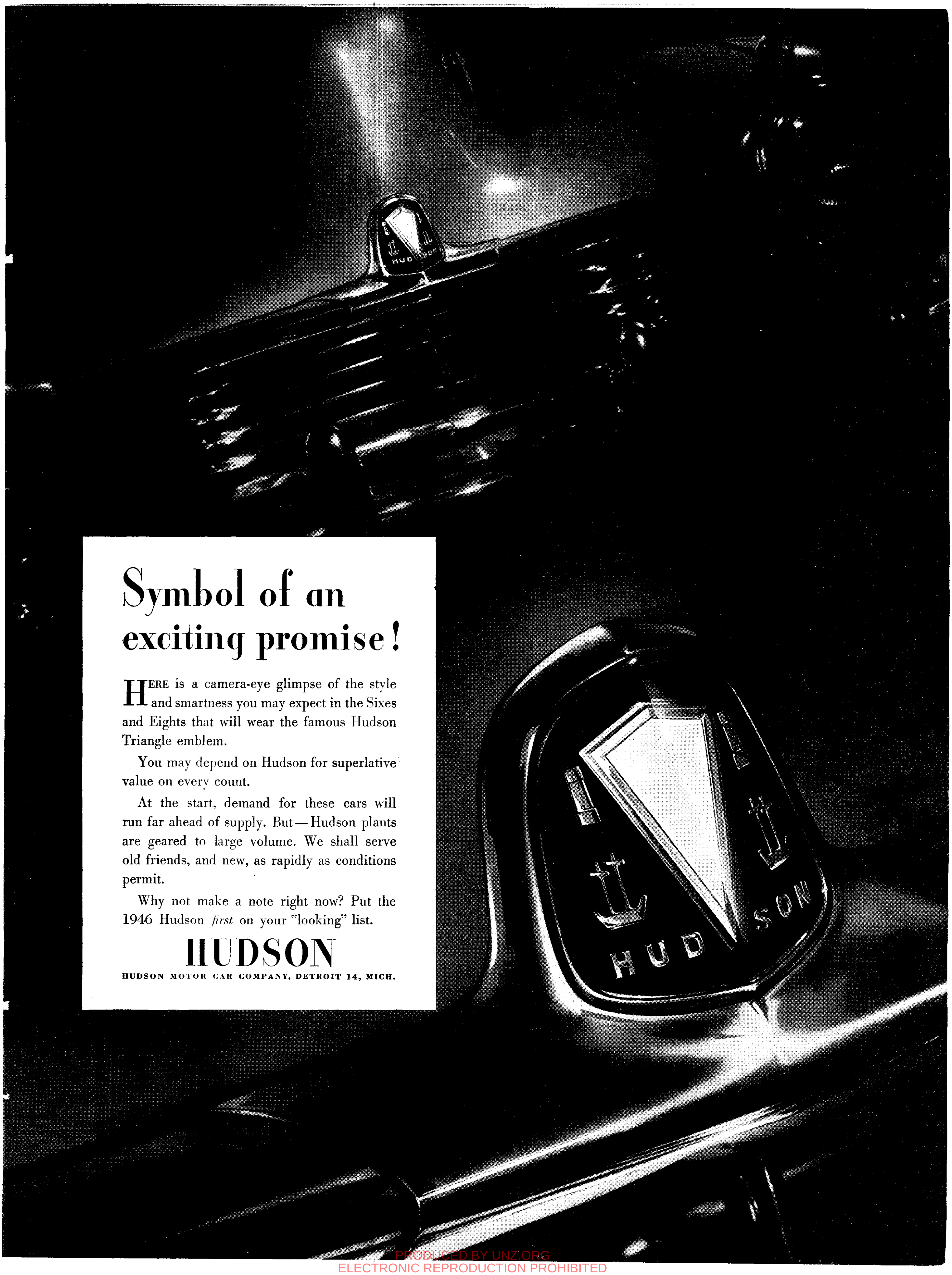
"How are the Chinese doing?" the admiral asked conversationally.

Three heads jerked up from their reading, and Burton answered. "Hard to tell, sir," he said. "Kweilin's fallen, but their transport doesn't seem good enough to keep going at that speed for long. I don't see how they're being supplied, with the little equipment that they have."

"Sometimes I think you're more of a soldier than a sailor, at heart," the admiral said.

Burton touched his grapefruit with a spoon. "By training, sir, but not at heart. I was an artillery sergeant in the last mess. Never want to see another mule or sleep in another pup tent."

Still it was only polite, the reply to a question. Burton went back to his reading. The graying chief of staff came down from the bridge. The admiral said, "Good morning, Charlie." The chief had been only two years behind him at the Academy; they had sailed on many ships—on the old ones in the days when there were no ventilators to speak of and the fans in the junior officers' rooms never worked; on some of the newer vessels



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in the plush peace days when every room had a linoleum carpet, every bulkhead a paint job many coats thick.

The chief said, "Good morning, sir," and sat down at the admiral's left.

"Any news?" the admiral asked.

"Nothing yet, sir. The patrols should report in another hour."

"I have an idea they'll show up today," the admiral said.

He could feel the new tension on the bridge. The duty officer had a line between his eyes; and the signal chief barked more than usual at the signalmen. Gunners shined imaginary rust spots on their weapons.

The admiral looked at the fleet and did not think about it. A pattern of ships in precise formation covered the sea, its outriggers dipping below the horizon, coming up again as destroyer silhouettes. The flagship, changing position, slid slowly past lines of battleships so heavy that they had no roll, seemed behemoths walking on a solid surface.

A carrier halfway to the horizon turned, its destroyers moving with it like dogs well trained to heel, and spat out planes into the wind. The carrier turned back into line, and the destroyers followed. The planes rose, circled, moved out to the limit of sight and disappeared, a lonely flight of sea birds.

The admiral, watching the largest battle fleet on the seas, noticed only one ship which made a wrong turn on a zigzag, for a moment lost its position, then hurried back to it as a soldier who has lost step hurries and skips to regain the marching cadence.

The admiral blinked. "Anderson would be commanding her, wouldn't he?" he asked.

Captain Maury nodded.

"The youngster who has the watch will spend five days in his room for that," the admiral said. "Anderson was always a pompous ass."

On the horizon, a black shape moved about the sea, flickered lights behind its ponderous wings. A destroyer answered, and the black bird went on back across the fleet and out of sight.

The sky remained blue and cloudless and the sea flat as the surface of a huge glass globe.

The admiral initialed a message brought by a Marine. "Search X," he said. "They didn't find anything."

Captain Maury's thin face showed no change.

Two other search planes reported negatively. The fleet changed course, wheeling like disciplined ducks.

The admiral said, "Better get the battleships up forward, Charlie."

Captain Maury wrote three lines and the chief signalman snapped at his men. The admiral went below for coffee with the flag lieutenant. Moroso said nothing. He still said nothing when another message arrived. "Search Y found them," the admiral said. "Let's see—"

Moroso was already at a map on a corner table. They checked positions. "Thirty minutes," Moroso said.

The admiral nodded. "Air-defense formation," he said. "Please inform Captain Maury."

Moroso said, "Yes, sir," and left his coffee unfinished.

The admiral finished his and sat smoking a cigarette. Some faint memory had been stirred by Burton's few words about mules at breakfast and it plagued him until suddenly he had it. But after fifty years, it still made him scowl. . . .

There had been a heavy, blotting heat to the day and a strange odor of stored apples, mohair and oiled leather to the big house in the country. There had been the smell of baking pies, too, and a great deal of adult laughter, light from his mother, heavy and masculine from his father and his uncle. . . .

The loud-speaker in the corner of the room howled once, relayed the urgency of a bugle call. A voice tinned, "Air defense. All hands, all hands. Air defense. . . ."

THE admiral remembered being strange and uncomfortable in the house and yet reluctant to go outside. Inside, the huge rooms seemed unused; outside lay big farm dogs very different from the terrier on his own street.

At ten, conscious that he was too carefully dressed for the farm, white and sensitive about his lack of sun color, he had wandered through the house, stood by the kitchen door, listened to the adult talk, wishing simultaneously that there were other youngsters of his age and that he, too, might be adult, able to laugh like his uncle with his great barrel chest and greater stomach, so that the room was shaken by the laughter and the air warmed by it. . . .

The Guamanian steward closed all ports and sealed all doors except the one leading to the bridge passage. Still the admiral sat smoking and remembering. . . .

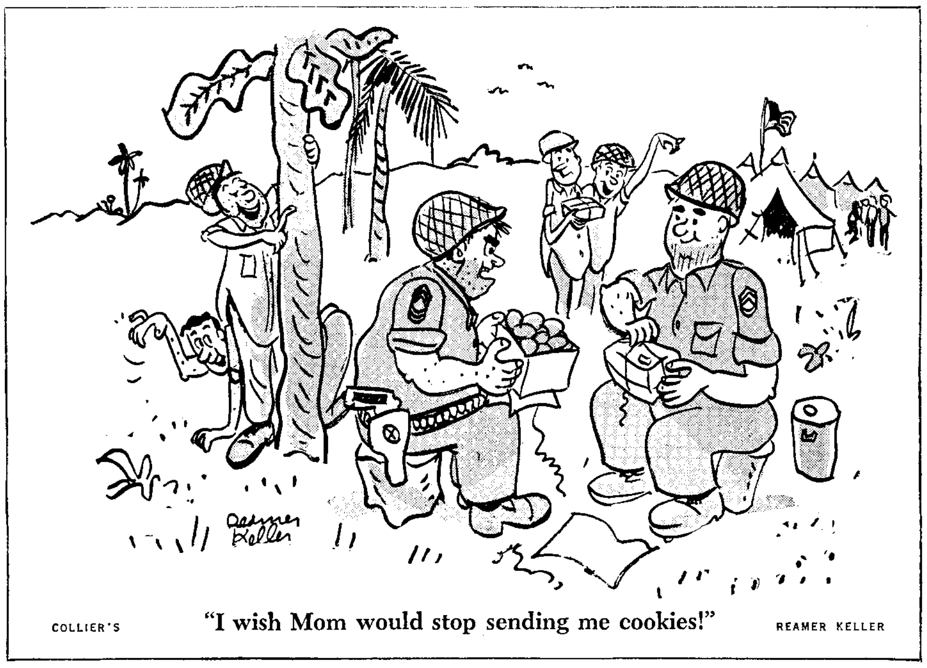
The uncle had looked at the boy suddenly. "Sam," he had said, "there's no use you moping around here. I'll tell you. You come on down to the barn with me. We'll saddle up that old pony of the boys' and you can ride him down to the crick."

The huge uncle had quieted the admiral's mother. "Now, there ain't a bit of danger, Sally. That old pony can't even remember when he throwed anybody. Him and Sam'll be friends right off. Boy can't learn nothing about horses just watching them city brewery wagons go by."

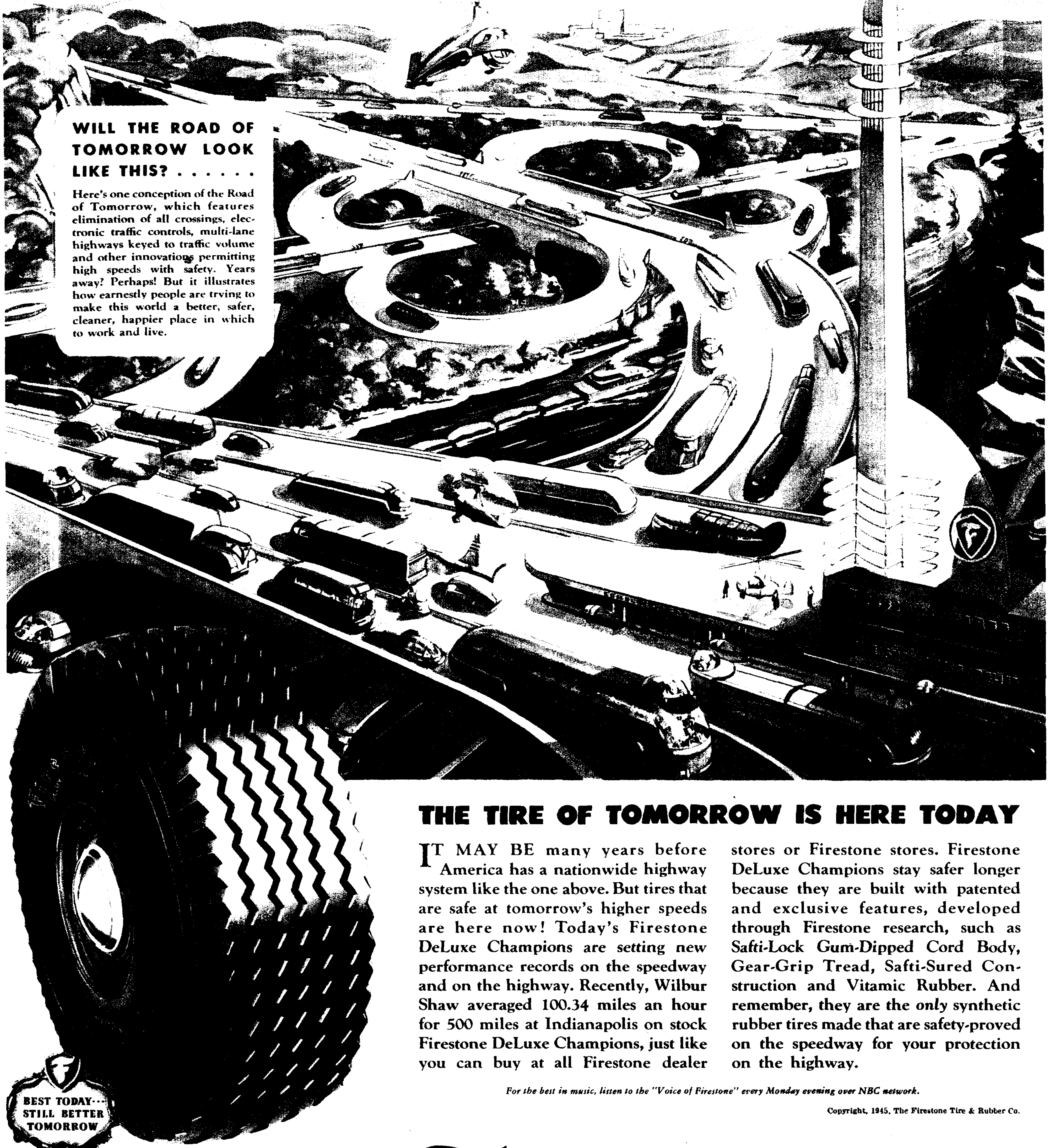
At ten, there is no escape from adult good will. The admiral remembered the frightened pride moving his feet reluctantly down the barn path. He remembered the tightness in his throat while his uncle and his father hauled at the saddle; and the pony, red-eyed, held its breath and pushed out its ribs against the girth.

His uncle had roared with laughter. "Lord's sake, Fred," he had said, "you're getting awkward as a bear cub on skates living in town. Pretty soon you'll be smoking these here new cigar-ets and carrying a gold toothpick."

The admiral's father, pulling the girth against the stubborn pony, had been red in the face and laughing, too. Presently, while



COLLIER'S "I wish Mom would stop sending me cookies!" REAMER KELLER



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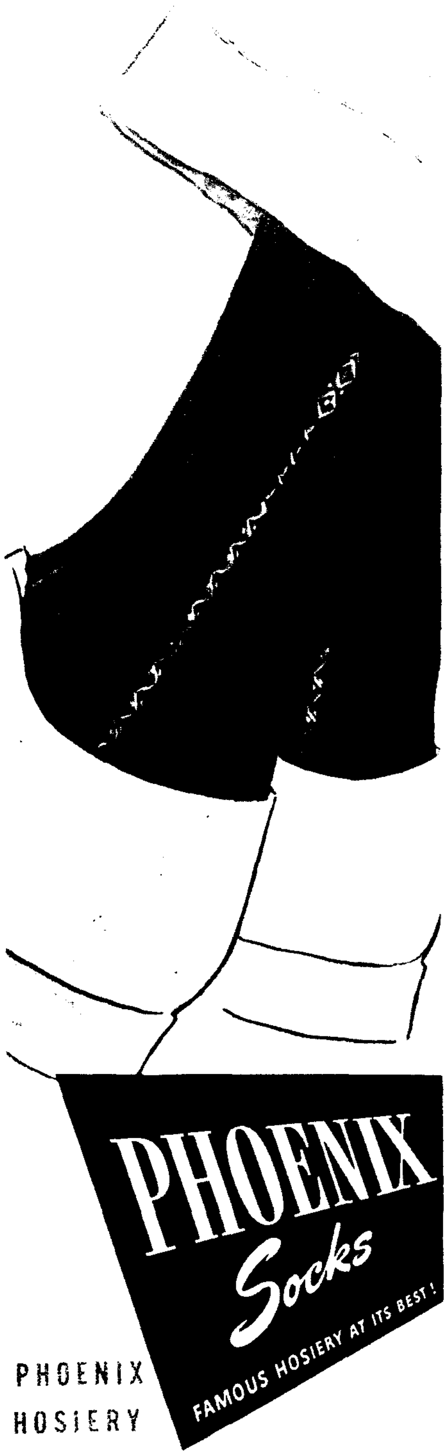
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a ten-year-old waited, they had retired to the end of the barn, dug something out of the hay, laughed again and smacked their lips.

Returning, the uncle had brought a bridle, forced the bit between the pony's yellowed, dangerous teeth in spite of its head-tossing and neck-rearing. Then the admiral's father had led the animal out the stall door, and the uncle had slapped the bay rump smartly to make it hurry. Somewhere in the rear, a ten-year-old boy, holding his hands tight against his sides, holding his feet from running away, had trailed the miniature cavalcade.

The admiral, grinding out a cigarette in a tray made from the butt of an antiaircraft shell, remembered still the necessity then rushing toward him, horribly and inevitably. He remembered the uncle's red and laughing face, his father's expression of pride mixed with anxiety that somehow his son might fail him in this masculine moment, his own stiff terror as his left foot was guided into a stirrup, the mounting completed with the aid of his uncle's big hand on the seat of his trousers.

He remembered the reptilian feel of the saddle leather rippling between his knees, could still hear the big country voice ordering, "Right down through the pasture to them woods, Sam. Old Prince knows the way, and we'll shut the gate."

MOROSO arrived with the admiral's helmet, stars painted on its front, and a lifebelt. The admiral took the helmet but waved the belt away, noticing with annoyance later that Moroso still carried it for him on the bridge.

Allerton saluted, to the admiral's further annoyance. "They're coming, sir," he said. "Any minute now." His face was excited.

The admiral thought he certainly would have to get rid of Allerton, senator or no senator. There was a limit to professional boyishness.

"I gathered they might be," he said.

Moroso handed him cotton for his ears; and, as he stuffed it in, he noticed a wisp hanging from the plug in Captain Maury's left ear. The wisp wiggled foolishly against his thin neck in the following wind as the flagship gathered speed.

The battleships were in front now, the interior of the fleet a confusion of wheeling wakes as the carriers spun east to launch, spewed planes, twisted west again into position. Overhead, the bright blue had white streaks in it, long spirals streaming from the yowling fighters as they climbed, became black flies, became finally only pin points trailing vapor. From the invisible destroyers beyond the horizon, white puffs polka-dotted the sky.

Moroso spoke once: "Ten points abaft the port beam, sir."

The admiral hardly noticed. He was remembering how the woods had come closer and closer on that long ride down the meadow, the fearsome black look of the trees and the relentless quality of the pony's stride. Of its own volition, the pony had broken into a rough trot; and the boy on its back had been afraid of falling off and without any idea of how to stop the torment of the pace. . . .

A battleship far out ahead spat fire along one side; and there were a thousand polka dots in the sky. Overhead, the faint whine of a diving plane grew into a wild scream; and a streak of fire dropped out of the invisible battle above. Steam rose for a moment from the water where it struck and disappeared. Vapor trails in the sky crossed and recrossed until they looked like the underside of a ball of yarn mauled by a playful kitten.

Black dots were over the battleships now. Allerton's voice rose to a near-scream. "Admiral," he shouted. "Look! Look, coming right there!"

Three planes came single file over the nearest destroyer. A dozen guns yammered at the first, their tracers always following, never quite catching up. The flagship's guns opened a monotonous multiple hammering, but the plane came on. A bomb dropped from its belly, geysered water just aft of the spitting flight deck. The plane pointed toward a cloud, almost reached it, stopped in mid-air and dived into the sea.

The second plane was lower. Tracers from the same destroyer cut through its fuselage. Quite deliberately, a wing fell off and dropped smoking into the water. The plane kept even keel as the motor fell out, as a torpedo dropped uselessly end over end. Then, wearily, it followed its mate into the sea.

The third changed course on the far side of the destroyer, as if it wished to avoid the fate of its leaders. But the tracers found it, and flame chewed the edges of the wings. Dropping easily, it stayed afloat while a single figure scrambled desperately from the cockpit, slapping at its flaming clothing, then threw up its hands and crumpled overboard.

Other planes from above screamed down in death agonies. Battleships burped steady flame; and the destroyers kept up a fast heartbeat of gunfire. The flagship steered around floating wreckage, evasively changed course, the fleet following as one vessel. An empty raft skidded past the bow; and, from another, three alien faces, one streaming blood, stared up blankly at the armada.

The admiral asked, "What do you make the types?"

Moroso's voice was dead level. "Old ones, sir," he said. He named a type of carrier. "Must be from some of them. Their light gear won't handle the new planes."

The Guamanian steward, at the admiral's elbow, looked questioning. Captain Maury nodded an affirmative.

"Better bring a dozen cups, Pedro," the admiral said. "We'll drink it here."

Another enemy plane, low and on the starboard quarter, headed straight for the vessel. The great ship heeled in the beginning of a tight turn and the starboard antiaircraft batteries stuttered contemptuously. The bomber dived into the sea, the force of its explosion showering the quarterdeck with salt water. The Guamanian, cup in one hand and silver pot in the other, never stopped pouring coffee.

Like the aftermath of a thunderstorm, the battle faded away toward the destroyers which were now on the horizon, now hidden behind it. On the near ships, there was no more sound except the rushing of the wind and the straining of metal in the force of their charge to the west. Now and then, a carrier swung out of formation, took on its returning planes. Some, damaged, landed in the water beside their mother ships. Others crashed on the decks.

The chief of staff read from a message. "First division, twenty-four certain, three probables, four planes lost, one deck crash."

"Nice record," the admiral said.

"That's marvelous," said Allerton.

Captain Maury looked at him silently, silently removed the cotton dangling from his left ear. The staff went below for lunch.

LISTENING to the small talk of the mess, the admiral permitted his mind to return to the memory suspended somewhere between the first bomb and the last plane. He remembered that the woods were as dark when he was close as they had seemed from a distance, that the pony had shaken its head when the boy on its back tried to guide it into the right fork of a dim trail. Then the creek had been in front of them, and the pony had lowered its head, blowing through its nose in anticipation, heading toward the spot where the water seemed deepest and swiftest.

Over fifty years, the admiral could remember the fear crystallized into terror, the crying need to be free of those awkward stirrups, clear of the saddle which was more prison than protection. He remembered yanking at the reins, the pony looking around, eyes red-rimmed and angry, the tossing of the head and the stubborn progress toward the water. He remembered scrambling off, dropping to the ground, leaving the reins across the pommel, then watching from the bank while the pony, free but incurious, waded in up to its belly and stood there, drinking, rippling its hide and looking at the frightened boy with an expression which might not have been contempt but seemed so.

The admiral could not remember—yes, on second and honest thought, he *could* remember very well the tears which would not stay behind the eyelids and the sniffles which

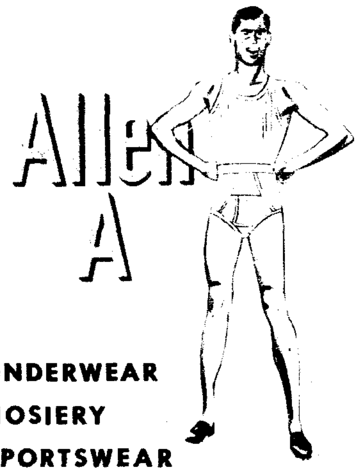
What do you know about-

A Christopher C...?

(Columbus, Immigrant and Sailor. Discovered Indians had invented comfortable underwear (loincloth). Put one on, sailed home to tell people. Jailed for Indecent Exposure.)

An Allen-A...?

(20th Century name for underwear, hosiery and sportswear comfortable as a loincloth. Underwear that fits without binding, creeping up or drooping. Made to keep you comfortable. It's a name to remember.)



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

were so hard to stop before he—following the pony's lazy walk—had completed the hike back to the barn.

Nor would he ever forget the uncle's booming guffaw. "Why, Sam, you didn't fall off that little old pony?"

Ten years have not enough deceit for self-protection. The boy had said, "No, Uncle Herb. I just got kind of scared down there by the river."

Now, the admiral knew, his uncle's laughter, the pounding of the thighs, the great playful slap across the pony's rump had none of them been meant unkindly. "See, Fred, I was telling you a boy can't learn nothing from watching them Percherons. By golly, Prince, that's the first time in ten years you scared anybody bigger'n a duck."

But the admiral could not forget even yet the expression of embarrassment, of paternity betrayed, which he saw that morning on his father's face. . . .

Captain Maury had to speak to the admiral twice to get his attention. "The snooper says he's turned," he reported.

Allerton, down the table, was open-mouthed and round-faced. "You mean, sir, that the enemy is fleeing?"

The captain and the admiral both stared at Allerton with blank faces and looked away again. The admiral wondered how soon he could arrange a transfer without making an issue of it. "How far?" he asked the captain.

"Four-fifty."

"Planes?"

"None sighted. He must have launched out of round-trip range. The island says some tried to come in there, but the snooper saw none over the fleet."

"And ours?"

Captain Maury grinned. "I don't believe it myself, but there were only twenty-two down."

"I figure we're five knots faster," the admiral said.

"Yes, sir, just about."

"Fuel?"

A commander at the end of the table said, "Enough. Everybody except the escort division fueled yesterday."

"If we follow until eight hundred tomorrow, and we keep contact," the admiral said, "it will be three hundred and fifty miles, easy distance. Right, Allerton?"

For once the bland face was certain. "Yes, sir, that's easy."

"Sunset?" asked the admiral.

The navigator said, "Eighteen twenty-one, sir."

"Air speed?"

Allerton was reciting a lesson. "Hundred eighty including take-off."

The admiral did mental arithmetic. "At fourteen hundred," he said, "we will be four hundred and thirty-eight miles from the enemy. The carriers will be headed east into the wind for fifteen minutes while the planes are taking off. A loss of thirty minutes or twenty-eight miles at our combined speed. A similar loss in recapturing the planes tonight will cost us any chance of catching the enemy unless he is crippled tomorrow." He paused.

"At fifteen fifteen, we will be four hundred and sixty-six miles apart. The planes will arrive over the enemy in two hours and thirty-five minutes—eighteen twenty. Can they make it, Allerton?"

The smooth face was white now. Allerton said, "Yes, sir." He said it slowly.

The admiral made a concession to human frailty. "You are positive?"

Allerton said, "I am positive, sir."

The admiral thought fleetingly that perhaps he would not have to transfer Allerton, after all. He liked positive answers. He said, "Captain Maury, the entire deckload of bombers will be airborne at fifteen fifteen."

"Yes, sir," said Captain Maury.

IN MIDAFTERNOON, the admiral went to sit on an ammunition case beside a forward antiaircraft battery. He unbuttoned his shirt and laid it beside him on the steel cabinet. A lookout glanced at him, resumed his ceaseless watch of the sky and sea. Members of the gun crew were wooden-faced until the admiral grinned at the gunner, then relaxed. He was strangely proud of the fact that two of them lighted cigarettes while he was watching.

Moroso said, "Three engine failures, sir. Four hundred and nine planes airborne, fifteen fifteen."

The ships were swinging back to the westward course now and the last of the heavily loaded bombers was disappearing into the sun. The admiral and Moroso stared after them. The sun was hot on the admiral's shoulders, and on his head where the hair was thinnest. Captain Maury came to sit at the other end of the ammunition box and then to match his stride, step for step, in two-score turns on the foredeck.

The admiral said, "Charlie, do you know anything about horses?"

"Nothing, sir," said the chief of staff.

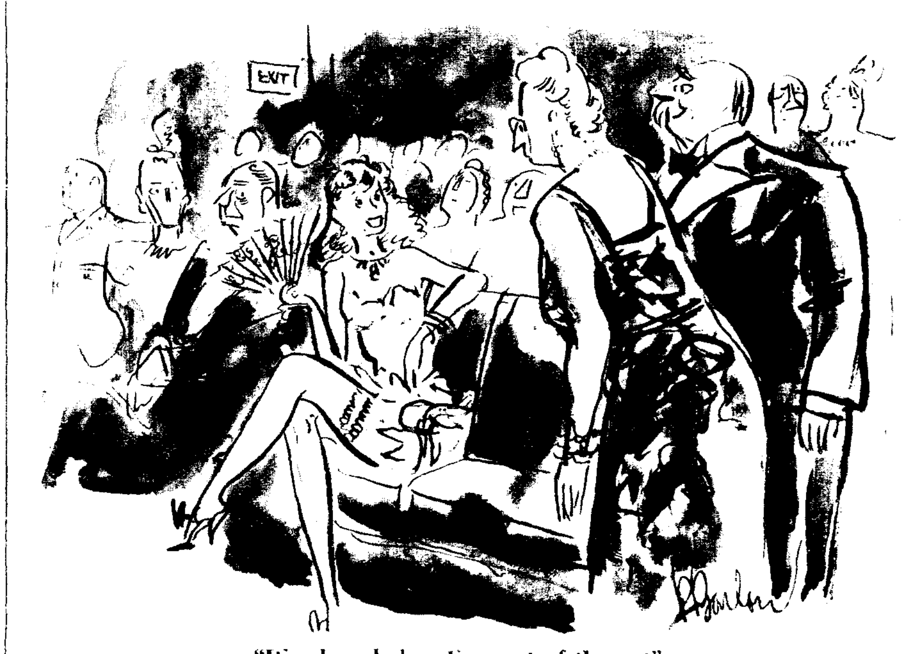
"I was wondering," the admiral said slowly, "whether a boy of six is too young to own a pony?"

A message arrival interrupted.

"My grandson," the admiral said, "is just six. I would not want to rush him, but every boy should learn to ride. It's not fair to the youngster to let him grow up afraid of horses."

A second message summoned the captain to the bridge. The admiral, sweating between his shoulder blades, stopped walking half an hour before dinner, went to his cabin to shower. A message from the island—they had shot down fourteen planes—was waiting in the hands of the still-pressed Marine when the admiral came out dripping.

At exactly sixteen twenty-one—it was already dusk here but just sunset four hundred miles west—the Marine saluted the admiral again. He had been running down from the bridge, and his breathing was still audible. He reported verbally: "Captain Maury's



COLLIER'S "It's okay, lady—I'm part of the act" PERRY BARLOW

I'm in Turrible Trouble!
AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN WORSE TROUBLE, TOMMIE—IF YOU DON'T STOP TELLING PEOPLE THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T!
BUT HECK, SIS! I ONLY TOLD JACK WHAT YOU SAID YOU WISHT SOMEBODY WOULD TELL HIM!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, TOMMIE! THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU JUST CAN'T TELL PEOPLE—AND BAD BREATH'S ONE OF THEM!
BUT JACK WASN'T MAD I TOLD HIM TO GO SEE HIS DENTIST! HE EVEN GAVE ME A QUARTER! SEE?
JACK SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR THE LOAN OF A QUARTER, JACK?
A PLEASURE, MATE! GLAD TO OBLIGE A TROUBLE-SHOOTER LIKE YOU!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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Buxton's new Polished Pig billfold is held together not by stitches, not by glue, but by self-interlocking *one piece* of leather—the only billfold that combines strength and beauty this way. At better leather goods counters everywhere. Buxton, Inc., Springfield 1, Mass.

★ **3-Way in new Polished Pigskin, $10 + tax**

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The BUXTON Stitchless

ONE PIECE OF LEATHER SELF-INTERLOCKED!

compliments, sir. The first plane has sighted the target."

The admiral said, "Thank you, Jones. Please ask Captain Maury to inform me of developments." He put on his trousers to go to dinner.

There was little conversation at the table. Ghosts of naval instructors—"The duty of a commander is to think of the major issues involved, never of the personalities of individual men . . ." "Loss of life must be expected as an inevitable component of naval warfare . . ." "For the purposes of naval tactics, men are more easily replaced than ships . . ." These ghosts disapproved; but the admiral could not help himself. There was a cold pit in his stomach; and he could see, quite illogically, nearly twelve hundred young faces, staring at him indistinctly from the windows of aircraft.

AFTER dinner, scattered reports began. A plane reported an enemy destroyer sunk. A pilot said he had seen the after end of a carrier afire from port to starboard. Black smoke had risen from a battleship. A carrier had turned turtle, and three pilots saw it. (Captain Maury, in precise handwriting, marked that down as the first entry under a "Definitely Destroyed" heading on a log sheet.)

On the blacked-out bridge, the admiral watched; and in the humid, odoriferous communications shack, he listened to the messages coming in. First there was one ship sunk, then two. The captain's list grew slowly. There were cross-outs and corrections; but the list grew. For a long time the admiral sat in his special swivel chair on a wing of the bridge, only the occasional phosphorus of a ship's wake breaking the blackness. At last, in shaded blue light from a hand lamp, he read one final message.

A flare dropped on the horizon, hung suspended, swaying, grew brighter, dimmed and sank into the sea. Somewhere over the roar of the wind and the straining sounds of the cruiser an airplane motor hummed—a sewing machine, the motor of a toy electric train, something minute and fragile. Landing lights, white and red, flicked on at its wing tips. Another followed and another, a whole circle of planes with wing lights.

The fleet swung into the wind and away from the enemy. A plane eased down, its motor roared and it caught a trapeze above a black carrier deck, reached safety in the sky again by inches. A new flare dropped—danger its signal this time, an immediate landing its demand.

The admiral spoke softly to Moroso at his elbow: "Landing lights on. Destroyer leaders use searchlights."

Moroso hesitated, for once. He said, "Confirmation, sir."

The admiral repeated.

Moroso said, "Aye, aye, sir," in a tight voice.

A signal lamp flickered, stopped, flickered again. On one carrier, then another, hooded deck lights formed an oblong of haven. A plane angled toward the water, sat down in it. From a life raft, three men set a floating flare adrift. Destroyer searchlights aimed straight up like enormously tall, impossibly thin marble columns. A landing officer's lighted paddles, in brilliant nervousness, steered a pilot to a carrier deck as his motor coughed its last.

For an hour they came. Men were in the water, men on life rafts. Destroyers crossed the lines of the fleet dangerously to pick them up. Huge carriers, elephantine battleships shifted course past helpless aviators in the water. Planes made safe landings on the decks. Planes barely caught the cables, bounced high and came to screeching halts. Planes missed entirely; and the crash sirens howled, the awkward men in fireproof clothing waddling out to pull wounded men free, bleeding men and dead men from the cockpits, from the radio compartments, from the turrets where some lolled limply over their guns, as they had died.

For an hour, the admiral sat in the dark listening to the frantic voices of the intership radio, watching the circling lights, watching those who made safe landings, those who ended in the water with their tiny flashlights or their hopeful flares bobbing.

At last the circling lights were gone. With a weariness to its maneuver, the fleet turned west. As before, the engines pounded the hulls, the hulls slashed at the water. Again, the metal protested, the rivets complained.

The admiral went below to the flag mess. He drank a cup of coffee. Staff officers gathered in twos and threes, none speaking often. Allerton came, and Captain Maury with a list in his hand.

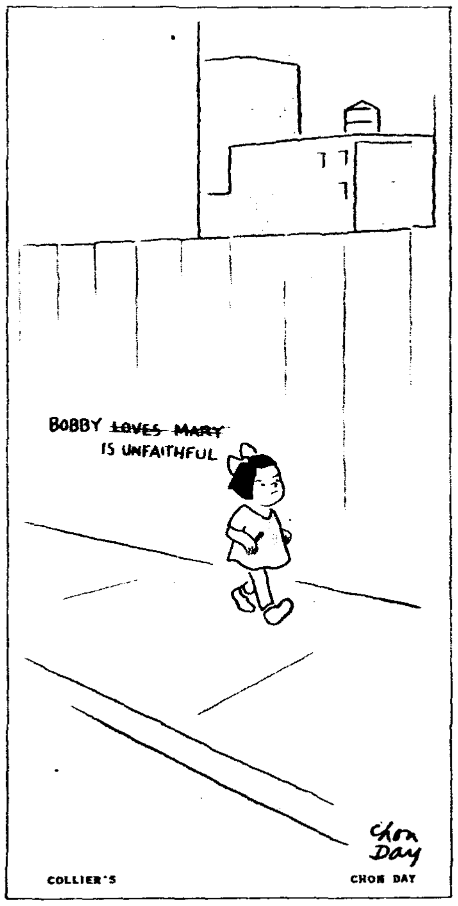
"Read it aloud," the admiral ordered.

"We have lost thirty-eight planes downed over the enemy fleet," the captain read. "Another nineteen missing. Some may have landed on the wrong carriers. Incomplete reports show one enemy carrier, two battleships, a cruiser and four destroyers definitely sunk. One carrier, two cruisers and a destroyer probably sunk. One battleship, one cruiser and five destroyers damaged. Four enemy planes in the air were downed. The report is incomplete and subject to revision."

Allerton said, "Admiral, sir, you have made naval history today. May I offer my congratulations." His voice shook.

Well, thought the admiral, it is not fair to expect him to come entirely of age in one day. But he showed possibilities. Perhaps I will not have to get rid of him. Not yet.

The admiral and the chief of staff both looked at Allerton, but neither answered him.



The admiral finished the dregs of his coffee. Other staff officers finished theirs and left for their rooms or to take watches. Allerton, looking puzzled, departed, with no answer to his speech. The Guamanian gathered up the cups and put the canned cream away.

THE admiral rose. He said, "Well, Captain, we will know the full story in the morning."

Captain Maury studied the map in the corner of the room. He said, "Yes, sir, we should know most of it in the morning." He waited until the admiral was at the door of his quarters. He said, "Oh, by the way. About that horse. Burton says six is a little too young. He says to wait a year or so. There's plenty of time. If you start too young, you might just make the boy afraid, even with a little pony."

The admiral looked at his own hands. "Yes, I suppose that's so," he said. "I wouldn't want him to be frightened. Good night, Charlie."

The chief of staff straightened up from the map. The two men looked at each other for a second with no expression on their seamed faces.

The chief of staff said, "Good night, Sam."

THE END

Unemployment Is Here Again

Continued from page 11

Commission wouldn't name the towns because, as one Washington official told me, "it would create consternation" in those communities. But the towns knew what they were in for, and it wasn't hard to pick them out.

All you had to do was follow the trail of the migrant army, 6,000,000 strong that pulled up stakes during the war to find jobs away from home. Follow the trail to Detroit where newspaper ads offered rewards for apartments as late as V-J Day, where schools and hospitals are still snowed under and where police look fearfully to the future. Detroit, the country's industrial test tube, is already stewing with all the problems which the return to peace dumps in America's lap: the tug of war between worker and boss, the racial tension, the rights of the veteran and the stranded migrant. For a preview of what's in store for the rest of the country, watch Detroit.

Detroit, for instance, wants to know whether the thousands of new mouths it has fed during the war will become relief-roll cases. They will, unless Detroit finds 240,000 more peacetime jobs than it had in 1940, or the migrant goes home. Will he?

When the Willow Run bomber plant shut down and laid off 21,000 workers, about half left the Ypsilanti area where the plant is located and took jobs elsewhere. About a third left Michigan. Some, so labor leaders insist, looked around in their home towns and came right back again.

The Willow Run experience may prove nothing, for the shutdowns began early in June before the cutback ax had begun to fall in earnest. Practically every male worker who lost his job at Willow Run was offered a job elsewhere by recruiters who descended on the bomber plant from cities as near as Akron and as far as the West Coast.

By July, when Detroit had become a "surplus labor area" and the War Manpower Commission was warning workers to shun it, Edward L. Cushman, WMC director, estimated one sixth of the migrant workers had packed up and gone. But more than 300,000 remained.

Predicting what the migrant worker will do, now that his war job is gone, is no cinch. Census Bureau experts, who have been sharpening their pencils over the problem since the war began, predict that the "problem areas," and that includes Detroit, will probably keep most of their new population.

Even now when jobs are beckoning in Carolina and Georgia textile mills, Oregon lumber camps and home-town stores and laundries, laid-off war workers in Detroit are reluctant to go back. The migrant, who has been able for the first time to give his wife and kids a taste of something besides boiled greens and fatback, doesn't want to go back to sharecropping or to his old job at the mill where he gets less than half his wartime pay. Later, when things tighten in the home towns there'll be less incentive still. Census Bureau scholars warn solemnly that job scarcity alone doesn't drive people from a town and they cite the history of depressed areas to prove it. There must be the promise of a job elsewhere before they'll move.

Thirty-Hour Week Suggested

Union leaders agree and demand that government or employers, or both, put closed war plants to work. They demand 48 hours pay for 40 hours work to maintain purchasing power. Fearing prolonged mass unemployment, they even revive depression talk of a 30-hour week to spread the work.

In Detroit, the first town to switch to tanks and the first to go on the reconversion rack, labor's uncertainty about the future has tightened the tension between worker and boss. Even before V-J Day, the world's biggest union, C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers (1,000,000 members strong at its wartime peak), glared belligerently and suspiciously across the frail barrier of the no-strike pledge at the world's biggest management, the car makers, who glared right back. Trouble was already brewing when I visited Detroit to piece together the town's reconversion prospects.

Although the cutbacks had not yet gone too deep, reconversion jitters among Detroit's workers had precipitated a city-wide strike and thrown 60,000 wage earners out of work. The dispute wasn't even with the employers. It was between the U.A.W.-C.I.O. and the American Federation of Labor's building trades workers. The dispute: Who should have the job of installing machinery and electrical wiring in the plant additions being built for automobile making?

"Those C.I.O. shop monkeys have waxed fat during the war," A.F. of L. building trades unionists told me. "Now it's our turn."

The row, of course, set back automobile reconversion.

Demands for a Showdown

Elsewhere in town, other jittery automobile workers were holding rump meetings of their locals to demand that R. J. Thomas, president, scuttle the no-strike pledge, bring a showdown on demands for higher pay, for assurances of post-reconversion jobs. Relations between management and labor, already strained by management's charge that the U.A.W. couldn't cope with wildcat strikes, with loafing on the job and revolt against plant discipline, were indeed heading for a showdown.

It's no secret in Detroit that employers are determined to assert their prerogatives of hiring and firing, of promotion and demotion, of holding workers to account for infraction of shop rules. As the Mead (Senate War Investigating) Committee discovered, there have been cases of outright rebellion by some union members against shop discipline.

Trudging through a Detroit war plant to see things for themselves, the astonished Mead Committee members came upon a production worker sound asleep at his conveyor belt and "another 100 or so idle at the same time." They flew back to Washington to mull over such testimony as that of the woman employee who set up a beauty shop in the ladies' room and gave hair-dos while her machine idled for hours; of the tank-test drivers who wouldn't test their tanks because the test track was too dusty, and after wetting wouldn't drive the tanks because the track was too wet; of the 138 workers who pulled out their shirt tails and paraded through a war plant in protest when the foreman wanted the state safety laws obeyed.

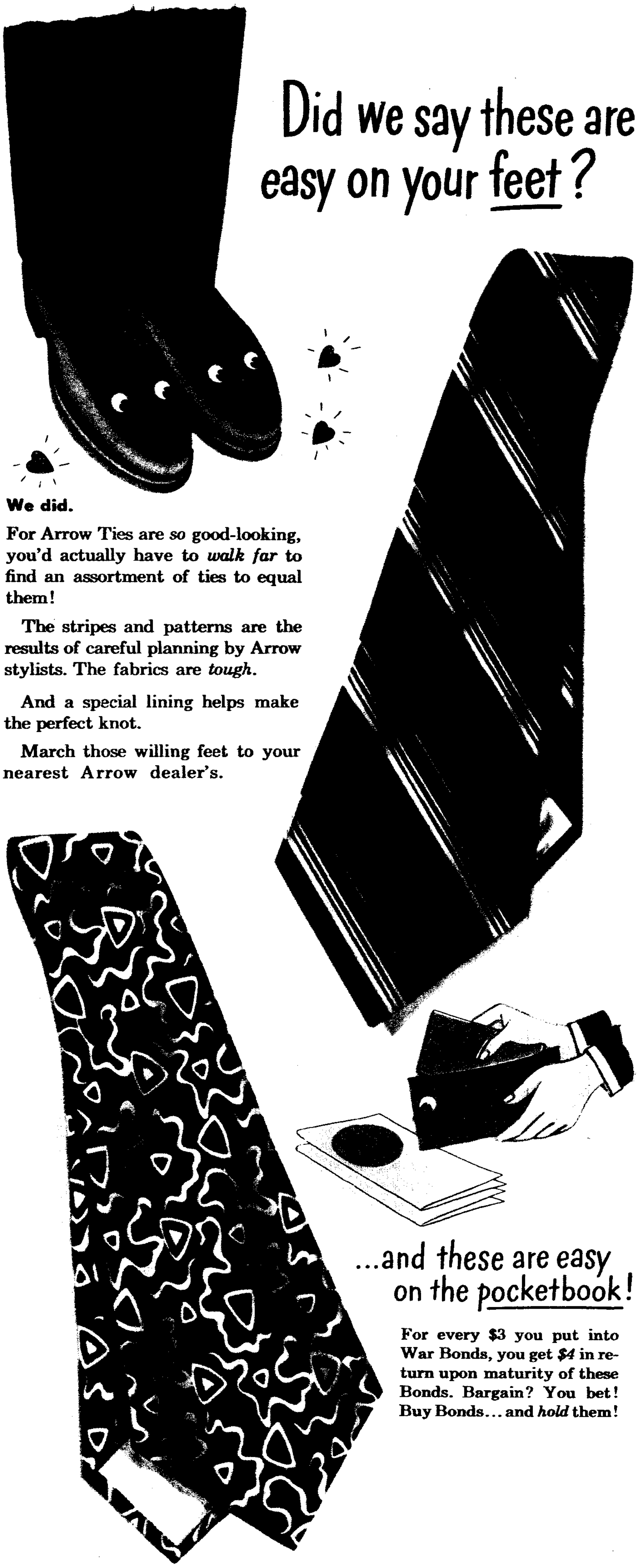
Explain this, if you wish, as a reflection of "peace nerves," of the worker's desire to make the war job last longer because he feared unemployment. Or explain it as the action of new factory workers, recruited from farm and small town, who had never been subject to plant discipline before. Whatever the reason, the car makers are determined to become masters in their own houses.

"This will be our inning," one management spokesman told me. He hastened to add that his company was for collective bargaining, and if no union existed in his plant, "we'd have to invent one to deal with our men. It's just that we must decide who's boss."

Mindful of this attitude, union spokesmen freely predict an industrial Armageddon at which the fate of their union will be decided. "We're still only being tolerated," Walter Reuther, vice-president, philosopher and idea man of the U.A.W., told me. "If they can, they'll wreck us. And, brother, if they take us on with that one, then they'll have a battle."

Frank Rising, industry member of Detroit's War Labor Board, summed it up: "It's hard to see how the differences between employers and employees can be settled peacefully during reconversion," he said.

As the tide of reconversion unemployment rises, these differences become more and more bitter. And the unemployment tide is rising fast. Some 70,000 workers were looking for jobs on V-J Day, and the number is expected to top 300,000 by year's end. Should



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the no-strike dam burst in Detroit, it will burst elsewhere as well, for the U.A.W. has locals throughout the country. And steel workers in Pittsburgh, rubber workers in Akron, electrical workers in Cleveland are just as restive.

To prevent industrial war which would hamstring reconversion and prolong unemployment during the change-over period, we had better look to the causes behind the assault on the no-strike promise. The wage earner is scared. He remembers that there were 9,000,000 unemployed in 1939. Remembering this, there's no use telling him that reconversion unemployment will only be for a short time. How does he know he'll be one of the lucky ones to get a job when it's over? He wants assurance that there will be a job for him when reconversion ends. He is asking for that assurance from his employer and from his government.

Heading North for Paradise

If the white worker is troubled and restive, the Negro worker is doubly so. When Henry Ford's $5-a-day wage first drew a great stream of Negroes to Detroit in World War I days, the cotton chopper from Georgia, the farm hand from the Louisiana cane country who went north, told his folks he was "headin' for Paradise." Detroit's east side where he settled came to be known as "Paradise Valley."

More than 200,000 men, women and children, representing a 50-per-cent increase in Detroit's prewar Negro population, are now crammed into the disease- and crime-ridden flats, abandoned garages, converted chicken coops of the sixty square blocks of Paradise Valley, into a thirty-block district on the west side and smaller islands elsewhere in the city. And when you talk to the laid-off Negro worker pounding the pavement or lounging in the beer joint on Hastings Street, the toughest street in America, you get only one answer. He hasn't given up hopes of regaining a $1.10 to $1.75-an-hour job. He doesn't want to leave Paradise.

The last to be hired, Detroit's Negroes are the first to be fired under union seniority rules. Prepared by his leaders for the workings of seniority, the Negro worker is taking his layoff philosophically. But the Negro wants to know how he will fare when the rehiring begins. The government protected him during the war, and he expects equal protection in peace. Scuttling of the Fair Employment Practices Committee would be a body blow to him. And when the War Manpower Commission bows out and men are hired at the gate again, the Negro knows that he may be shoved to the end of the employment line.

In Detroit, the Negro has intelligent, articulate leaders, an equally intelligent, hard-hitting press. He held important jobs in the United Automobile Workers and is determined to make a stand. The U.A.W. has been a great and effective instrument in protecting the Negro's civil liberties and his job. Significantly, while whites and Negroes rioted in Detroit's streets in 1943, thousands of both races continued their work side by side in war plants without one recorded incident of disorder. But even the U.A.W. may be helpless, unless postwar Detroit has jobs. There may be trouble in Paradise.

Negro Workers Face a Problem

And if trouble comes to Detroit, it can come elsewhere, too. The Negro moved a long way toward an equal place beside the white factory worker in this war. There are twice as many Negro workers in factories as in 1940. Unfortunately they made their greatest gains in the jobs that are most vulnerable to cutbacks and in industries (metal working, chemicals, rubber) which are likely to suffer the sharpest postwar deflation.

Unfortunately, too, the Negro worker made his best gains in the jammed war-boom towns which face the toughest readjustment tasks. One of every four migrants to Mobile, Charleston, Detroit and Willow Run, according to the Census Bureau, was a Negro. In Los Angeles, the 1940 Negro population of 75,000 almost doubled in the four ensuing years.

The line is forming for the scarce job. The Negro wants a place on it. So do the migrant worker and the woman worker. And, considering himself as top priority for first in line, so does the returning veteran.

Servicemen were already being mustered out at the rate of 70,000 a month before V-J Day and by December the rate of discharge will rise to more than 500,000 a month. Under a Selective Service rule, veterans get their old jobs back even if it's necessary to bump workers with many years of seniority. But only one of every five of these veterans will return to jobs in which they have rights under the Selective Service law. Millions held no jobs when they were drafted. Others held jobs in war plants which will be closed when the veteran returns. More than 11,000 men, for example, left Willow Run for the Army and Navy.

Most veterans, therefore, must compete with stay-at-homes or other veterans for a job when they return. But if it's a factory job the veteran is seeking, he must cope with the device known as seniority which is written into most union contracts to provide an orderly procedure for laying off or rehiring men. What happens when there are more workers with seniority rights than there are jobs? The automobile makers estimate that during the war a half million men and women acquired seniority rights for jobs which the industry will not be able to provide during peace.

What chance has the veteran with no seniority rights at all? Does he take his place at the end of the line of a half million? Congress will have to answer that one, because unions and management are already locked in a wordy wrangle and can't come to an agreement.

The C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. have agreed to count the years served in the Army toward seniority on a job, *after* the veteran lands a job. Employers urge that the years G.I. Joe served in the Army be counted as seniority to help him get a job, even if the job is already held by a worker with seniority.

"Providing the veteran with a job is the whole country's responsibility," U.A.W. leaders protest. "Why should Production Joe pay—with his job—the debt the whole country owes to G.I. Joe?"

"We'll be the ones to be blamed by the veterans if they can't get desirable jobs because of union seniority contracts," employers protest just as vigorously.

The veteran, of course, will have something to say about this, too. He doesn't want to be penalized for serving in the war. Veterans' organizations are asking Congress to provide veterans with seniority for hiring purposes equal to the time spent in the armed forces after January 1, 1941. This would permit veterans to compete for any job in any plant with workers who acquired jobs during the war.

As the high tide in wartime jobs, earnings and production ebbs, the problems of the veteran, the migrant, the Negro and other wage earners clamor for America's attention with increasing urgency. And the tide ebbs swiftly. By year's end, war production will be at least 85 per cent below spring's peak.

The great distorted balloon we called our wartime economy is shrinking. Pay envelopes are less numerous this fall and have less money in them. With overtime fat squeezed from them, the nation's pay envelopes ultimately will be some 12 to 15 billion dollars leaner on that count alone. The shifting of war-plant workers to lower-paying jobs in stores, cleaning and pressing shops, and on farms is shrinking the economic balloon still more.

When will the balloon stop shrinking?

A Race with Depression

It all depends on how fast the automobile and other peacetime producers get started and how far and fast they can go within the next few months. At best, however, unscrambling the war production machine is tedious, time-consuming and backbreaking.

"Brother, producing for war was tough," George Christopher, hard-bitten president of Packard said, "but it wasn't half as tough as the job we now have of cleaning up this mess."

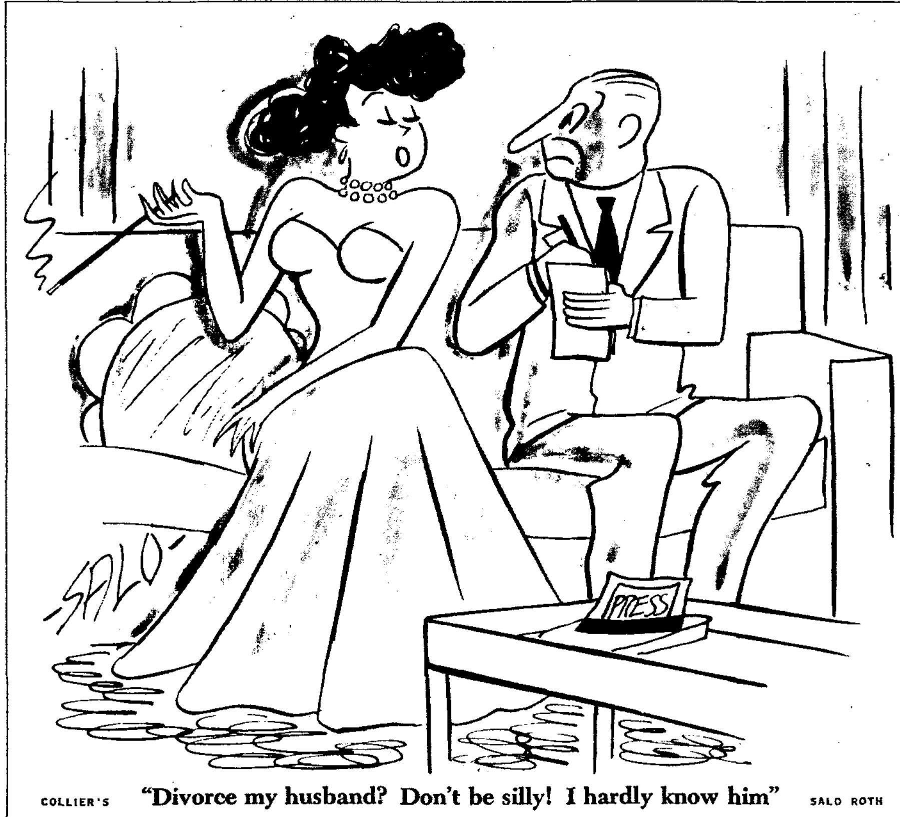
But cleaning up the mess is not enough. For that would simply mean getting industry back to where it was before the war. And the arithmetic of such a return would make as much sense as Mr. Micawber's personal accounts.

Forty-five million jobs, fifty-six million job seekers—result, misery. However, 55 million jobs, 56 million job seekers (bearing in mind there are always about a million "between jobs")—result, happiness.

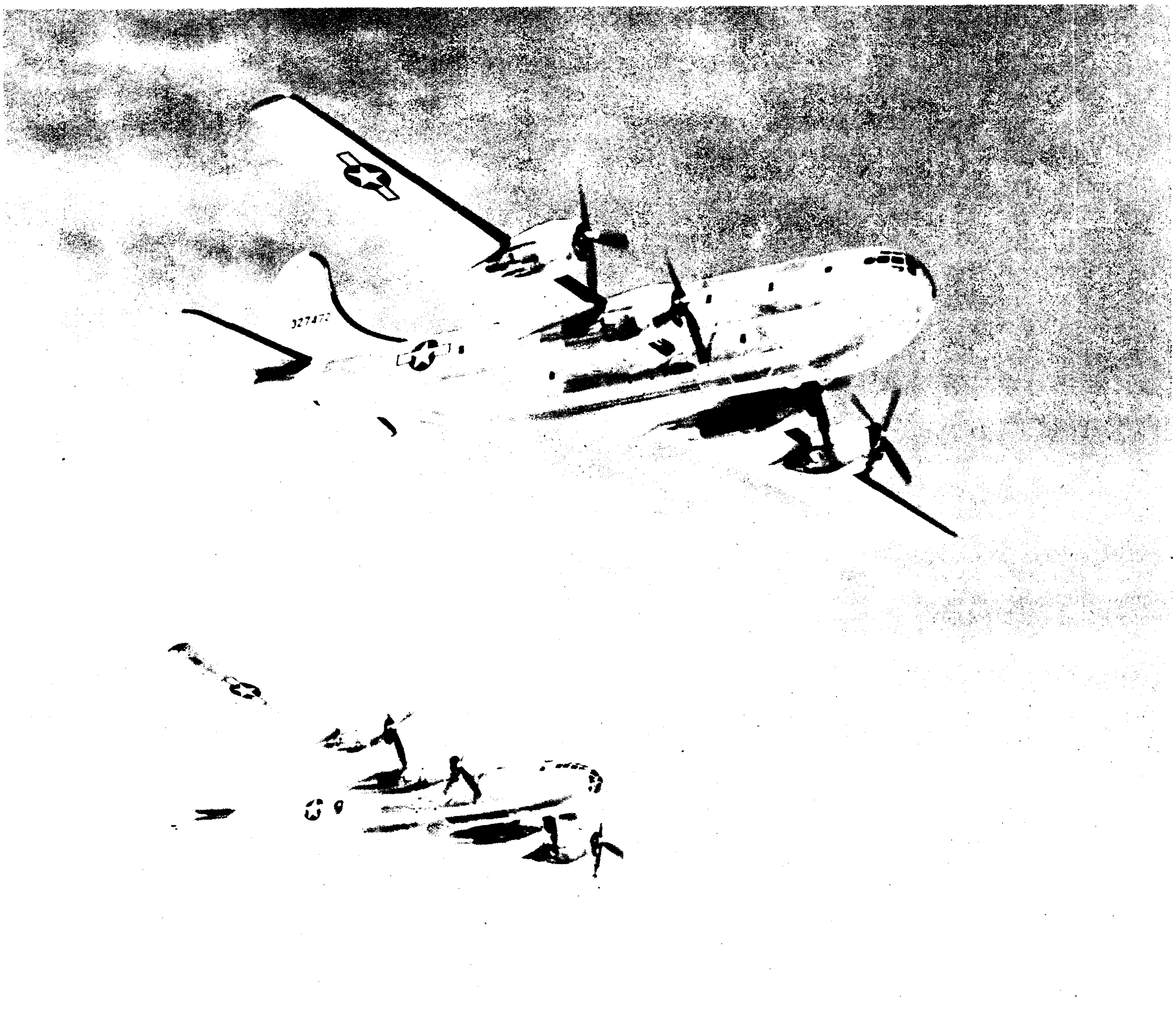
Where are the jobs coming from? Some industry spokesmen say, "Leave industry alone, and it will provide jobs." Other businessmen disagree. So do government and labor economists. They declare industry can't be held responsible for supplying jobs. Industry's duty to society is to operate efficiently and stay in business. Prosperity and jobs are the responsibility of all the people and their government. Government, they argue, must serve as a backstop.

It is up to Congress to decide between these two courses—during this session. On its decision may hang the future of democracy as we have known it.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Divorce my husband? Don't be silly! I hardly know him" SALO ROTH



Boeing Stratocruiser (above) and Boeing B-29 Superfortress

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BOEING

ROMAN VISHNIAC

The female yellow-fever mosquito. Her song attracts only the male of her species

ROMAN VISHNIAC

When the male yellow-fever mosquito hears the female he flies toward her at once

DEATH BUZZ

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

Amplified millions of times, the mating call of the female mosquito will be used to lure the eager male to his death

A MOSQUITO is buzzing around your ear as you try to get to sleep. You wait, then give yourself a hard, flat-hand slap in the face. Then there are two buzzing sounds—your head and the mosquito you missed. Next time you waste an hour on this futile performance, be consoled. A new discovery promises to use the mosquito's own song as its death knell.

Dozens of ingenious weapons have been used against mosquitoes—and with good reason. They spread malaria, yellow fever, filariasis (elephantiasis), dengue fever. In a badly infested swamp area they can drain enough blood from an unprotected man to kill him in a few hours time. Besides being a health threat, mosquitoes ruin real-estate values. Five coastal New Jersey counties waged a 10-year war on mosquitoes. It was successful, and real estate values rose $100,000,000!

Bats have been bred to destroy mosquitoes, and swamps have been stocked with surface-feeding fish which eat their larvae. Colored lights have been used to attract mosquitoes to their death on an electrified grid. None of these methods have been too successful. Up to now, the best weapons have been plane-dusting of swamps with Paris green or DDT, or oiling. These methods are tedious and expensive, and not wholly satisfactory.

Doctor Morton C. Kahn has a new approach. Kahn, 48 years old, is a veteran tropical medicine man. He has spent the better part of his life fighting malaria and other tropical fevers in the Guianas, Venezuela and Central America. In his present job as associate professor of Public Health at Cornell Medical College, he sought a better means of mosquito eradication.

Wasn't it possible, he wondered, that the lady mosquito's mating call could be used to lure males to their death? In his New York laboratory he set to work to find out.

He converted an old deep-freeze refrigerator into a sound studio for recording mosquito voices. Its almost perfect insulation shut out all outside noise. With the help of two sound engineers, William Celestin and William Offenhauser, he strung a supersensitive microphone into the studio.

Meanwhile, in an adjoining laboratory a graduate student, pretty Isabella Brogan, was busy breeding four species of disease-spreading mosquitoes for test purposes.

At first, the experiment looked like a bust. Mosquitoes remained quieter than mice. But as dusk fell on the outside world, they began to sing! Amplified 100 million times and recorded on disks, the female's mating call sounded like the movie version of a dive-bomber shriek. The male answered in a falsetto pitch—like the crow of an immature rooster just beginning to feel his manhood.

Kahn made 110 recordings, found mosquitoes have a language all their own—a song for danger, another for mating. He sprinkled them with water to anger them, and found they had a cry to express this anger. None of these sounds, incidentally, are audible to the human ear. They are within the range of human hearing, but are below the necessary energy level. The buzzing you hear at night is made by the beating of mosquito wings.

The Lady Does a Serenade

Once recordings were finished, Kahn was ready for the next step. Would the recorded female song attract males? Male mosquitoes were placed at one end of a long, cylindrical cage. The record was played at the other. After a few moments hesitation—just long enough to preserve the conventions and sing an answering song—they came buckety-buckety. They nearly knocked the end out of the cage.

Kahn dug out other mosquito facts. Each species—there are 138 in the U.S.—has its own language. The male Aëdes (yellow-fever spreader) pays no heed to the song of the female Anopheles (malaria carrier). The female's song attracts the male but the females remain demurely oblivious to the male's throaty croaks.

Kahn has plans to use his findings in mosquito extermination. From his master disks, he will record female mating calls on film, magnetized wire or records. These sounds—one for each mosquito species in an area—will play over and over. They will lure males to their deaths on electrified grids or in traps—just one more example of female wiles being used to get the male of the species into a lot of trouble.

Once males are destroyed, the chain of mosquito breeding is broken. Females will live out spinster existences, lay sterile eggs and die off in a few weeks.

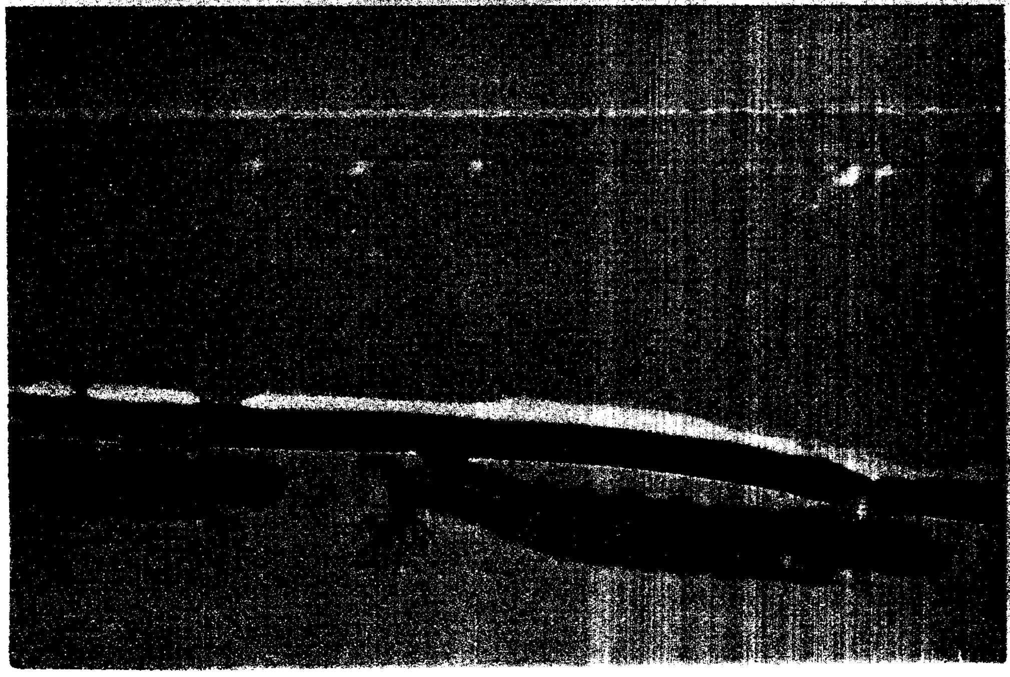
Best estimates indicate that the cost of equipment for this type of extermination will be low—Kahn guesses that these outfits will be effective for a half mile, drawing in all males in this radius. In a large job, it would be necessary to checkerboard them throughout an area, half a mile apart.

More exact details of practicability of these ideas will be along presently. Kahn has been field testing this summer in a number of places: the U.S. Middle West, South America and elsewhere.

The most engaging possibility: The same idea may have applications elsewhere. The tsetse fly, which spreads the sleeping sickness that makes large portions of Africa virtually uninhabitable, might be destroyed in this manner. There is even a possibility that the mating call of rats might be used to exterminate these expensive pests. ★★★

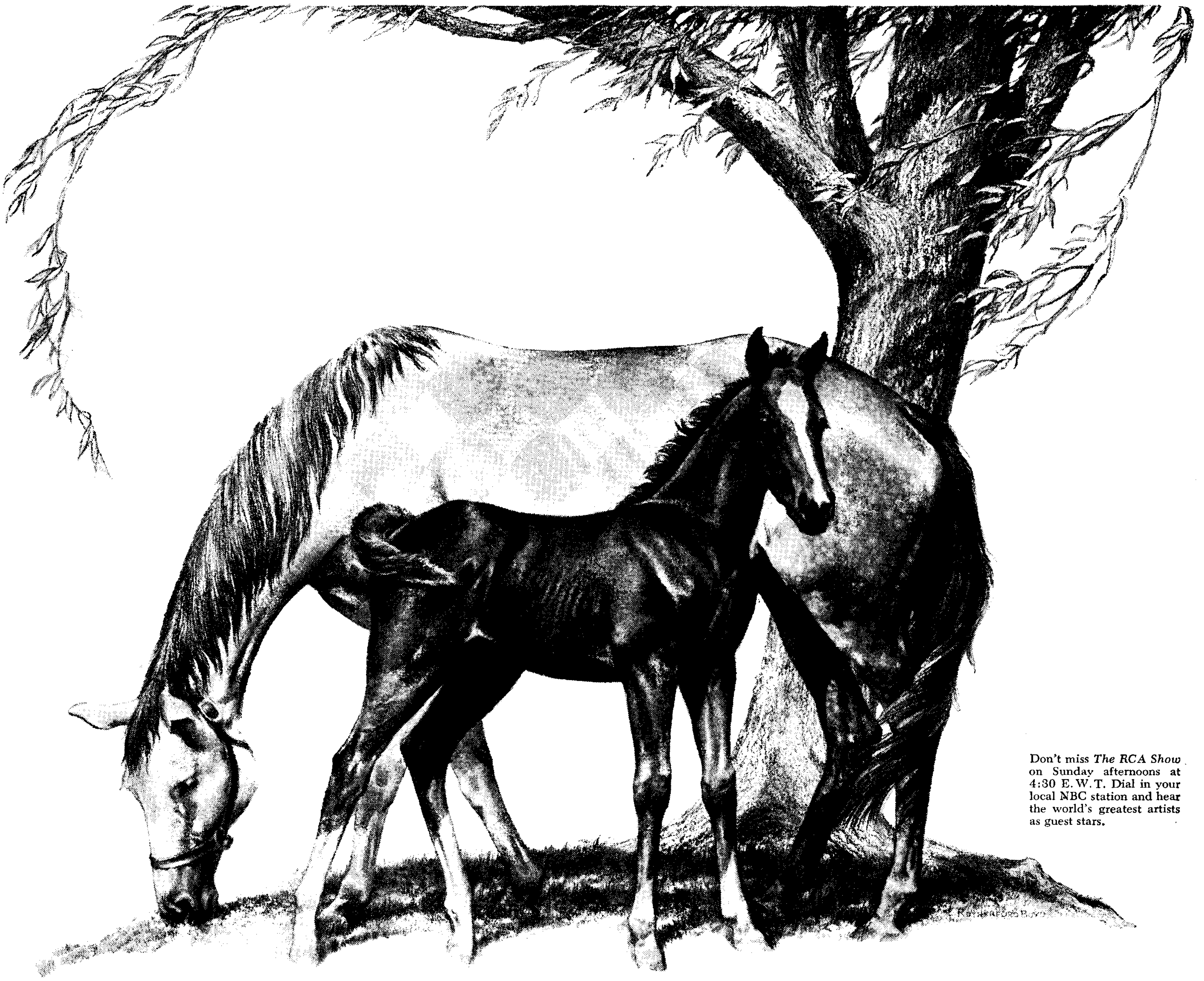
The dangerous and widespread anopheles, which spreads malaria. Like all others, the anopheles has a song for many emotions. Curiously, the males sing falsetto

ROMAN VISHNIAC



Dr. Morton C. Kahn, who devised a method of recording the mosquito's song allows an insect to feed off his arm. At nightfall the mosquitoes begin to sing

IKE VERN—PIX



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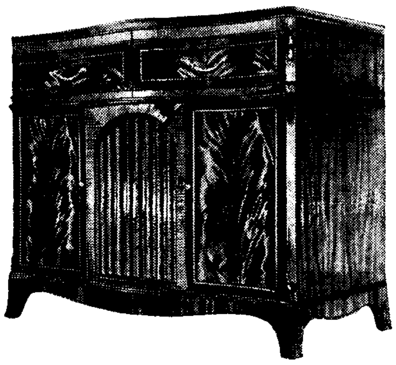
There's something in heredity . . .



IT might make a good movie to have the horse that was taken off a milk wagon win the Kentucky Derby . . . *But it just doesn't happen that way!* Champions are the result of applying known principles of selection to established blood lines running back many years. Heredity counts!

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Change of Tune

Continued from page 16

through trouble. It's in your face." He swiped the bar with the white cloth in his hand. "What you boys coming home need to do," he said, "is get you a girl and marry her and settle down."

"I'm not coming home yet a while," Zeke said.

"You will be," Perley said. "What I'm trying to say is the world needs good boys like you to repopulate it. It's a responsibility you got. You pick you out some nice girl, some girl who needs you same as you need her—"

Zeke pushed the whisky bottle away from him. "I'll never see the girl I'll need, Perley." He grinned to take the sharp edge off his brusque retort. "Thanks for the drinks. They'll be on me, the next time. I'll be seeing you."

"Glad you're back," Perley said. "Glad you're back."

The small, dingy room was gray with smoke, but Zeke recognized Dolph Lender sitting at a table with a couple of other newspapermen. Zeke couldn't remember their names and he didn't want to talk to a lot of people now anyway. He waited, seeking Dolph's eye, and presently Dolph got up with no look of surprise on his long, freckled face, and came over to take Zeke's hand and slap his shoulder.

"Dodging the police or your friends?" he said. "Come on outside. I'm through in here."

IN THE daylight Zeke could see Dolph had aged. His middle was thick and his shoulders drooped a little, but he still had a distinctive jauntiness, and the affection he felt for Zeke showed in his tired eyes.

"You don't look so well," he said critically. "Hell, why should you? You've been over there. You home for good now?"

"No," Zeke said, "I'll be going out again."

"Come on up to the room. I need a bath. Been out all night looking for a kidnaped kid. It's my hunch the kid's hiding out somewhere, and the whole thing's a phony. Pa's getting married again, and the kid can't take it. Well, never mind that. How've you been, Zeke?"

"I've been fine," Zeke said.

Dolph's room was the one he'd had for ten years, a big corner room with a bath, in a small hotel handy to his office.

"You were all set to get married when I left," Zeke said. "What happened?"

"Changed my mind," Dolph said, "or maybe she changed hers. I don't remember. I've had the same urge a couple of times since, but I'm getting sensible. The way I see it, marriage is like flypaper. Once you get caught you're stuck. Struggling only kills you quicker. Pour us a drink, will you?"

Zeke nursed one drink while Dolph had three. They talked, and presently Zeke knew he was bored. Dolph had changed, or he himself had changed, or maybe they'd never had much in common but their newspaper work

"So you're going to be here a month," Dolph said. "Want some telephone numbers?"

"I've got some," Zeke said. It was an easy out.

"Trust you," Dolph said. He was feeling expansive. "You're the kind," he said, "that'll be a pushover for some dame some day. Maybe she'll be a honey, and maybe she won't, it won't make much difference once you're hit. You're that kind—a one-woman man."

"I've been around," Zeke said, close to peevishness.

"Sure, sure," Dolph soothed him. "That's what I mean. You'll know when it happens, and it'll happen good."

That's right, Zeke thought. It's happened good. But at the same time it made him mad that Perley and Dolph figured they knew him so well, him and what he needed. What he needed, really, was to forget that day three years ago when Benita had said she loved him. He repeated to himself the last words she had said: "If you should ever need me, Zeke, I'll count on you to let me know. . . ."

He recalled he'd been amused by her assumption that some day there might be something she could do for him. But he hadn't been amused during the past years—first in Europe and then in the South Pacific. Perhaps it had been that his surroundings were menacing, that what lay behind was shocking, and what lay ahead might be disillusioning; but whatever it was, Zeke had discovered, at last, that there was only one thing he really believed in, one thing for which he wanted his life preserved. That one thing was the chance to see, once more, the selfless and consuming faith in Benny's eyes, turned up to him, telling him with simple directness everything her heart contained.

It was a memory he clung to, wounded; a memory that had brought him back half-way around the world, a memory that had built and built until, meeting Benny again this afternoon, finding her changed, he could not muster the courage to make that first meeting their last. He told himself, cravenly, that Benita's marriage was still three weeks away.

He called her the next night.

"Dinner?" she said. "I don't know, Zeke. Things are a little mixed up. I can't say too much here. Well, yes, dinner. Tomorrow night?" She paused. "Could we go somewhere quiet, Zeke? There's been so much publicity about the wedding. There'll be more now, of course."

Zeke had the thing figured out before she met him the next night. The kidnaped boy and the father about to marry again, and her mention of increased publicity.

She wore black. It wouldn't have mattered much what she wore. She was spectacular, but she had learned to disregard people, and she walked as though she felt herself to be alone, invisible.

"We'll go to Taggart's," Zeke said. That, too, was craven. They had eaten at Taggart's often, three years ago. Taggart's was on the edge of town, at the city limits. The tables were in booths, and the tablecloths lay one on top of another, but the top one was clean. Benita stopped at the door, looking up at Zeke, recalling the place.

FOR a moment he thought she was going to balk at going in, but she lifted her shoulders in acquiescence and pushed through the swinging screen door. Inside, seated, she held the menu in her hands, not looking at it while she took a slow, half-smiling, half-puzzled glance around her.

"It hasn't changed," she said, at last. She looked at Zeke, debating whether to be annoyed. "Not trying to recall my youth, are you, darling?" she said.

"Good things should be recalled."

"It wasn't good. It was silly and young," she said briefly.

He told her what Dolph had told him about the kidnaping.

"Yes," she said, "it's Prescott's boy. Prescott Sleigh," she said, and Zeke knew the name. It was an old one in the city.

"I'm impressed," he said.

She gave him a fleeting, amused smile.

"The newspapers break the story tomorrow," she said, and paused to give him her order. "The story's been held for safety's sake, but Billy's still missing." She shivered. "He may be frightened," she said. "He may be hungry or hurt."

He could be dead, Zeke thought, with the impersonality of a man who had seen many dead.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Billy wasn't in his room that morning when his father went to waken him. There was no note, and there has been no word. That's really all I know." She drew off her gloves and looked at her hands, smoothing them nervously. "Billy's mother died when he was born," she said. "Prescott adored her. He's kept her alive in Billy's heart." She paused. "Prescott hasn't told me much," she said presently. "He wants to shield me, of course. I've never met Billy, so I have no way of knowing whether he ran away, or was actually kidnaped."

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"You've never met Billy?"

Benita looked up at him, her eyes more brown than amber in the light from the table lamp.

"Prescott thought it would be best that way," she said. "As a matter of fact he told Billy only a few days ago that he is getting married again. He says that our feeling for each other has very little relation to Billy. We will be good friends, Billy and I. It's a good arrangement," she went on defensively. "Prescott has his work, and I have mine, and later if we have children of our own, there won't be an awkward readjustment for Billy."

Food arrived, and Zeke had a moment to control himself. "Prescott has been honest with you," he said dryly, at last. "Billy will always come first, but you'll be an attractive gadget to have around the house."

"You're offensive," she said, furious.

"I always have been," Zeke said blandly. "It's the ink in my blood. I'm offensive, but I see things pretty straight or I wouldn't have kept my job. And I know you. You can't give half of yourself to the shop and half of yourself to a man. It's all or nothing with you. It always has been."

"Zeke," Benita said, and her voice was unexpectedly gentle, "I buried that girl a long time ago. I told you I had. Remember?"

HE LOOKED at her for an interval, and her eyes didn't waver. Her smile was self-assured. He saw that he had to believe her. There was nothing in her face or in her eyes to remind him of heartbreak. The break had been healed, and somewhere in the healing, the tenderest tissue of her being had dissolved. He looked down at the table, shocked and uneasy.

"All right," he said, "I don't know you very well now, but I did once."

She leaned toward him. "Did you come back, expecting me to be the same?" she said.

He nodded.

"But I couldn't have been," she said urgently. "I didn't want to live, at first. I wanted to die. I felt as though I had died. You see, all of me was yours, and when you didn't want me, there wasn't any me remaining." She made a small, helpless gesture. "It's all so long ago," she said, "I've almost forgotten. I had to forget everything except the cure you suggested. And you see, even then, I hadn't forgotten completely, because it was what you told me to do that I did." She paused, looking at him, her eyes widening. "I think, perhaps, you shouldn't have told me why you came back here," she said, at last.

Zeke shrugged. "You shouldn't have asked me," he said. "Let's get out of here."

It was dark, and the night was soft, and the stars were brilliantly close. They didn't speak again until they were in the car, driving back toward the center of town.

Zeke broke the silence. "Benny," he said, "I'm at the Raleigh. If you need me, I'll count on you to let me know."

"You must understand," she said patiently, "I'm changed. I'm completely changed. I won't need you. I did once, terribly. I never will again." . . .

Later, in his own hotel room, Zeke sat, smoking a cigarette. He knew what he should do. He knew that presently he would do it, but for the moment he sat nursing that inner ache, wondering how a one-woman man got over being a one-woman man.

The answer wasn't in him, and he gave up trying to find it, presently, and went downstairs and got into his car and drove to police headquarters. There was a man on the desk he didn't know, but he asked for Barney McGrath.

"So ye got back?" McGrath said. He had grown in girth and importance, and his feet were flatter. He walked on them tenderly. "Sit down," he said. "Sit down and tell me what scared ye most?"

McGrath answered all of Zeke's questions about the missing boy. "He ain't been kidnaped," the bluecoat said flatly. "He ran away and he'll run back again when he gets good and ready and figures his Dad's scared enough."

"Scared enough for what?"

"To call off the marriage," McGrath said, as though he were surprised at Zeke's stupidity. "We got a couple of men following the best lead," he said. "We'll get a report from them in another hour or two."

Zeke stood up. "I'd like to meet Sleigh," he said. "Can it be arranged?"

"Sure," McGrath said. "I'll take ye out there. Meeting you'll likely take his mind off the kid for a while. Maybe he'll say something that'll give us more help. We need it."

Prescott Sleigh lived in the old residential part of town. McGrath and Zeke drove on, past hedged estates, the air fragrant with midsummer bloom, then Zeke turned into the drive McGrath indicated, and stopped the car under a porte-cochere. A light burned beside the wide, carved door, and Sleigh himself answered McGrath's ring.

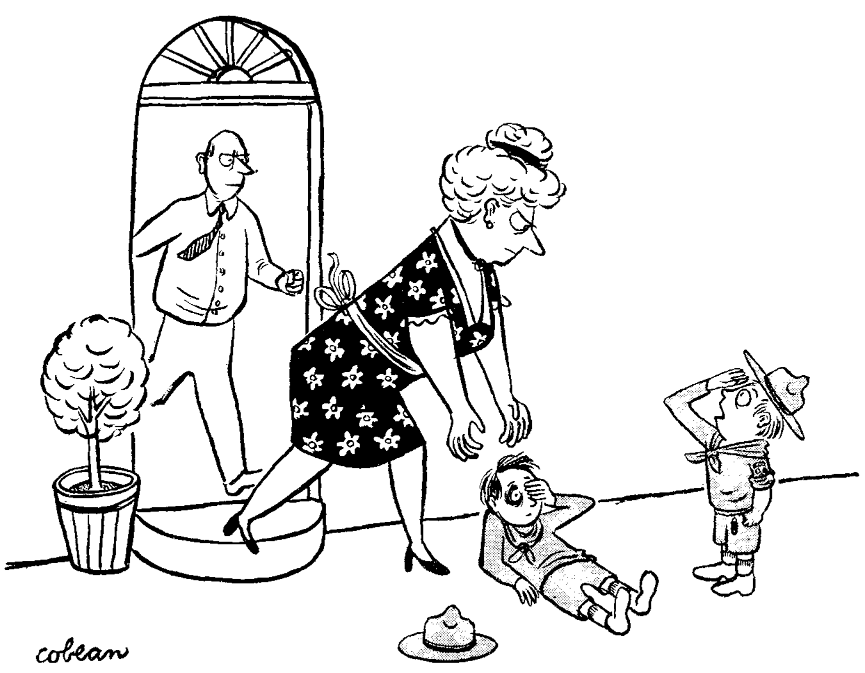
He was a small man, with the pale, harried face of an executive who has driven himself to the limit of his strength, but he was self-contained, greeting Zeke.

"I've read your cables," he said. "Come in."

The hall was wide, and there were portraits of past Sleighs on the walls. The floor was marble, and Zeke's heels clicked noisily as he followed McGrath and Sleigh to the small study under the curved staircase.

"You'll want a drink," Sleigh said, and rang for ice. His gestures were quiet and controlled.

Zeke watched him curiously while McGrath detailed the latest word from the men out now, searching for the boy. Zeke watched



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Sleigh and he liked the man. His assurance contained no arrogance, and he did not harry McGrath with anxious queries.

"I should have called the police immediately," he said. He folded his arms and sat back without relaxing. "But these things work out better sometimes if the police are kept out of it—" He was interrupted by the telephone.

"That'll be the boys," McGrath said, getting to his feet painfully. "I left your number at the desk."

Sleigh answered the phone. His eyes lifted once, encountering Zeke's, but they didn't see Zeke. When he hung up the receiver, he sat a moment, one hand shading his eyes. Then he looked up. "The boy's been found," he said, and in his relief shook both McGrath's hand and Zeke's. "They're bringing him over now. He thumbed a ride on a truck a hundred miles. His mother's old nurse has a farm out north. The boy went there." He seemed a little proud of Billy's exploit.

Zeke turned away from that pride, but presently, standing on the porch, watching the father's arms go around his son, he thought, in like circumstances, perhaps his emotions would have been mixed, too.

"Shall I call Miss Dune?" he asked.

"No," Sleigh said at once, too absorbed in his relief to show surprise at Zeke's question. "No, we'll let her sleep. Time enough to call her in the morning."

Billy, slight-built like his father, clung closer to Sleigh, holding his face against the man's body. McGrath gestured, and Zeke nodded. Then they went down the steps and got into Zeke's car and drove off.

McGrath was silent a good part of the way. "Burns tells me the old lady could have got in touch with Sleigh, but she's loyal to the first wife. She ain't any happier than the boy about Sleigh's coming marriage." He was silent. "Somebody's going to get hurt in that setup," he said.

BENITA'S call the next morning wakened Zeke. It was nine o'clock. "You were good to offer Prescott your help," she said. "He told me."

"I didn't find the boy," Zeke protested. And I didn't mention I knew you, he added silently.

"I had forgotten how kind you are," she said quietly. She hesitated. "Our plans are changed a little, Prescott's and mine."

Zeke drew the telephone closer. "Changed—how?" he said.

"Postponed. Prescott is taking Billy into the mountains for some fishing. The wedding will be some time in September. Prescott has been pretty badly shaken," she said.

"Benny," Zeke said, "I want to see you. I'd like to help."

"Help?" she said, surprised. "Help me? I don't need help."

He hung up, resolved to pack up, to get out of town, to go somewhere on a bender. But on second thought he saw that Benita's first reaction to the change of plans might not be her last reaction. He stayed close to the phone for two days. She called the second afternoon.

"I'm lonely," she said. Her voice was assured and amused.

"Dinner?" Zeke said.

"With cocktails first at my apartment."

"It's good with me," Zeke said, and he was pleased.

She wore red, a dress that flaunted her figure. It deserved flaunting.

"It's the maid's night out," she said. "Come and fix ice cubes while I make *canapés*. This isn't a precedent," she said further, "but there's no reason why I should neglect you."

"Every reason why you shouldn't," Zeke agreed.

He took her to dinner, and they went on to another place and danced. The pain began again inside of him, but he was careful to hold her without pressure, releasing her at once when the music stopped.

At her door, false dawn in the sky, she turned to him and touched his cheek lightly. "I'm beginning to remember you," she said.

He waited two days again. That night she had had a few drinks before he reached the apartment.

"The phone rings all day long," she said. Her laughter was noisy. "I keep telling people Prescott has not jilted me, but the condolences pour in. Make my first drink double and the next one triple." She lifted her glass high when he gave it to her. "We meet again," she said. "Zeke, the guy who doesn't need love, and Benita, the girl no man will have."

Zeke put down his glass. He took hers, holding it at arm's length.

"Don't flaunt your muscles," she said, struggling. "I want my medicine."

Zeke set her glass carefully on the coffee table and straightened up to take her in his arms. He kissed her. Her body grew still. She drew back slowly, lifting her shoulders.

"You do that well," she said, after a moment. "You're wearing lipstick. Wipe it off." She gave him her wisp of a handkerchief. Her hand shook. "I think I'm going stale," she said. "I've been working too hard." She took a cigarette from the box on the table and lighted it for herself. "As a matter of fact," she said, facing him, "I'm too tired to go out tonight, Zeke. Do you mind?"

"Benny," he said, "why won't you face this thing? You'll always be second with Sleigh. You're a fool to count on it being any other way. You say you've changed, but you haven't. It's still all or nothing with you, and you know it, and you can't take the other."

"Our conversation does go round and round," she said, "and I used to think you were bright."

At the door he turned back again doggedly. "If you need me," he said, "give me a ring."

She had recaptured her drink. She lifted it toward him. "I don't need help," she said. "I don't need anybody's help."

He packed that night. There was a limit to every man's endurance. Perhaps, if he went away, she would be driven to calling Prescott. Perhaps, between them, they could work out a new compromise. He turned that thought over again, and he stopped packing and got a cigarette and walked up and down the room until he was sweating. After a while, the knowledge of what he had been dodging caught up with him. He couldn't go away. So long as Benita was within reaching distance and he was free to reach her, he would stay.

The room became insufferably hot. He went downstairs and turned in his key and got into his car. He wondered if Benita had taken another drink after he had left her. He wondered if she had called someone else. He pulled up and parked in front of her apartment house.

She let him in. She was still dressed and she had been working. Her easel stood handy with a sketch tacked to it.

"Zeke," she said, "what's wrong?"

He came in and dropped his hat on a chair. "I didn't finish my drink," he said.

"I threw it out. I'll get you another."

"No," he said. He pushed his hands into his pockets and walked over to the sketch and stood a moment, studying it. "You've always been good," he said.

HE TURNED, and she was watching him, her hands at her sides. Her hair was mussed, as though she had pushed her fingers through it, and as she stood there looking up at him quizzically, she became Benny.

"Do you remember," he said, and the words came hard at first, "you said once, if I ever needed you, you'd count on me to let you know?" He went to her. "I need you now, Benny," he said. "I'm letting you know."

"But you can't," she whispered, "you can't need me. Not me, Zeke. Not after all these years."

"All these years," he said, "while I've been waiting for you to need me, it's been the other way around. I've been too stubborn to admit it. You saw it, years ago. That's why you came to me. That's why, remembering, I can be honest with you now." He felt no humiliation. He felt that he had, at last, proved worthy of the girl with the wind-whipped, willful hair. "Don't cry, Benny," he said. "I wanted you to know, that's all. It can't hurt you to know."

"It does hurt, Zeke," she said. She put out her hand and her fingers clung to his. "Don't go," she said. "Stay a little while. Help me. It's painful, Zeke, coming to life again."

THE END

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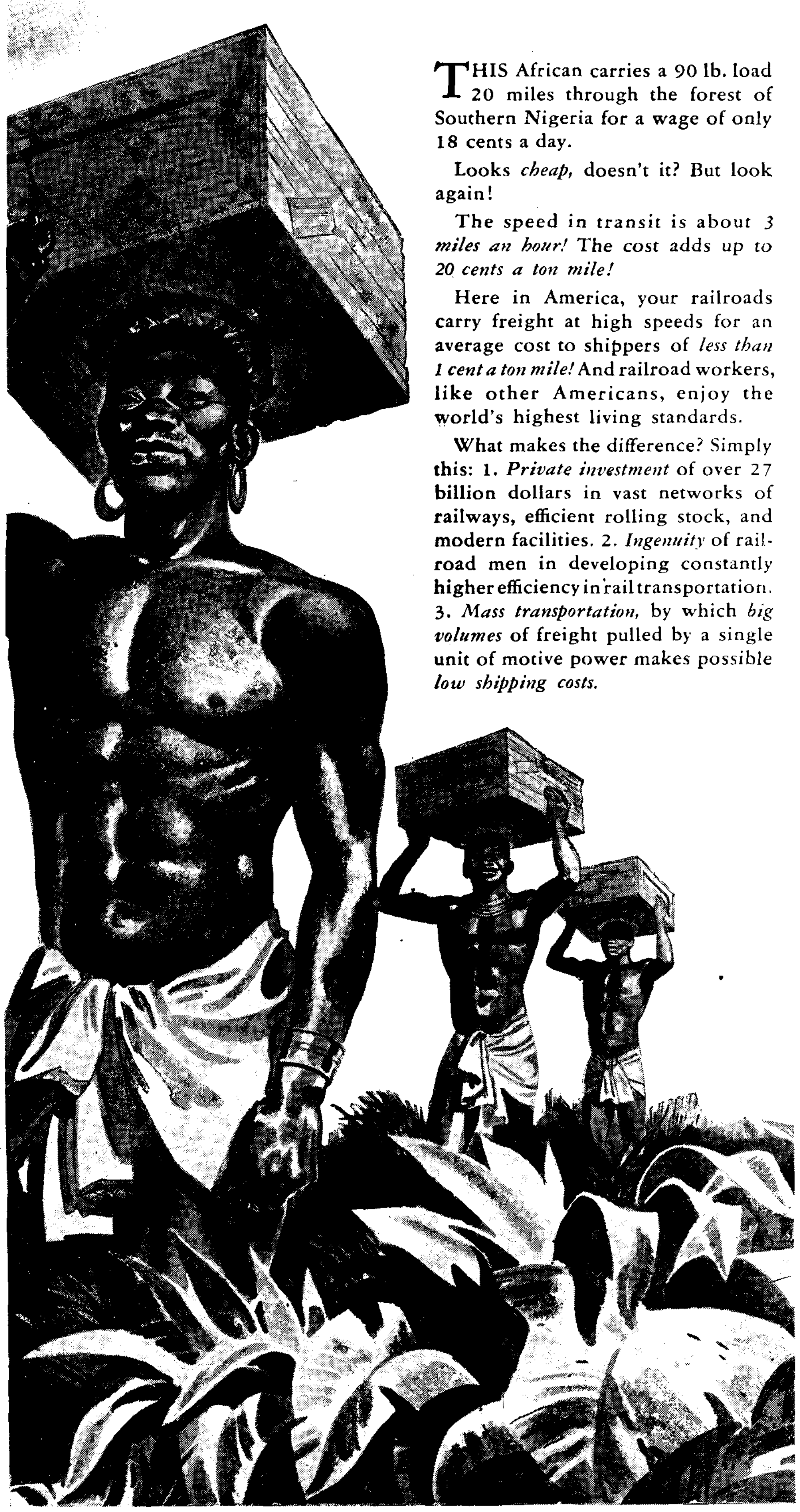

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His Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 36

approving and friendly, turned in his direction and down the bar a woman leaned forward and smiled at him tenderly.

She, too, Craig decided immediately, has a son in the service, who has just had a promotion and is doing really well, and she writes him long, gay, odious letters. He looked beyond the woman, pretending not to have seen her, and took a long pull on his drink.

Perversely, now that he knew the place had changed, he tried to remember exactly how it had looked before, and how Jane had looked when he brought her into it. With concentration he produced a picture but it was not, he recognized, a true picture. It was a caricature of all such old, polite, conservative drinking places and of all such tall, blond, well-bred young ladies. It was not this place as it had been before; it was not Jane as she had been or was.

He threw a bill on the bar, gulped the last of his drink and headed out of there. Then, outside, he stopped in confusion. He had moved, thoughtlessly, carelessly, in the wrong direction. He had come through the door which led into the lobby, not the one which opened onto the street.

THE lobby had probably been redecorated, too, but it looked much the same. That foolishly wide, grand entrance was unchanged, and as he started toward it, he saw that the desk was still in its old location. It looked just the same, too. Same old fancy grillwork, same letter slots with probably the same dust in the back, in the corners. But there had always been a man behind it before; now there was a girl.

There was no one else standing there, and she looked directly at him with the bright inquiry, the spurious attention. Craig felt that he had been staring at her fixedly, ridiculously, for a ridiculous length of time, and he did not know what he was going to say until he heard the sound of his voice. His voice was not ridiculous. It was calm and casual, perhaps just faintly tinged with a suitable irritation.

He said, "Have you, by any chance, a single available for tonight?"

The desk clerk recited rapidly, tonelessly, "You just got in, quite unexpectedly, with no chance to make any reservations, you'll only be here the one night and you have no place to lay your pretty head."

"That's right," Craig said.

"And of course you have no luggage."

"No," he admitted.

"Of course not." She shook her head ominously. "I sometimes worry. I sometimes wonder if you boys run your war this same way." She turned away, held communion with several room keys and a ledger, and then came back to him. "I have," she said, "a room. A man died in it last week of acute despondency, but that doesn't matter, because it was haunted anyway. It's not exactly a single. More like a crypt, say. We only keep it open for you emergencies, and you're the first one tonight. You can have it if you want it."

"I want it," Craig said.

She spun the register around for him to sign. "There's one nice thing," she said consolingly. "The Purple Heart comes with it."

As he reached for the pen, Craig could feel her eyes moving over him, along the worn path from the leaves on his shoulders to his wings to each color and stripe on his service ribbons.

She said, "Flip Corkin, I presume?"

"Sure," Craig murmured. He wrote "Major F. Corkin" on the register and spun it back to her.

For a moment he thought she was going to protest but then she grinned, shrugged. "Have it my way—"

Then Craig hurried. He paid the bill, took his key and walked quickly toward the elevators. . . .

When he had shut the door of the room behind him and taken a quick look around, it was not, of course, as bad as she had said. It was only small and dark and airless, and the bath was probably a mere rumor; he didn't care. He sat down on the edge of the bed (which was not soft) and realized that he was shaking and that his breathing came hard, as if he had been running.

He *had* been running. He had been running away. He faced the fact that he had been lying to himself ever since he had left the base. Nothing that had happened to him had been due to chance. He had meant to drive on by the street where he should have turned. He had meant, all along, to come to this hotel. He had intended to find himself in the lobby, at the desk, making the casual inquiry about a room.

He had, never once since he had started home, meant to really go there. He had already decided, somewhere in his mind, not to go home to Jane, his wife whom he had loved, and whom he—surely—did not want to hurt.

It made him feel terrible but it was true, and its truth seemed inexhaustible, inalterable. It was as if some pattern had been formed and he had to follow it, whether he wanted to or not.

He thought: It was inevitable; it was waiting there to happen to me, the first time I took a plane up again.

He clenched his hands once or twice to stop their trembling and crossed the narrow room to the old-fashioned wall telephone that was by the door. He ordered ice and a bottle of whisky from room service and hung up. Then quickly, with a single unthinking motion, he took the receiver down again and rang Jane's number. No, not just Jane's number, his number, too. The number that rang the phone on the table in the tiny hall of their new apartment, of Major and Mrs. Craig Mallory's apartment.

He could see Jane in their living room, as he had seen her many times in the past month. She would be hurrying across the room toward the sound of the bell, with the eager look on her face that had been there all during his leave. He could see that picture but he didn't look at it; he waited.

Her answering voice was poised and delicate, like herself. You could never hear Jane's voice over a telephone without clearly knowing the way she looked and, beyond her looks, the way she truly was. Jane was all of one piece, complete and sense-making. Jane was an entire world.

He found that without volition he had made his voice brisk and busy. "Jane? I've got tied up and I don't know when I'll be free again. Maybe not all night, so I may not be home until morning. Don't wait for me. Go ahead and do something on your own."

Obliquely he wished she would question him, pin him down, but he knew she would not. Jane never questioned.

"Oh? So sorry, professor. And how is it, this teaching other men to fly?"

"All right," he said.

"The new teacher's first day in school," she kidded him gently. "But come when you can, darling. The home fires are burning me to a crisp."

"Sure," he said. "See you later." He hung up quickly, with a falsely urgent bang of the receiver.

HE WENT into the bathroom to wash his hands and face, quite carefully comb his hair. By the time he had finished, the boy had come with the whisky, and he poured himself a drink. He lighted a cigarette and, carrying the drink, wandered around between the close walls of the room. He felt oddly contented. The ugliness of the room pleased him, because he didn't care and would probably never again have to care about things like that, and its impersonality matched his own, defined and strengthened it.

He stood at the window and stared out over the lighting city, feeling only a mild curiosity, a brief interest, a probable distaste. He was foreign to it. He was a stranger come to town, living rootlessly and temporarily, finding its customs strange and its manners questionable, secure in the snobbism of "We don't do it that way at home."

Home? Craig tensed, wondering if he had let his thoughts stray too far, and then decided to take a long look at this place to which they had brought him. Yes, he had a home: Home was an instrument panel and a pair of motors. Home was a plane which paused infrequently and always unwillingly on the earth. Home was the high, quick sky, immeasurably far away from this other world.

Then, quite suddenly, he felt an intolerable revulsion. He could not bring himself to commit this disloyalty to Jane. He could not so pamper his own needs and desires at her expense. He was on the ground now, and the rule there was: You walked on it.

He slammed down his glass and reached for his cap. He pulled the door closed behind him, with its key still jiggling in the lock, and went down the hall.

He had thought that he was probably on the top floor of the hotel but when the elevator answered his ring, it came down to him. There was one other passenger, a girl in a silly sort of hat, who smiled at him. It took him several puzzled seconds to identify her as the desk clerk he had spoken to downstairs.

"Well?" she asked. "How are you doing? Have you lost much blood?"

He couldn't think what she was talking about. He was thinking only of Jane, of getting back to her as soon as possible, of making amends for the cruelties she did not know about, which somehow made them the more cruel. Then he remembered all of the girl's patter about the room.

"It's not so bad," he said.

She eyed him brightly. "I must say you take it well. My room upstairs is just like it, and it was months before *I* stopped shuddering."

"You live here, then?" Craig asked politely. He certainly didn't care whether she did or not, but it was something to say, and it seemed a long ride down to the street floor.

She nodded. "For purposes of security—the hotel's. They lock us in every night to be sure we'll be here to work in the morning."

Her persistent blitheness irritated Craig. Her talk and her presence irritated him. He began to feel that she was making the elevator move so slowly, that she was deliberately holding him static, keeping him from doing the things he so urgently needed to do.

When he looked at her, her appearance irritated him. She was a medium-sized girl, neither tall nor small, fat nor thin, and she had the medium kind of a face that was neither very pretty nor did it have anything very much the matter with it. Her voice was not good nor bad, and her clothes were just inexpensive and becoming.

By sheer force of contrast she made him think of Jane, who looked the way he had once hoped some girl would look, whose slenderness was an incredible delicacy, whose face was odd and lovely, whose clothes adorned and revealed her with a masterful simplicity. Thinking of Jane, his guilt was almost unbearable and he longed to be able to act against it, to go to her, to touch her, to be actively kind to her.

Abruptly—or so it seemed to Craig—the elevator doors decided to slide open. With a flourish, whimsically belated, they offered him the lobby. The girl smiled at him piercingly, stepped out, and he followed her.

Now that he was free, once more capable of movement, the urgency left him. Deliberately he paused beside the elevator and, with slow movements, lighted a cigarette. He drew deeply on it, letting the smoke calm and quiet his body.

The girl had crossed the lobby to talk to the woman behind the cigar stand, and Craig stood quite still, consciously relaxing, watching her. She was prettier than he had thought. Seen as a whole and with some objectivity she was a very attractive girl, healthy and vivacious, with an appeal that was untroubled by subtlety. Those very qualities of the unexceptional, of the almost studiedly ordinary, which he had found so irritating, no doubt made her—to other kinds of men—extremely attractive.

THE girl turned away from the cigar counter, smiling a goodby over her shoulder, and moved toward the door. Her walk had a small neat rhythm, a purposefulness that was both dogged and optimistic. She walked as if she knew exactly where she was going and that she probably wouldn't like it when she got there, but she'd just go, anyway, and see. There was a clear kind of courage about her, jaunty and probably very foolish. She passed through the wide doorway and disappeared into the confusion of the street.

Then Craig knew it was not over, it was not done, he was still incapable of acting upon any decision he might have made. He was still living in a way that was his own and yet was not his own, that was exploded and chaotic, that made no sense and possessed no steadying logic. It was mad, but he was not mad. The madness only exerted itself against him, from outside of himself, like an irresistible weight. He had to follow the pattern.

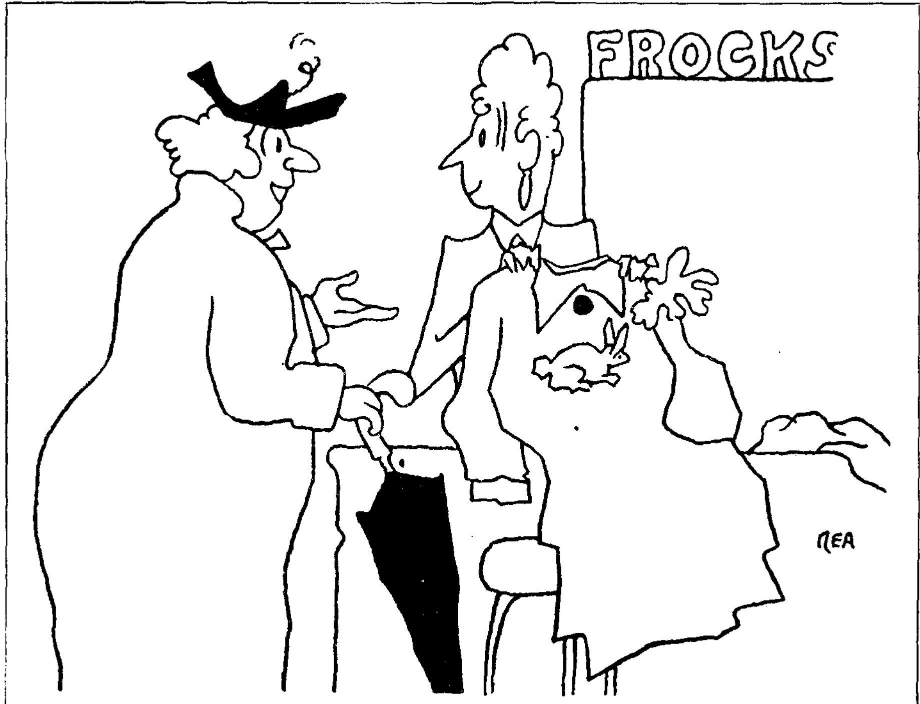
He walked quickly across the lobby, certain that the absurdity of this action was visible to everyone and that everyone watched it contemptuously. He caught up with the girl on the sidewalk and put a hand on her arm to stop her. The gesture was rougher than he had intended; it pulled her off balance, whirled her around.

She stood staring up at him, startled. When the surprise did not fade from her face, he knew that his own was set and severe, devoid of graciousness or appeal. He tried to change it. He tried to phrase his words attractively, as if he really meant them, really wanted her.

"I beg your pardon, but—are you going to dinner?"

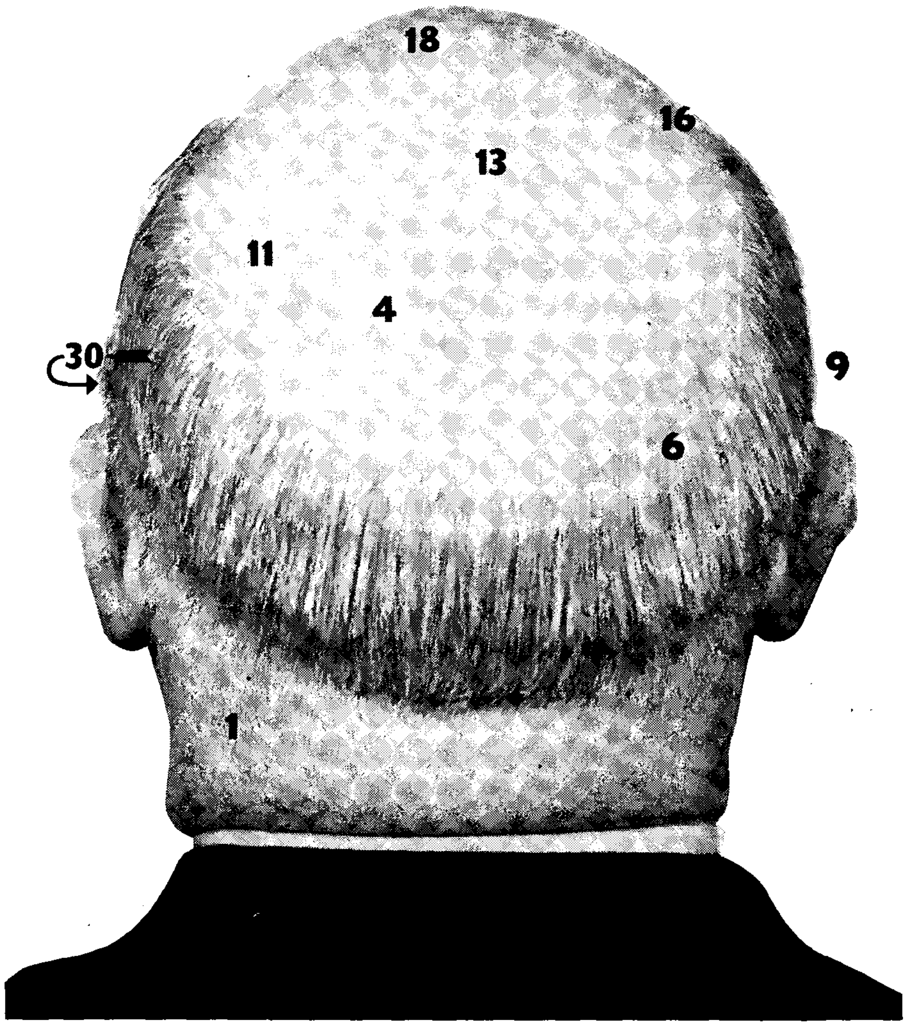
"Yes," she said, and waited.

"I wonder if—perhaps you'd have dinner



"You see, I've worked out a sort of compromise. I just let vogue go its way, and I go mine"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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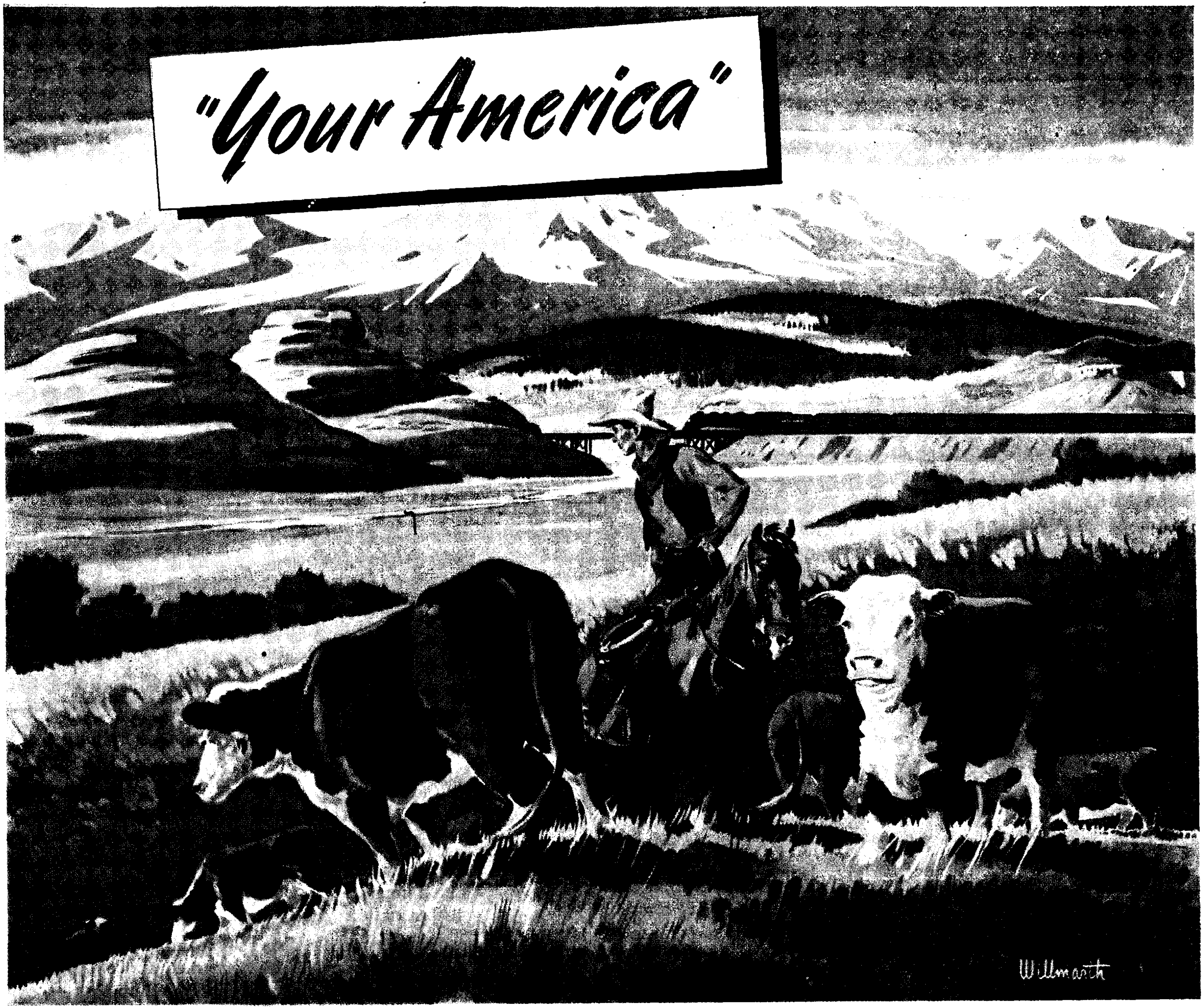
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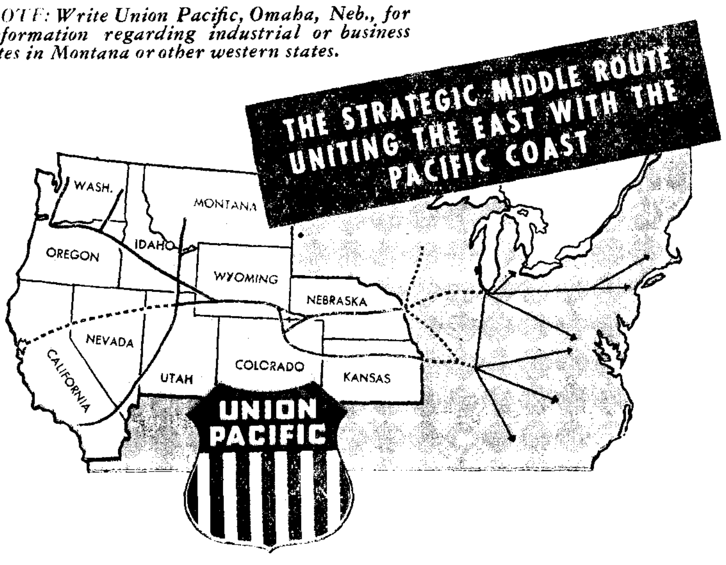
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with me." His mind searched frantically for something else to say, some inducement, some plea, some added grace. He could think of nothing because he did not want to think of anything more; he had gone as far as he intended to go. He had asked his question, and her answer was a matter of indifference to him.

"Yes," she said.

Craig was not surprised. He did not wonder why she had accepted. He realized that he had been expecting it, that he had known all along what she would say. It, too, was inevitable.

His hand was still on her arm and he slid it around next to her body. He lessened its pressure but gently urged her into motion.

There were few honesties left him, and he cherished those remaining few. "My name is Craig Mallory," he said.

She nodded, looking straight ahead. "Hello. Mine is Sally Lochner."

HE COULD tell she was impressed by his car, and he was embarrassed by it. She gave it one quick comprehensive glance as he handed her in, and then straightened her hat with a self-conscious gesture.

As Craig settled in behind the wheel, she said, "It's a lovely night, isn't it? I love a car with the top down on nights like this."

Oh, Lord! Craig thought. Oh, Lord! "I hope you won't be too blown," he said.

"No," Sally cried, clutching frantically at her hat. "No, *of course not.*"

There was a small tight silence as they drove off. Craig wondered furiously what he had thought he was doing, and he despised the girl beside him, despised her for being there, for tricking him with her acceptance. What was it except a cheap evening out with a cheap foolish girl? It was not even sordid; it was merely silly.

Now it was no longer painful to think of Jane, it was just embarrassing, and he turned away from the thought of her. He concentrated on his dislike for Miss Sally Lochner who would probably, in a very little while, tell him that she had never before accepted this kind of an invitation, that she was not—deep down—*that* kind of a girl.

Suddenly she laughed, a high short laugh, and looked at him with a directness he could feel on the side of his face, forcing him to return it.

"Look," she said, "you were lonesome—or something—and of course I make a practice of going to dinner with strange men, it saves me so much money." She shrugged broadly. "So. . . . "

"So?" he returned savagely.

"So let's have fun."

"That was the general idea," Craig said coldly.

"I said, let's *have* fun—which means, I believe, to acquire it. It will take some slight effort on our part."

Unwillingly Craig felt a grin twisting his face, but then he felt the better for it. She had certainly cleared the air, you had to give her a good mark for that. "Even as a boy," he admitted, "I was a sulky one. Where would you like to go?"

She sat back with apparent contentment. "Since my life is so extremely drab," she said cheerfully, "I've always liked the flashy places."

He took her to the flashiest one he could find, uncomfortably conscious, in that moment of choice, that he was not merely considering her wishes; his choice hinged primarily on the fact that neither Jane nor any of her friends—who had once been, he remembered, his friends, too—would conceivably go there. He saw that his guilt was doubled, that in this affront to Jane, there existed a twin offense against Sally. The least he could do, the only clear and simple path open to him, was to give her a good time.

They ate a very fancy and none-too-palatable dinner, accompanied by a poor wine. Over small coffees and watered brandy, they watched a floor show whose only virtue was its truly incredible nakedness. Then, with the accomplishment of such public activities, it seemed to Craig that they were hopelessly alone together, trussed in an unbreakable, unnatural bondage. They would have to talk, and what language could they use? He thought this pattern—this instinct or whatever it was—was wrong; you cannot feel less strange in a world by seeking out a stranger.

Hastily, almost desperately, he asked her to dance.

She was so much shorter than Jane, and bigger around, and she felt queer in his arms. He was not leading her; he was pulling her around the dance floor as if she were some heavy awkward burden.

Presently she leaned back to look up into his face and said, "Fun—remember? I'll make some small talk. I'm very good at small talk." She laid an expression of garish politeness over her face and asked mincingly, "Your wife is out of town, I presume?"

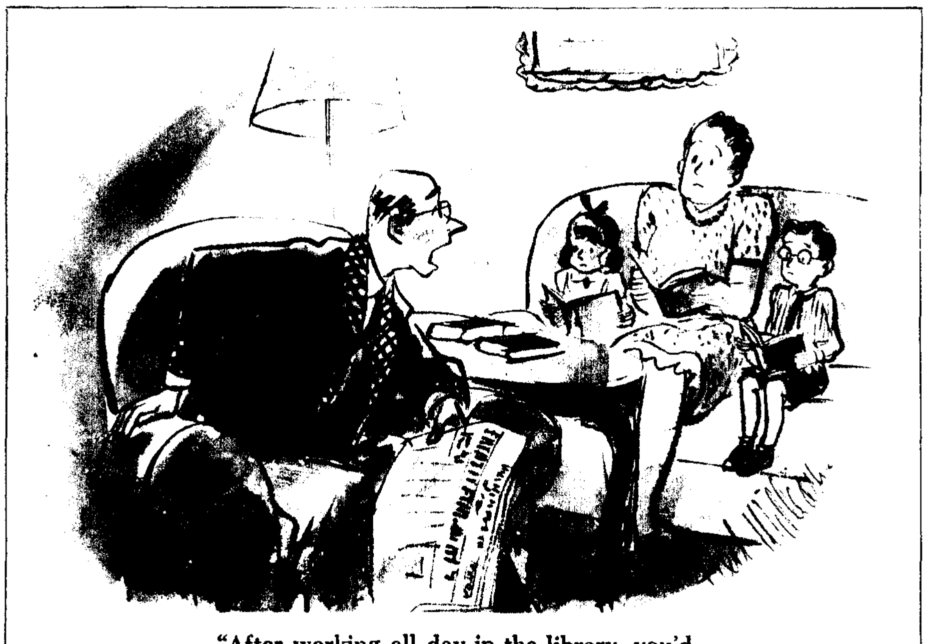
Instantly he objected, "That's not small." Then he caught himself and added, "Besides, how do you know I have a wife?"

She said firmly, "You have a wonderful wife for whom you looked a long, long time and whom you finally found. You are happy with her. You love her and need her."

Craig was not surprised, nor did he think she was being clever; he only wished that she would stop. He knew that the kind of man he was born to be was clear on his face, in his manner, and that she would see it. But he was not that kind of man any more. He wanted to be, he wanted terribly to be, but it was like wishing for your childhood to return. He no longer needed Jane. He loved her in the sense that he had loved her in the past, but only in that sense; she was dear and remembered and superfluous.

He said harshly, "If that be small talk, what about you? Surely your heart is overseas with some gallant serviceman?"

Her eyes flew to his, not in surprise as much as in a recognition of importance. Then, quite slowly and effortlessly, an expression



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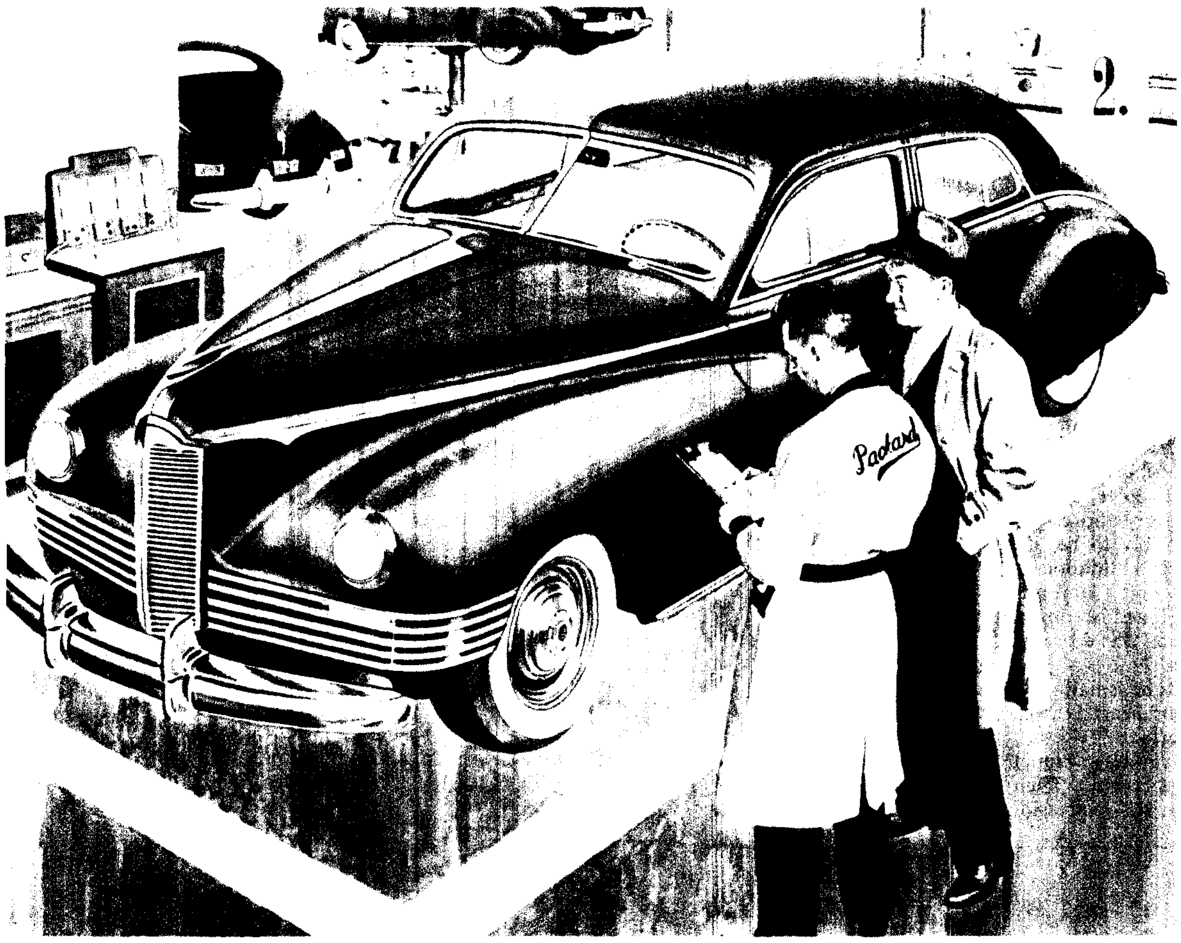

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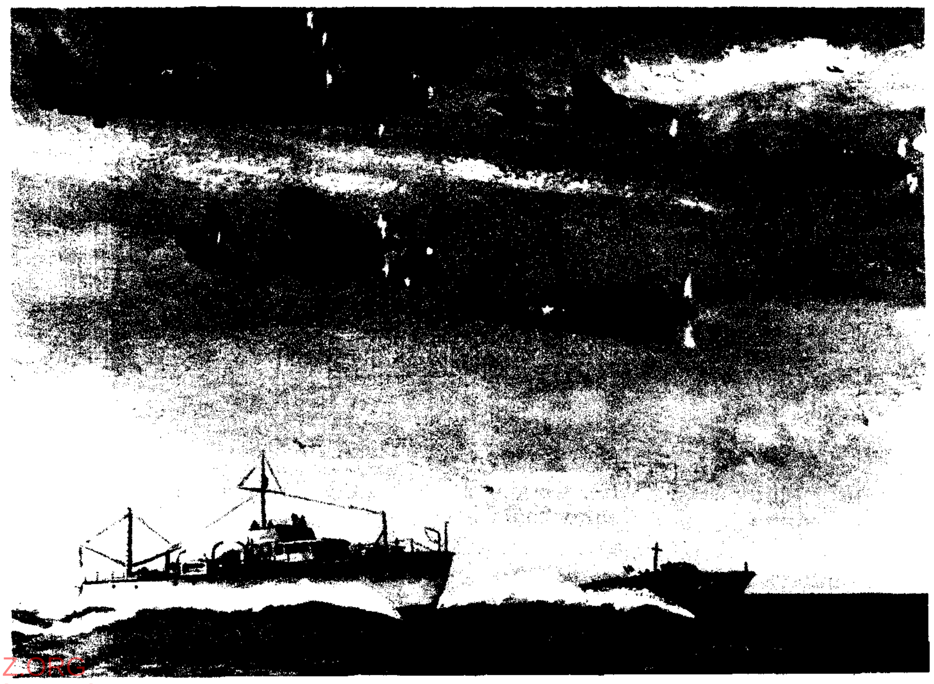

of such lovingness came over her face that Craig was stunned by it. It was a warmth so big that it belonged to anyone who saw it, and the offer was irresistible. She smiled and her face, painted with tenderness, was very beautiful.

"Yes," she said. "I have a man."

Everything was instantly, blindingly different. She was there, she was present, in a way she had not been before, in a way no one had ever been before except Jane, in the beginning. In some far place which he had long since ceased to frequent, Craig recognized the look of love and the improbable goodness of it. It was suddenly incredible that he could have lost the way.

His arm closed around her and she fitted against him as if she had always been there, strong and sweetly reliable. They danced together for a long time, without speaking, in a kind of cozy magnificence.

The elevator stopped at his floor, and Craig stepped out. He turned and she came up beside him and together they walked down the hall to his room. He had not asked her to come and she had not suggested it; it was unthinkable that she should not be with him still.

He poured two drinks, splashed them with the melting ice and gave one to her. She sat holding her glass idly, looking at him and then away from him, without strain, without urgency.

He said, "It happened today. Today I flew again, as an instructor, for the first time since my furlough home." He said, "The furlough was pretty terrible, but then I had rather expected that."

Sally nodded politely. Her glance came to him and then went away again.

He said, "It's not the war really, not the war itself nor my part in it. It is not anything I had been through, not what they like to call 'battle exhaustion.' It's just that I had become a flier, and in becoming one, I had ceased to be whatever I had been before. I had gone into another place, another element, and I couldn't get back. I didn't even want to get back. The world was flat and dull and silly."

Her voice came to him quietly, without emphasis. "And now. . . ."

"Now I don't know." He recognized the absurdity of what he would say and was humiliated by it, but he said it anyway. He said, "I hurt."

She put out her hand to him and pulled him down beside her. He thought that the serenity of her face was curious, but her lips on his had the same quality; they were warm and certain and wonderfully alive. Once, twice and then at last a third time he heard a sound in the room, a kind of dry sobbing, his own. Then he kissed her again.

IT WAS very early the next morning when he left the hotel, long before Sally would be awake or at her desk. Driving along the empty, clean-looking streets he thought that as soon as the shops were open, he would send some flowers to her, with a note that would of course be hopelessly inadequate. Then, within the next few days, he would find a gift for her, searching for it slowly and judiciously, to be very sure it was right.

He wondered what would be acceptable; Jane would know and he would ask her, telling her the truth—that it was for a girl who had been very kind to them. Jane was the shape and the sum of his thoughts, but without yet any excitement, with calmness and contentment. He was exquisitely conscious of the sedate unhurried pace at which he was driving home, like a husband, like any husband going home.

THE END

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 23

suitcase. Ravic noted that she had hardly unpacked anything. He understood that; the revulsion at unpacking when one is alone and without a goal. She got a black sweater out of the suitcase, took her jacket off and pulled on the sweater. She had beautiful straight shoulders. Then she took her beret and put on the jacket and coat. "Is this better?"

"Much better."

"YOU think you can't eat anything now, don't you?" Ravic asked outside.

"Yes."

"Well, we'll drive to the Belle Aurore. One doesn't have to eat anything there. Just nibble. Have you ever been there?"

"No. I haven't been anywhere."

Ravic stopped a taxi.

The Belle Aurore was not very crowded. It was too late for that. They found a table in the small upstairs room with the low ceiling.

"A carafe of *vin rosé* and some hors d'oeuvres," Ravic ordered. "This restaurant is famous for its hors d'oeuvres," he said to the woman. "There's hardly anything else here. Anyhow you hardly ever get to eat anything else. There are dozens of them, warm and cold, and they're all very good."

The waiter brought the cold pale red wine and poured it. Ravic raised his glass. "Salute."

"Salute," said the woman.

The hors d'oeuvres were rolled in on a small wagon. "What would you like?" Ravic looked at the woman. "I think it will be simplest if I fill a plate for you. Then you can see for yourself."

He piled a large plate full and handed it to her. "It won't matter if you don't like any of it. There are more wagons to come. This is just the beginning."

He filled a plate for himself and began to eat, not concerning himself further about the woman. When he looked up after a while he saw that she, too, was eating.

He shelled a *langoustine* and held it out to her. "Try it. It's better than *langouste*. And now the *pâté maison*. With a crust of white bread. So, that's not bad at all. And now a little of the wine. Light, dry and cool."

"You are going to a lot of trouble for me," the woman said.

"I don't like to eat alone. Just like you."

"I'm not a good companion."

"You are," Ravic replied. "For dining, you are. I can't bear garrulous people. Nor those with loud voices."

The woman smiled. "Neither can I."

"Here comes the next wagon with supplies. Do you want a cigarette first?"

"Yes."

He gave her a light. She leaned back and inhaled the smoke deeply. Then she looked straight at him. "It is good to sit this way," she said.

"Have you thought yet about what you're going to do?" Ravic asked when they were drinking coffee.

"No."

"Did you have anything definite in mind when you came here?"

"No, nothing in particular."

"The landlord told me you are an actress. I didn't ask him. He told me when I asked for your name."

"Had you forgotten it?"

Ravic looked up. "Yes. I left the slip of paper in my hotel and couldn't recall it at the moment."

"Do you know it now?"

"Yes. Joan Madou."

The woman nodded. "I'm not a good actress. I once played small parts for a few years. Then—nothing more. Also, I don't speak French well enough."

"What do you speak then?"

"Italian; I was brought up in Italy. And some English and Rumanian. My father was Rumanian. He had been living in Italy since 1918. My mother was British; she lived in Italy because she fancied herself as a sculptress. My father is dead; my mother is still living in Italy; I don't know where. We didn't get along together. I left her as soon as I could."

Ravic only half listened. He was bored

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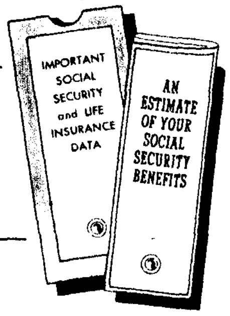
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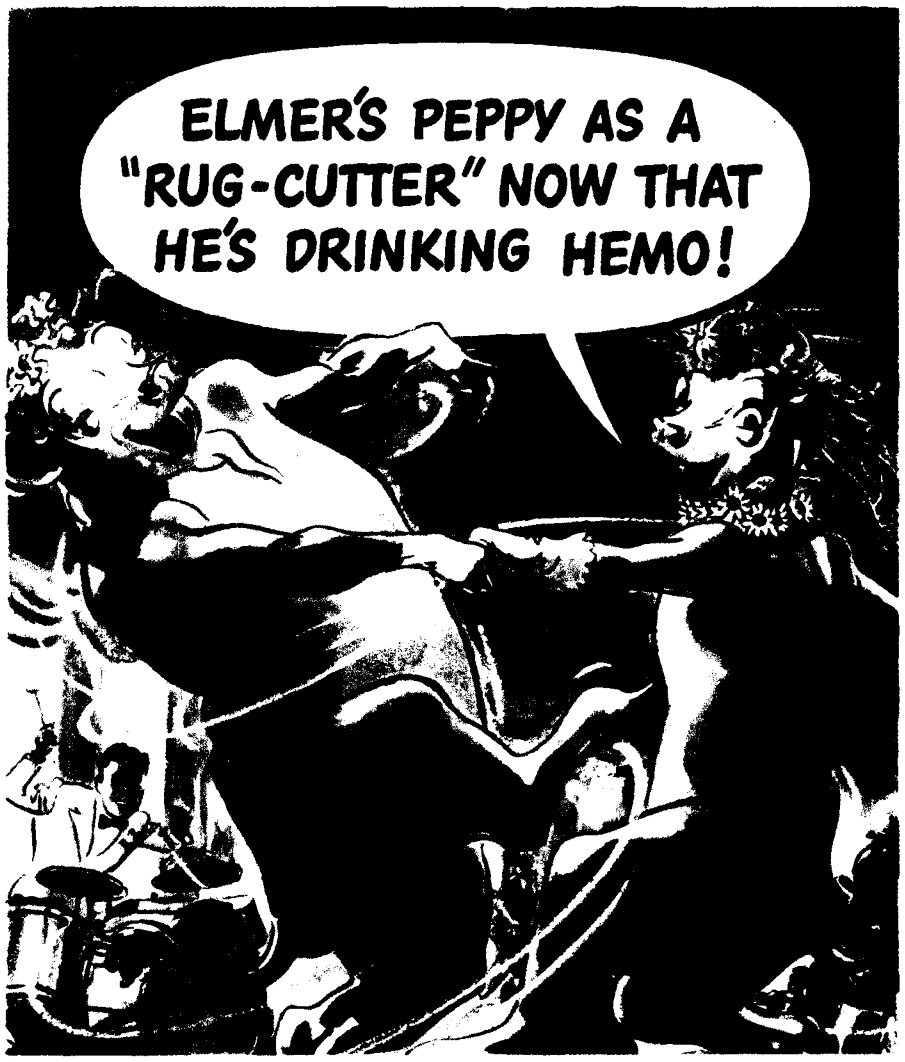
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10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

Borden's Hemo

Drink your vitamins and like 'em!

and surreptitiously looked at his watch. "Have you done anything else?" he asked, just for the sake of asking. "Besides those parts you played?"

"Only what went with them. Some dancing and singing. But I would do anything. It doesn't matter what. Revue, night club, walk-on, anything."

Walk-on, night club—a thought flashed through Ravic's mind. Morosow, he thought; naturally! He must know about such things. "Do you know Russian?" he asked.

"A little. A few songs. Gypsy songs. They are similar to Rumanian ones. Why?"

"I know someone who knows about these things. Maybe he can help you. I'll give you his address."

RAVIC emptied his glass. He liked this thought. Morosow had gotten him into this dull evening, with his sermon; now the woman could be passed on to him, and Boris could show what he could do.

"I don't think there's much point to it," Joan Madou said. "Agents are the same all over. Recommendations are of little help."

"The man I mean is not an agent. He is the doorman of the Scheherazade. That's a night club on Montmartre."

Joan Madou lifted her head. "Doorman? That's better. Doormen know more than agents."

Ravic looked at her in surprise. Suddenly she had spoken like a professional. "His name is Boris Morosow," he said. "There is always a pretty big show in the Scheherazade. They change the numbers often. Morosow has been with them for the last ten years. He's on good terms with the manager. If there's no spot for you in the Scheherazade he will be sure to know of something somewhere else. Do you want to go there tomorrow?"

"Yes. When?"

"It would be best at nine o'clock in the evening. He's there then but they aren't busy yet and he will have time for you. I'll tell him about it." Ravic looked forward to seeing Morosow's face when he was confronted with this pale, unattractive woman.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

Joan Madou looked straight into his eyes. "I'm not tired," she said. "But I know that I'm boring you. You came out of sympathy and I thank you for it. It means much to me, since I've hardly spoken to anyone for days. Now I'll go. You have done more than enough for me."

Suddenly Ravic felt better. The slight burden of responsibility he had felt had disappeared. He had done something about it and now Morosow could see to the rest tomorrow.

He put his glass down. "You wouldn't like to go back to your hotel, would you?"

Joan Madou shook her head.

"All right. But let's get out of here."

"Yes. Don't take me along as if I were your patient, though. It's better for me if you don't."

"All right." Ravic looked at her attentively for a moment. "We'll go to the Scheherazade and have a drink," he said. "You need it now. At the same time you can find out what's going on there."

It was almost three o'clock in the morning. They stood in front of the Hôtel Milan. "Have you had enough to drink?" Ravic asked.

"I thought I had had enough when I was at the Scheherazade. But now here—looking at this door—"

"Something can be done about that. Maybe we can still get something here in the hotel. Otherwise we'll go to a bar and buy a bottle. Come."

"Very well," Joan Madou said with determination. Yet she stood there. "To go up there," she said, "into that empty room—"

"I'll go with you. And we'll take a bottle with us."

The doorman woke up. "Have you anything left to drink?" Ravic asked.

"Champagne cocktail?" the doorman immediately asked, still yawning.

"Thank you. Something stronger. A bottle of cognac."

"Very well, sir. I'll take the cork out and bring the bottle up."

"Have you got your key?" Ravic asked of Joan Madou when they got upstairs.

"The room is not locked."

"Your money and your papers might be stolen if you don't lock it."

"Possibly. But I don't want to come home and unlock the door. To take a key and open a door in order to enter an empty room—that's as if I were opening a tomb. It's bad enough in the evening to have to enter this room in which nothing awaits me but a few suitcases."

"Nothing awaits us anywhere," Ravic reminded her.

"That may be. But there is at least always a merciful illusion. Here there's nothing."

Joan Madou flung her beret and coat on the bed and looked at Ravic. Her eyes were light and large in her pale face and they were fixed in a furious desperation.

There was a knock. The doorman brought in the cognac. "Would the lady and gentleman care to eat something?" he asked. "Cold chicken, a sandwich—"

"That would be a waste of time, brother." Ravic paid and shoved him out of the room. Then he poured two glasses full and gave one to Joan Madou. "Here. It is simple and barbaric—but the more primitive the better in difficult situations. Refinement is something for quiet times. Drink this."

"And then?"

"Then you drink another one."

"I tried that. The first evening. It didn't help. Things just became clearer."

Ravic sat on the narrow, wobbly chaise longue which stood by the wall opposite the bed. "I understand that. We all go through it at some time." He lit a cigarette. "It's a shame that we didn't meet Morosow in the Scheherazade. I didn't know that today was his day off. Do go there tomorrow night. I'm sure he'll find something for you. Even if it's work in the kitchen. Then at least you would be busy at night. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes." Joan Madou emptied her glass of cognac and sat down on the bed. "I walked about, outside, every night. As long as one walks everything is easier. Only when one sits down and the ceiling falls on one's head—" She closed her eyes for a moment. "I don't know why I'm talking about it," she said. "I don't want to, really. Maybe because I have been silent all these days. Maybe because today for the first time—" She interrupted herself. "Don't listen to me."

"I'm drinking," Ravic said. "Say whatever you want. It is night. No one hears you. I listen to myself. Everything will be forgotten by tomorrow."

He leaned back. Somewhere in the house the rushing of water was heard. The radiator rattled and the rain knocked with soft fingers at the window.

IT IS the drinks, Ravic thought. Or it may be the faint light. Or both. This is not the same insignificant faded woman any longer. This is someone else. Suddenly there are eyes. There is a face. Something is looking at me. It must be the shadows. The flickering fire behind my forehead which is illuminating her.

He was aware that the woman had refilled her glass and was talking again. He only half listened to what she said. He knew about all that and didn't want to know about it any more. To be alone—the eternal refrain of life. It wasn't better or worse than anything else. One talked too much about it. One was always and never alone. . . . He looked up.

"Thank you," Joan Madou said.

"Why?"

"Because you let me talk without listening. It did me good. That's what I needed."

Ravic nodded. "All right," he said. "I'll be going along now."

He got up. A room. A woman. Nothing else. A pale face in which there was no longer any radiance.

"Do you really want to go?" Joan Madou asked anxiously. She looked around as if someone were hidden in the room.

"Here is Morosow's address. His name, so that you won't forget it. This evening at nine." Ravic wrote it on a prescription pad. Then he tore the sheet off and put it on her suitcase.

The woman had stood up. She reached for her coat and beret. Ravic looked at her. "You needn't see me down."

"I don't mean to do that. I just don't want to stay here. I want to walk around somewhere."

Ravic went to the window. It was raining. Streaks, wet and gray, drifted with the wind around the yellow halos of the street lamps. "Come," he said, "we'll have another drink and then you'll go to bed. This is no weather for walking." He picked up the bottle.

Suddenly Joan Madou was close to his side. "Don't leave me here," she said quickly. "Don't leave me here alone. Not today! I don't know why but not today. Tomorrow I'll have courage but today I can't—I can't be alone now!"

Ravic carefully put the bottle on the table and loosened her hands from his arm. "Little one," he said, "you'll have to get used to it some time."

He glanced at the chaise longue. "I could sleep on that. There's no point in going anywhere else now. I need a few hours sleep. I have to operate at nine this morning. I could sleep here just as well as at my own place." He grinned. "It wouldn't be my first night watch. Would that do?"

Joan Madou nodded. She didn't look at him.

"All right, let's stay here. Two lost souls in November. You take the bed. If you want me to I could stay with the old doorman till you're ready."

"No," Joan Madou said.

"I won't run away. Besides, we'll need some things. Pillows, blankets and such."

"I can ring for him."

"I can do that myself." Ravic looked for the button. "It's better if a man does it."

THE doorman came. He had another bottle of cognac in his hand. "You overrate us," Ravic said. "Many thanks. We belong to the postwar generation. A blanket, a pillow and some sheets. I've got to sleep here. Too cold and too much rain outside. I had a bad case of pneumonia and it's only two days since I left bed. Do you think you could arrange that?"

"Naturally, sir. Thought of something of the sort myself. I'll see to it at once." He closed the door.

Ravic lit a cigarette. "I'll go out into the hall. I'll look at the shoes in front of the doors. That's an old hobby of mine. I won't run away," he said again, noticing Joan's expression. "I'm not Joseph of Egypt. I'll not leave my coat behind."

The doorman returned with the things. He stopped abruptly when he saw Ravic standing in the hall. Then his face brightened. "It's not often one sees anything like that," he said.

"I rarely do it myself," Ravic replied. "Only on birthdays and Christmas. Let me have those things. I'll take them inside. What's in that box?"

"Pajamas, sir. They are perfectly new and I'm sure they will fit you. Confidentially, an American once gave them to me as a gift. He had received them from a lady. I don't wear such things. I wear nightshirts. They are perfectly new, sir."

"All right, let's have a look at them."

The doorman opened the box. The pajamas were marvelous. Blue, artificial silk with gold stars on them. Ravic contemplated them for a while, speechless. He understood why the American had been generous.

"Magnificent, aren't they?" the doorman asked proudly.

"Magnificent indeed," Ravic said. "I'd like to have seen the lady who chose them."

"You may have them for tonight. You don't have to buy them, sir."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Whatever you think."

Ravic drew his hand from his pocket. "This is too much, sir," the doorman said.

"Nothing is too much for those pajamas."

"I'm glad you like them. Good night, sir. I'll call on the lady for them later today."

"I'll return them myself," Ravic said. "Wake me at seven-thirty. But knock quietly. I'll hear you. Good night."

"Look at that," Ravic said to Joan Madou, showing her the pajamas. "A costume for Santa Claus. This doorman is a magician. I'll even put them on. It takes both courage and unself-consciousness to be ridiculous."

He arranged the blankets on the chaise longue. It didn't matter to him whether he slept in his hotel or here. He could do without a toothbrush tonight; he would get that and a bath at the hospital in the morning. All the other things didn't matter. The woman was somehow like a patient—she didn't interest him beyond that. He was doing her an insignificant favor, that was all.

He filled a tumbler with cognac and set it at the bedside with one of the small glasses the doorman had brought. "I think that will be enough for you," he said. "It's simpler this way; I won't need to get up and refill it. I'll take the bottle and the other glass back with me."

"I don't need the small glass. I can drink from the other."

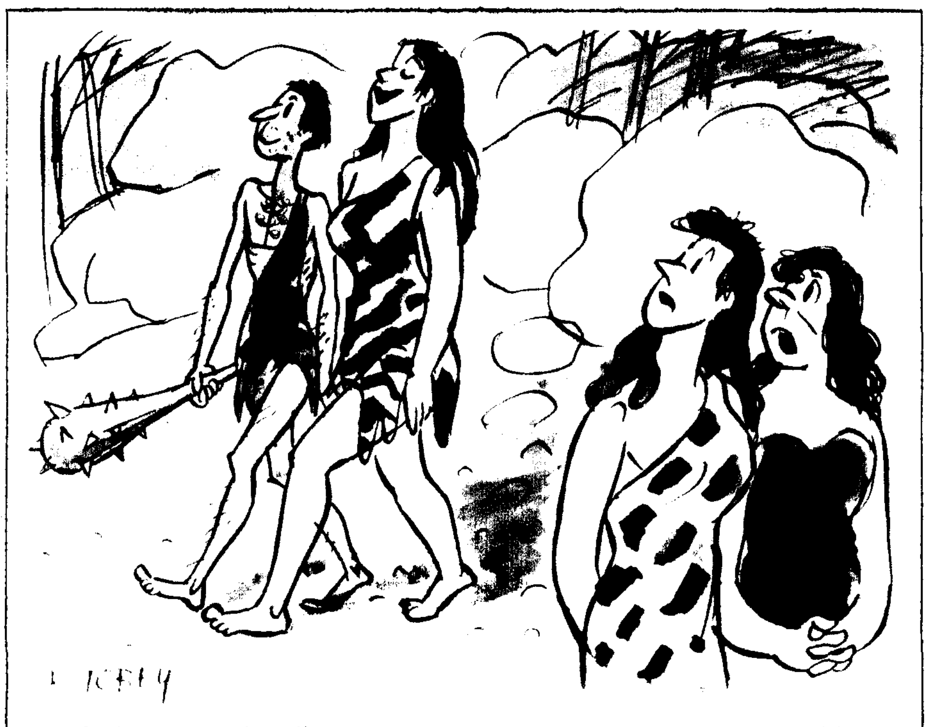
"That's even better." Ravic adjusted himself on the chaise longue. He was glad that the woman wasn't fussing about whether he was comfortable or not. She had what she wanted—thank God she wasn't displaying any superfluous housewifely qualities.

He filled his glass and put the bottle on the floor. "Salute!"

"Salute!" Joan Madou said. "And thanks."

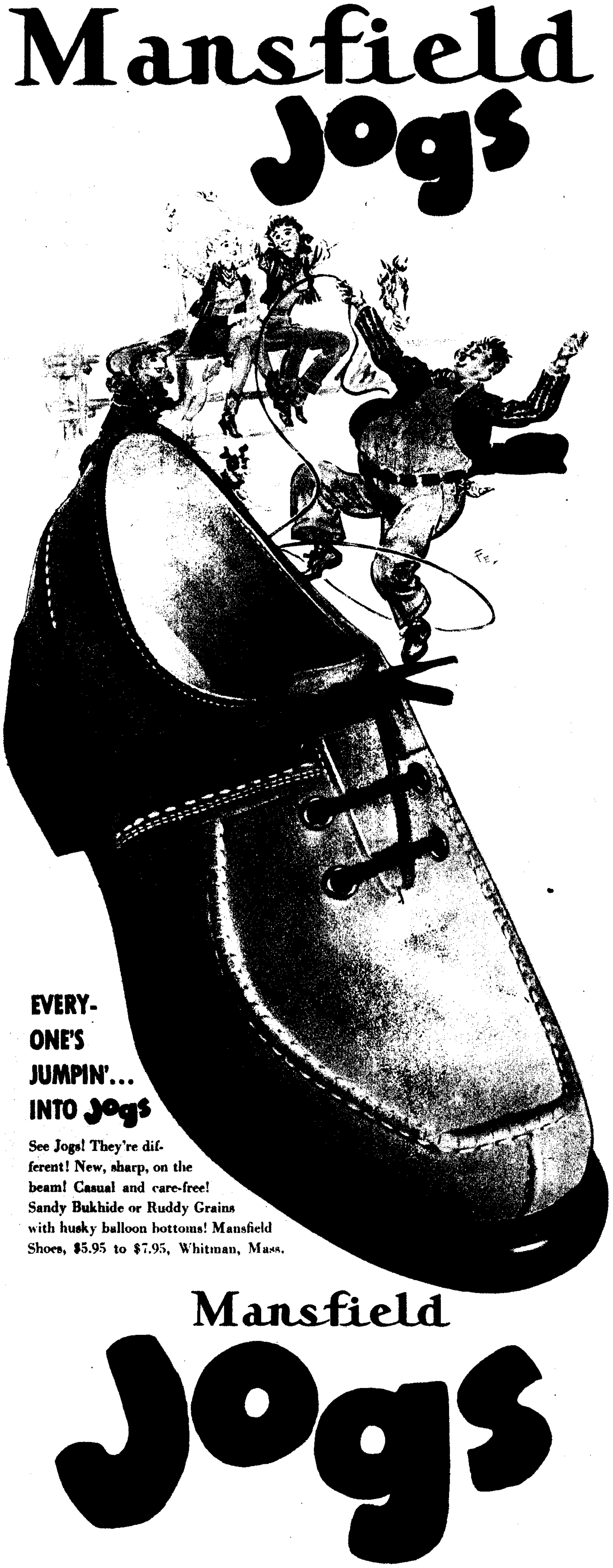
"That's all right. I wasn't in the mood for walking in the rain anyway."

They listened and heard the gentle patter



"I don't see how she affords so many tiger skins with that physique of his"

COLLIER'S SGT. BARNEY TOBEY



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on the outside—as though something wanted to come in, gray, cheerless and formless, something that was sadder than sadness—a remote anonymous memory, an endless wave drifting in toward them and wanting to take back and bury what it had formerly washed up on an island and forgotten.

"It's a good night for drinking," Ravic said.

"Yes—and a bad night for being alone—"

"Little one." Ravic held the bottle against the light. "We must get used to being alone. All that held things together before is destroyed. We have fallen apart like a necklace of glass beads whose string is broken. Nothing is solid any more. When everything is tottering one shouldn't try to hold on to what is tottering, too. That just makes you fall the sooner."

He put the bottle down. Shadows returned slowly. The flapping of wings. A strange room. Night and the rain outside, here a shelter and a little light on the verge of chaos, a small fire in a meaningless wilderness, an unknown face toward which one spoke—

RAVIC filled his glass. "I can't see how far you've gone toward sleeping. If you are too tired, just don't answer any more."

"Not yet. Soon. There's a spot somewhere that is still awake."

She was silent for a while. Ravic thought she had already fallen asleep. He put out his cigarette. Now his head was filled with a brown, uncaring weariness.

Then he heard the woman. "It's different from what you think," she said, and it seemed to him that her voice came from far away. "We came to Paris because we wanted to leave each other."

Ravic was not surprised. There is always a point at which nothing surprises one. "You came to Paris because you wanted to leave him," he said drowsily. "Wasn't that it?"

"Yes."

"Then why were you so desperate?"

"Because suddenly he was dead. Not here any more. To be unable ever to call him back again! Don't you understand that?"

"Yes."

"I—I should have been different to him. I was—"

"Drink. Forget it; one can't call anything back. And one can't rectify anything. Otherwise we'd all be saints. Life did not intend to make us perfect. Whoever is perfect belongs in a museum."

She made no further reply. And now Ravic wanted to sleep. This morning he had to operate. The woman's problem no longer concerned him. It was one of the commonest things in the world.

He put his glass on the floor. As he drifted into unconsciousness, the pale unsmiling face of Haake passed before his eyes. It looked as it had when he thought he recognized it through the smoky, rain-swept café window the other evening. He started up; then remembered where he was. Strange, he thought, the tricks a tired mind will play.

MOROSOW was sitting at a table in the Catacombs of the Hôtel International. "Good thing you've come, Ravic! I'm suffocating!" He pointed to a pile of newspapers on a chair beside him. "Look at that—all they had at the stands. French, English, German, Russian. I've been reading these for the last three hours.

"Counterfeiters," he growled. "Damned counterfeiters, all of them! They hide their concentration camps behind the word freedom, their ammunition factories behind their cry for peace, all kinds of factional madness behind their boast of justice—it makes you sick."

Ravic leaned on the back of the chair, and glanced at the headlines. "You forget patriotism, old son of the steppes!" he said. "For the last few millenniums that's been the standard dress for every type of intolerance."

Morosow grinned. "The others are no better. Weakness is great diplomacy. Bah . . . sea lion diplomacy!"

"I've heard about ostriches. Sea lions—that's something new to me. What do you mean?"

"The sea lions, my son, live in herds and they bask in the sun on cliffs and beaches. Formerly they were hunted with clubs. The hunter simply went among them and hit them on the head, one after another. They all remained patiently lying there and waited their turn. Sea lions are strong animals. Together they could have crushed the hunter in a minute. But each of them thought that nothing would happen to him so long as it was just his neighbor that was being killed. Get it?"

Ravic straightened up. "Absolutely, old man. You should write a column for the Paris Soir. Meanwhile, I must be on my way."

Morosow swept the newspapers onto the floor. "On your way where? I thought we could play a bit of chess."

"To get something to eat. In the Maxim, if you must know."

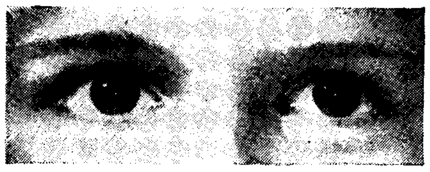
"Alone?"

"No. With the president of the French

IN BLUNDERLAND

THE LOCALE	THE BLUNDER
PHILADELPHIA	**A still-life canvas in an exhibition of paintings was accidentally hung upside down and won a prize.**
ROGERS, ARKANSAS	**Thinking it was oil, a motorist poured a can of molasses into the crank case of his car.**
NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA	**A stenographer received an income tax bill for $10,000,089.25.**
LONDON	**A periodical announced that Lindbergh's Gettysburg Address would be shown on a motion-picture screen.**
OTTAWA	**A model for a Canadian government statue showed a beaver with 9 young ones —although beavers never have over four.**
NEW YORK	**A cook served his family pancakes made of plaster of Paris, in error.**
ATLANTA	**An artist painting a panorama of a Civil War scene dressed the Confederate soldiers in blue uniforms.**

W. E. FARBSTEIN



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republic and the German ambassador, too."

"Oh, very well." Morosow took his pipe out of his pocket and filled it. "But for an illegal refugee you have a lot of nerve to loaf around the most elegant places in Paris."

"They are the only ones where you are entirely safe. One who behaves like a refugee is soon caught, you dumb vodka drinker. That's also my main reason for visiting the Scheherazade occasionally. Not on account of the prices or your wailing about the Volga."

Morosow grinned. "You haven't been there for the last three weeks. Strangely enough, not since you hung that woman around my neck. By the way, she has asked me about you several times."

"Then she's still there?"

"Yes. We just happened to need her. She speaks some Russian and one of the chorus girls had left to get married. For the last few weeks she has even had a short solo number. Why don't you come and watch her some time?"

Ravic shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I?"

"Why not? Now that she is earning her own living." Morosow slowly winked one eye.

Ravic laughed. "That's right. Has she gotten straightened out now?"

"Naturally. Why not?"

"She was quite desperate. Poor creature."

Morosow smiled. The expression on his big lined face changed and suddenly became both older and younger. "Ravic," he said, "you have no knowledge of women. She's no poor creature. She's quite a wench."

"What?"

"Quite a wench. If you were a Russian you would understand."

Ravic laughed. "God bless your eye. You make me curious. I'll probably be there tonight. I'll see if you're right. So long, old man."

HE WENT to the Scheherazade with Kate Hegstroem. Kate was one of Veber's patients, quite young, with a fresh boyish charm, amusing and possessed of a passion for operations. She had an operation once a year whether it was necessary or not. She had had her appendix and her tonsils out; in Vienna she had undergone an entirely useless mastoid operation and now she was to be operated on again. This time it was justifiable; she was unable to bear a child and an abortion had to be performed. Ravic was to operate, and she wanted to spend her last evening with him before going into the hospital.

He had removed her appendix two years before. At that time they had taken a liking to each other and since then had been friends. Sometimes she disappeared for months and then one day she would suddenly return. She was something like a mascot to Ravic. Her appendectomy was the first operation he had performed in Paris. She had brought him luck. Since that time he had continued to work and had had no further difficulties with the police. . . .

The Scheherazade was dim and crowded when Ravic and Kate arrived. "What would you like to drink, Kate?" he asked.

"Vodka. And have the gypsies play that song whose title I always forget."

A waiter in Circassian uniform brought a carafe of vodka and ice and glasses. Kate Hegstroem snuggled into a corner and lifted her feet onto the banquette. "I was divorced two weeks ago, Ravic."

"Again?"

"Yes. This is my fourth divorce. Soon I'll get tired. Everything repeats itself. Why?"

"Nothing repeats itself. We repeat ourselves, that's all there is to it."

She took the glass he handed her and emptied it. "Fine!" she said. "And now the gypsies! My last night! Tomorrow in the hospital. The day after tomorrow under the knife. This time I'm afraid. That's why I'm sitting here. Can you imagine me with a child?"

"Yes."

"During the day I can't. Nights—yes."

"Things seem more real at night."

The orchestra began to play. They started with the cymbals only. The soft muted hammers plucked a melody out of the darkness, low, almost inaudible, threw it high into a tender glissando, caught it again and passed it hesitantly on to the violins. The leader of the gypsy orchestra came to stand by their table, smiling, with bold eyes and an ardently dreaming face.

Kate Hegstroem sat very quiet. She felt the music on her skin, shiveringly, like a spray of fountain water. Suddenly she was full of echoes. Voices whispered, vague shreds of memory fluttered, sometimes there was a shimmering like brocade; but they were all whirled away and there was no one there who called her. No one called.

This moth-eaten joint, Ravic thought. This cheap tent of cheap desires commercially exploited and translated into the price of champagne; and yet, somewhere again and again a chord vibrated, and bewilderingly something responded to it, a resonance no longer desired, from forgotten years, from beyond the grave.

The gypsy bowed. Ravic put a bill into his hand. Kate Hegstroem moved in her corner as if she had awakened. "Ravic," she said, "have you ever been in love?"

"Often."

"I don't mean that. I mean really, madly in love."

"Often."

She laughed. "You're impossible tonight. Who is that woman singing now with the orchestra?"

"I don't know—I haven't been here for a long time."

"You can't see her from here. She's sitting at a table next to the orchestra," Kate explained.

"Maybe a guest. That happens here sometimes."

"A strange voice. Sad and lonely. Do you understand what she is singing?"

"'I Have Loved You.' It's a song by Pushkin."

"Do you know Russian?"

"Only a few words."

Kate Hegstroem smiled. "You don't like to talk about yourself, Ravic, do you?"

"I don't even like to think about myself, Kate."

She was silent and listened to the music. "But that isn't Russian now."

"No. That is Italian. Santa Lucia Luntana. I haven't heard it for ages."

The spotlight moved from the violinist to the table beside the orchestra. Ravic saw the woman now. He recognized her hair. It was Joan Madou.

"What's the matter, Ravic?" Kate Hegstroem asked.

"Nothing. I know that song."

"Memories?"

"No."

"Sometimes I really wish I knew what is wrong with you, Ravic."

"Nothing more than with anyone else. Today the world is full of involuntary adventurers. Every refugee hotel is crowded with them. Everyone's story would have been a sensation for Alexander Dumas or Victor Hugo, yet now we yawn even before he starts to tell it. Nowadays the greatest adventure is a simple quiet life."

The orchestra began to play a blues. They played dance music rather badly. A few guests started dancing.

Joan Madou rose and walked toward the exit. She passed quite close to Ravic's table. It seemed to him that she saw him, but her eyes at once swept on indifferently beyond him, and she left the room.

"Do you know that woman?" Kate Hegstroem asked.

"No," he replied.

KATE HEGSTROEM lay on the operating table, deep under anesthetic.

"Do you see that, Veber?" Ravic asked.

Veber bent over the clamped-open incision. Ravic reached into it. "Here—and here—"

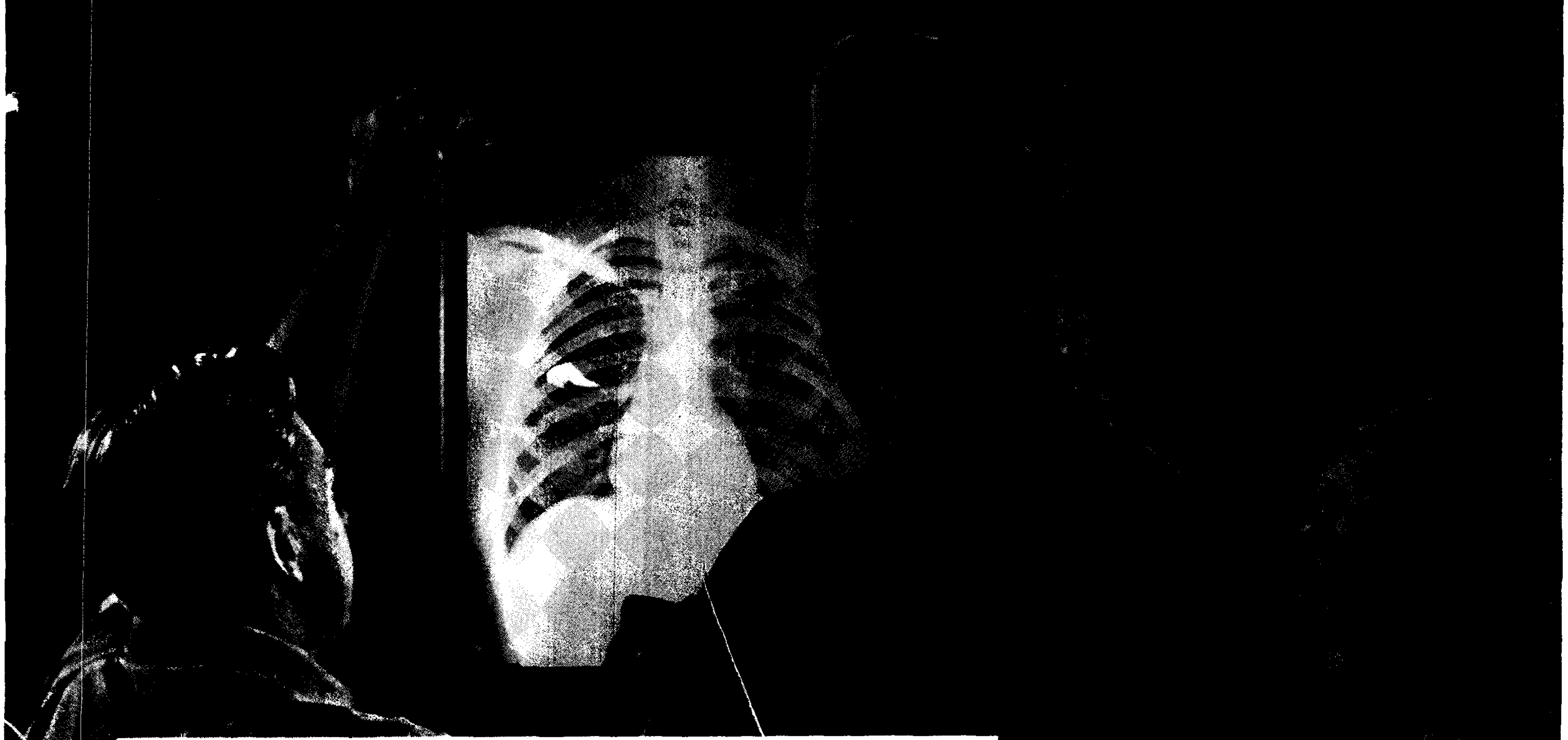
"Yes."

"Cancer! A clear unmistakable case of cancer! This is the damnedest operation I've performed in years. Someone comes in for a routine job, then we discover a swelling, have to cut and suddenly find cancer."

Veber straightened up. "What are we to do?"

"We must go on cutting. Do a hysterectomy. This stuff has to come out. The

Man in the re-making



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

damnedest part of it is that she doesn't know. How's the pulse?"

"Regular. Weak. Ninety-two."

"Blood pressure?"

"One hundred twenty."

"The heart is all right." Ravic looked into Kate Hegstroem's face. Her pale lips were parted. Tiny bubbles had formed at the corners of her mouth.

"She should know beforehand," he said. "She should give her consent. We can't simply cut out something like that. Or can we?"

"No. Not according to the law. According to our consciences—I believe she trusts you completely, Ravic."

"I don't know. Maybe. But heaven alone knows whether she would agree to the operation. Wait—I'll try to explore further."

He worked for almost half an hour. He worked calmly and quickly. Finally he glanced up. "Look here," he said to Veber. "Here—and here. Everything's involved. It's spreading here, too. Everywhere. Hopeless."

He carefully snipped off a small piece of tissue. "Is Boisson still in the laboratory?"

"Yes."

"Have this sent to him for analysis. We can wait that long. Ten minutes more. It isn't really necessary; just to make quite sure."

"All right."

Veber sent the unsterilized nurse off with the specimen. "Quick. Tell Boisson to telephone."

Ravic stepped back from the table. "Now we don't need to decide whether to operate with or without consent. There's nothing more we can do. Remove the foetus, that's all. Sew her up and say nothing."

He stood for a moment and looked at the open body beneath the white sheets. The piercing light made the sheets appear even whiter, like new-fallen snow, under which yawned the gaping wound. Kate Hegstroem, thirty-two years old, capricious, slender, tanned, athletic, filled with the will to live—sentenced to death by this nebulous invisible touch that was destroying her tissues.

He bent over the incision again. "Let's get on! Now we must try—it will work in spite of the swelling. The long spoon—yes—"

When he had accomplished the removal Ravic glanced over the shield into Kate Hegstroem's eyes. She had opened them and looked at him, not with a glazed expression, but as if she saw him and knew everything. For a moment he thought she was conscious. He took a step forward and halted. Impossible. It was an accident: the light.

"Pulse?" he asked again.

"Ninety-five. Blood pressure, one hundred fifteen," said the anesthetist.

There was the subdued ringing of a telephone downstairs. Veber turned toward the door. They waited. Someone came in on soundless shoes. Veber looked at Ravic. "Yes," he said. "Positive."

Ravic nodded and went back to work. He lifted the forceps and the clips. He removed the retractor; the dressings. Eugenie, at his side, mechanically counted the instruments.

He began stitching. Lightly, methodically, painstakingly, the layers of skin were drawn together to the last, outermost one; he removed the clips and straightened up.

Kate Hegstroem lay there under the sheets as if dead. She would awake only to die again. Senseless! Ravic looked at the clock above the door. Twelve o'clock. Noon. Outside office and factory doors opened and crowds streamed out. Lunchtime.

The two nurses rolled the level stretcher out of the operating room. Ravic tore the rubber gloves from his hands, went into the washroom and began to wash.

"Your cigarette," Veber said, washing himself at the other basin. "You'll burn your lips."

"Yes, thanks. Well, who will tell her, Veber?"

"You will," Veber declared unhesitatingly. "She wouldn't believe anything I'd say. She knows that you operated and she'll want to hear about it from you. She would only be suspicious if I went to her."

"That's right. But what am I to tell her?" Ravic asked. "She didn't expect me to make an incision."

"You'll think of something, Ravic. A cyst of some sort or a nice myoma."

"Yes. Some sort of a cyst or a myoma."

That night he went to the hospital again. Kate Hegstroem was sleeping. She had awakened in the evening, had vomited, spent a restless hour and had then fallen asleep again.

"Did she ask you anything?"

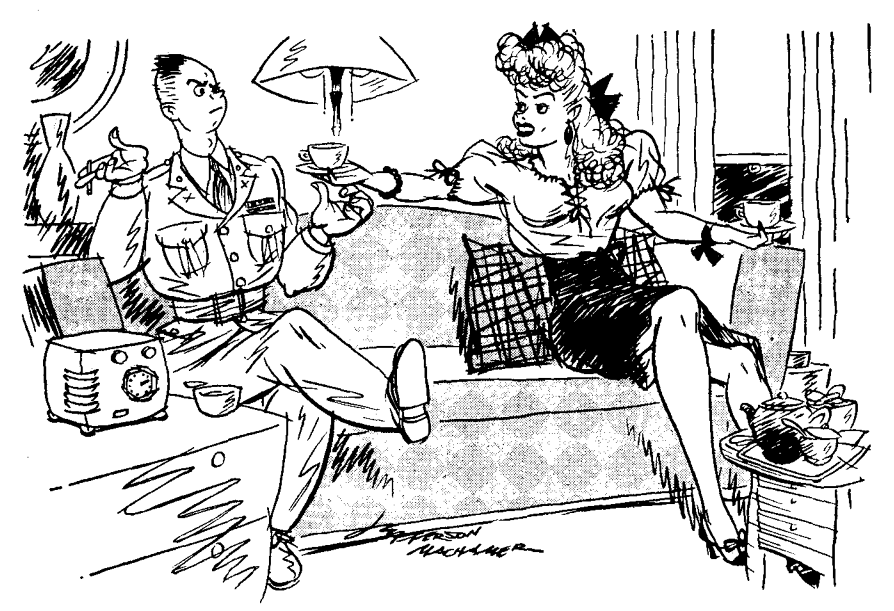
"No," said the red-cheeked nurse. "She was still drowsy, and asked no questions."

"I assume she'll sleep until morning. In case she wakes up and asks questions, tell her everything went well. She's to go back to sleep. Give her a shot if necessary. If she should become restless, call Doctor Veber or me. I'll leave word at the hotel where to find me."

RAVIC stood in the street like someone who has once more escaped. . . . A few more hours grace before he had to lie to a trusting face. . . .

Kate Hegstroem, he thought. X-ray therapy. One could try it. It wouldn't help. She would die; in a few months, a year. And somewhere—in Wisconsin, Salzburg, Yorkshire, Canada, Calcutta—somewhere the man was being born, maybe now—was crying, wetting his diapers, trying to swallow his thumb—the man who could have saved her, who would discover, thirty years from now, how to cure cancer. Thirty years too late.

Or somewhere—in Chicago, Vienna, Moscow, Berlin, Oslo, Paris—perhaps even now he was sitting, bent over charts, tubes, tabular compilations, microscope lenses, calculating, comparing, and three years from now



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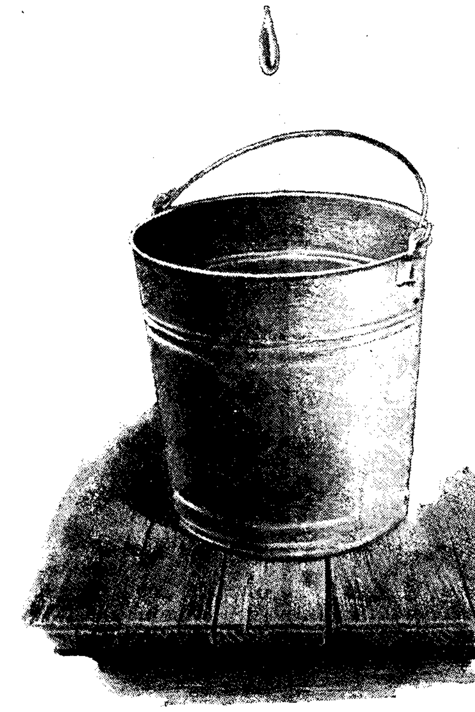

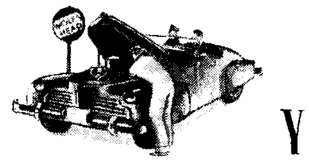

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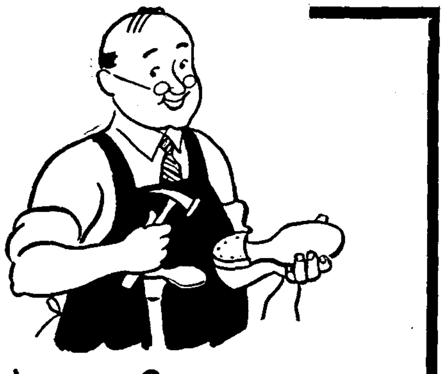

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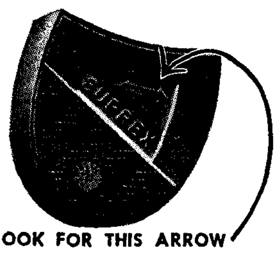

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would successfully conclude his investigations. Three years too late. . . .

Ravic drew a deep breath. Well, that was how it was; there was no point in thinking about it. Bury the dead and forget it. Tomorrow it's your turn. That much he had learned.

The lights in the Scheherazade were lowered. Ravic stopped just inside the door. One of the waiters approached him and moved a table into position. But Ravic remained standing and looked at Joan Madou. The time before he hadn't been able to see her while she sang; and afterward it had been quite dark when she passed his table. Now the spotlight was fully on her and he could see her clearly.

He saw now what he thought he had seen the night at her hotel. Then it had been fleeting; he had attributed it to the mellow luster of alcohol. Now he saw it distinctly. Here was a person he did not know. Here was a completely changed face. Here was no longer the bewildered human being and the patient; here was an unknown, fascinating woman, who sang.

"Vodka?" the waiter asked, still standing at his side.

Ravic nodded and sat down. The orchestra began to play a rumba. Joan Madou rose and made her way among the tables to the entrance. She had to stop several times because people were trying to get to the dance floor. Ravic looked at her and she looked at him. Her face betrayed no surprise. She came straight toward him.

He got up and pushed the table aside without a word. A waiter came to his aid. "Thanks," he said. "I'll do it myself. All we need is another glass."

He moved the table back again and filled the glass which the waiter had brought. He lifted it from the table and put it into her hand. Then he looked at her again.

The dark evening gown left her straight shoulders free. The high brows, the wide-set eyes, the mouth, all that had formerly been blurred and indistinct, now combined to shape a bright, mysterious face whose openness was its secret. It neither hid nor revealed anything. It presented itself with calm and unself-consciousness, promising nothing and thereby everything. It was like a beautiful empty house waiting for carpets and pictures to make it more beautiful and radiant. It had all possibilities—what it would become depended entirely on the one who furnished it.

Joan Madou slowly emptied her glass. "Have you a cigarette?" she asked.

Ravic gave her one and watched her as she smoked. Suddenly it seemed to him that it was long ago that he had first seen her—that night when she had first asked him for a cigarette.

"I was here two days ago," he said.

"Yes. I saw you."

SHE sat there calm and relaxed, and smoked, and was completely absorbed in her smoking. Then she drank, calm and slow, and was absorbed in her drinking.

"Do you want more vodka?"

Joan Madou looked at him. "What was it you gave me to drink then? That first evening?"

Ravic reflected. "I can't remember. Wasn't it cognac?"

"No. It looked like cognac but it was something else. I tried to get it. But I couldn't."

"Where did we drink it?"

"In a small place near the Arch. We had to go down a few steps. Cab drivers and a few girls were there. The waiter had a woman tattooed on his arm."

"Now I know. It must have been calvados. Apple brandy from Normandy. Have you tried that?"

"I don't think so."

Ravic called the waiter. "Have you any calvados?"

"No. Sorry. No one ever asks for it," the man told him.

"This place is too elegant for it. The simplest thing would be to go to the bistro again. But I suppose you must stay here."

"No. I'm through for the night."

"Do you want to go there?"

"Yes."

Ravic had no trouble finding the place again. It was fairly empty. The waiter with the woman tattooed on his arm glanced at both of them; then he shuffled out from behind his counter and wiped a table. "This is progress," Ravic said. "He didn't do that the first time."

"Not this table," Joan Madou said. "That one, there."

"Are you superstitious?"

"Yes."

The waiter stood beside them. "That's it," he said. "That's where you sat before."

"With such a memory, you should be a general or an emperor," Ravic said.

"I never forget anything."

"Then I wonder how you can live. But do you also remember what we drank?"

"Calvados," the waiter said without hesitating.

"All right. We'd like to repeat it now." Ravic turned to Joan Madou. "How simply problems are solved sometimes! Now we'll see if it tastes just the same."

The waiter brought the glasses. "Double. You ordered double calvados then."

"You're gradually giving me an uncanny feeling, my good man. I marvel at you."

"This gentleman has a bad memory," Joan Madou explained to the waiter. "He is an expert in forgetting, just as you are an expert in not forgetting."

RAVIC glanced up. She looked at him. He smiled. "Perhaps not, after all," he said. "And now we'll taste the calvados. Salute."

"Salute!"

"Is it the same?"

"It is better."

The light in the bistro was merciless. It came from a few unshaded electric bulbs. But they had no effect on Joan Madou's looks. The bright mystery which had shone in the subdued light of the night club held its own here, too. It was fully and undeniably present and, seeing it now, Ravic knew. . . .

A few cab drivers entered. They stared at Joan Madou and then they all began to talk at once.

"Would you like to leave?" Ravic asked.

She nodded.

He called the waiter and paid. "Are you sure you don't have to go back to the Scheherazade?"

"Yes."

He put her coat around her shoulders. It was a cheap light mink coak, possibly an imitation, but the effect was not cheap on her.

"Then I'll take you to your hotel," he said, when they stood outside the entrance in the light drizzle waiting for a taxi.

She turned toward him slowly. "Aren't we going to your place?"

She was not as tall as he. Her face was just below his, partly turned up to him. The fine beads of moisture glittered on her hair. Her face was serious, lonely and expectant.

"Yes," he said.

A taxi approached and stopped. They took no notice of it. The driver clicked his tongue, the gears grated and he drove away.

"I've been waiting for you. Did you know?" she asked.

"No."

Her eyes gleamed in the light from the street lamp; one could look into them and see no limit to their depths. "No," he said. "I have seen you today for the first time. You are not the same woman as before."

He felt the light ebb and flow of her breath. Invisibly and tenderly, a strange life in a strange night was borne toward him, blown from an unknown island by unknown winds.

"Hold me," she said.

He looked down into her face and put his arm around her.

"Must one hold you?"

"Yes."

Another taxi came to a squeaking stop beside the curb. The driver, unmoved, looked over at them. On his shoulder sat a little dog, in a knitted vest. "Taxi?" he croaked from behind a long flaxen mustache.

"Look," Ravic said. "That man knows nothing. He does not know that wings have touched us."

"Taxi?" the driver croaked patiently, but louder, and lit a cigarette.

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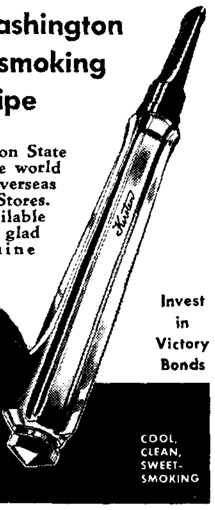

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Please break down and tell me *where* you found that perfectly beautiful SKY-RITE *Lightweight* stationery. It's not a bit like the usual stuff. Trust you, elegant one, to find paper as crisp and white and expensive-looking as that and still so *lightweight!* Of course I sleuthed 'til I found the watermark "SKY-RITE." Tell me, is that the name of the company that makes it? And where can I buy it? If you'll let me in on the secret, I promise to get SKY-RITE-minded, too, and keep you up on every bit of news.

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"Come," Ravic said. "That fellow is experienced in his trade. He won't let us go."

"No. I don't want a taxi. I want to walk with you."

"All right. But I'd like to make that man understand that something exceptional has happened here."

Ravic walked over and spoke to the driver. The man smiled a wonderful smile, greeted Joan with a gesture that only Frenchmen achieve at such moments, and drove away.

"How did you explain it to him?" she asked when Ravic returned.

"With money. The simplest thing. He understood immediately. Like all people who work at night, he's a cynic with a touch of amiable contempt."

She smiled.

He put his arm around her shoulder. "Strange—yesterday you were not yet here; and now you already mean so much to me."

She leaned toward him and looked at him with steady eyes. He felt a wave of warmth and tenderness spread over him and sweep him on.

"Come," he said.

They walked along the empty gray street through the light rain—and when they reached its end, the square lay before them again, huge and unbounded, and, out of the flowing grayness, suspended aloft, rose the massive grayness of the Arch.

KATE HEGSTROEM was lying in her bed, slightly raised with two pillows under her head. The room had the odor of disinfectant and perfume. The smell of ether had disappeared. The window was open at the top. Clear, somewhat chilly air streamed in from the outside. The sky was blue.

"I slept wonderfully," she said. She took a hand mirror from the bed and looked at herself in it. "I look better than I have for years; how is that possible?"

Ravic stood at the foot of the bed. "That happens, Kate," he said. "Relaxation because of the anesthetic and the long sleep afterward."

He waited while she examined her face in the mirror. Soon she would begin asking questions. She was surprisingly fresh and lively, but he would have liked her to be a little drowsier to meet the first shock.

She put the mirror aside and smiled at him. "I have hardly any pain."

"You will have some later. Not very much, and we'll take care of it so that you'll be able to stand it. But it won't remain the way it is now. As an old veteran, you must know that."

She nodded. "You made an incision, Ravic—"

"Yes, Kate."

"Was it necessary?"

"Yes." He waited. It was better to let her ask questions.

"How long will I have to be in bed?"

"Two or three weeks."

She remained silent for a while. Ravic waited. She looked at him. "I think it will be good for me. I've had enough. I need quiet. I realize it now. I was tired. Terribly tired; and often. I did not want to admit it."

She looked at the table opposite her bed. "Are these flowers from you?"

"No. Courtesy of the hospital. We always do this with patients who come in for the third time. The fourth time we present them with a gilt powder box and have a band playing outside."

She smiled. "I've had enough. All of a sudden of that, too; I don't want to be operated on again."

"That won't happen, Kate," he told her reassuringly.

She stretched herself. "I feel as though I had been here for weeks already. How is the world outside?"

"The world outside," Ravic said, relieved, "goes on eagerly preparing for suicide and at the same time deluding itself about what it's doing. Never before have I seen so many politicians who believe in miracles as at present in France and England. And never so few as in Germany.

"But this is not the right conversation for the second day after an operation. This is the first bright blue day we've had for weeks. This is a miracle that will have to satisfy us for today."

He went to the window. "Nevertheless, we'll have to close this now."

Kate Hegstroem looked at the flowers. "But the lilacs are from you, Ravic. Hospitals don't send such expensive flowers. They send asters in the winter, but no lilacs. And neither Veber nor Eugenie would know that they are my favorite flowers."

He turned around and smiled. "You're too sharp for me, Kate. I'll leave you now. I'll look in again in the afternoon."

"Ravic—"

"Yes?" Now it will come, he thought. Now she will ask.

She extended her hand. "Thanks," she said. "Thanks for looking out for me. I always feel so safe with you."

"All right, Kate. All right. There was nothing really to look out for. I'll be back this afternoon. Fall asleep again if you can. And if you want an injection, call the nurse. I'll tell her."

RAVIC went straight to Veber's office. "Veber, where is the brandy?"

"Was it as bad as that? Here's the bottle. Eugenie, get us a glass."

Eugenie reluctantly went for the glass. "That's a thimble," Veber protested. "Get us a decent glass."

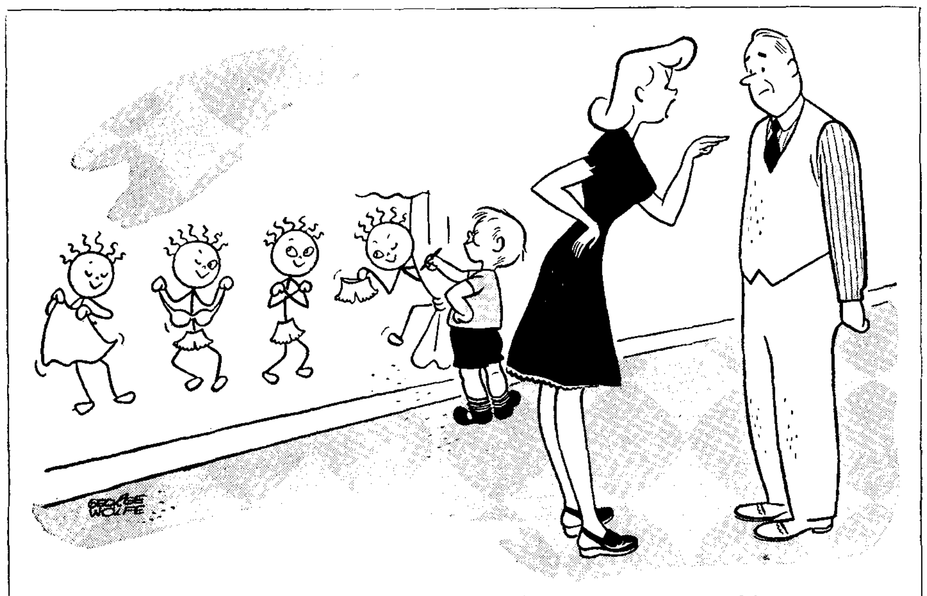
"I don't know why it is, Doctor Veber," Eugenie declared bitingly, "whenever Mr. Ravic comes in, you—"

"Doctor Ravic," Veber corrected her. He filled a glass with cognac. "How often do I have to tell you, Eugenie, that he was the head of a great hospital in Germany. Much more important than I am."

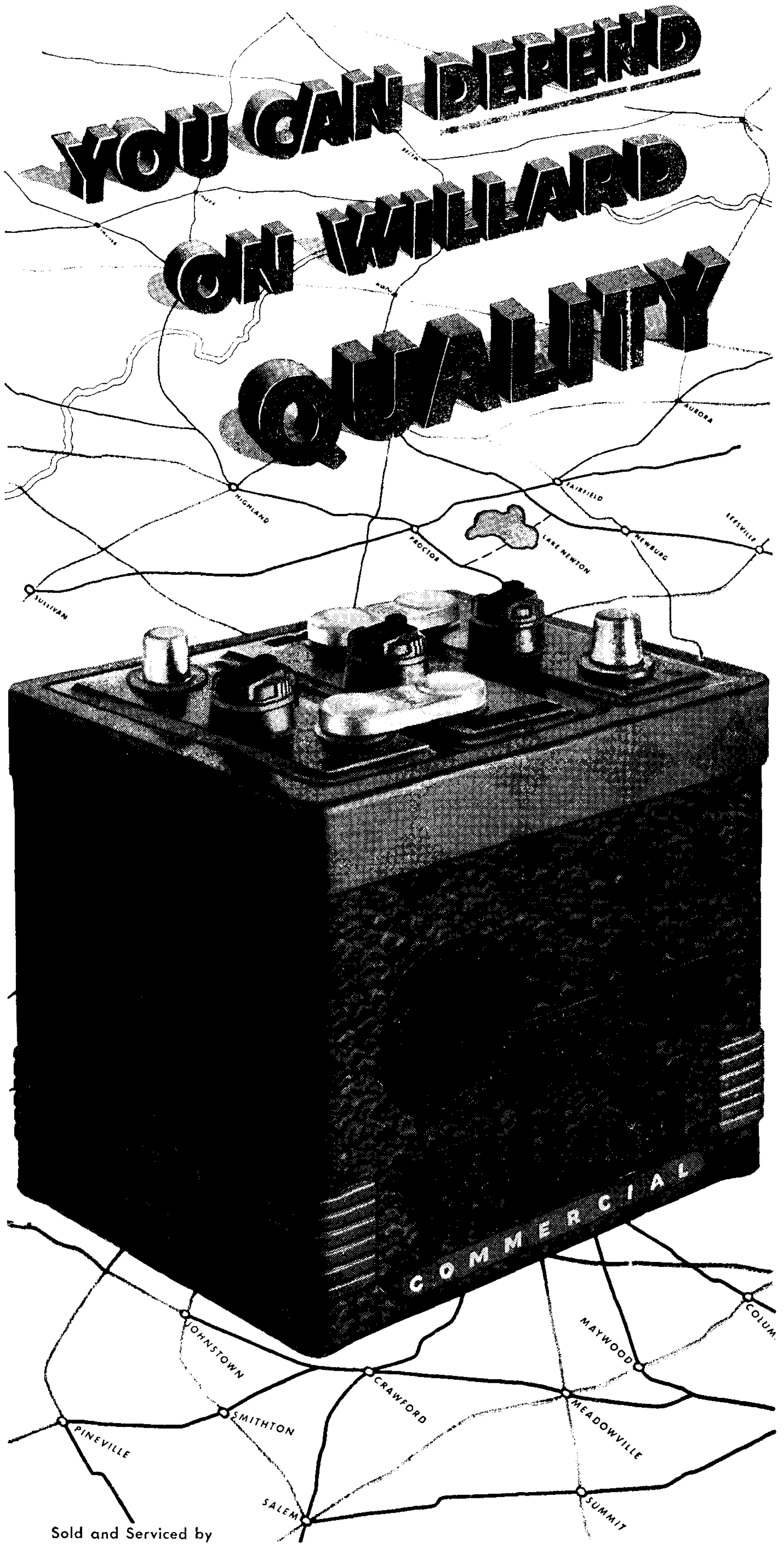
"Here he isn't," Eugenie persisted. "We are in France, Doctor."

"You make the most surprising statements. . . . Here, Ravic. Was it so bad? What does she believe?"

"She did not ask anything," Ravic said;



COLLIER'S "Franklin, are you sure you took Junior to a movie?" GEORGE WOLFE



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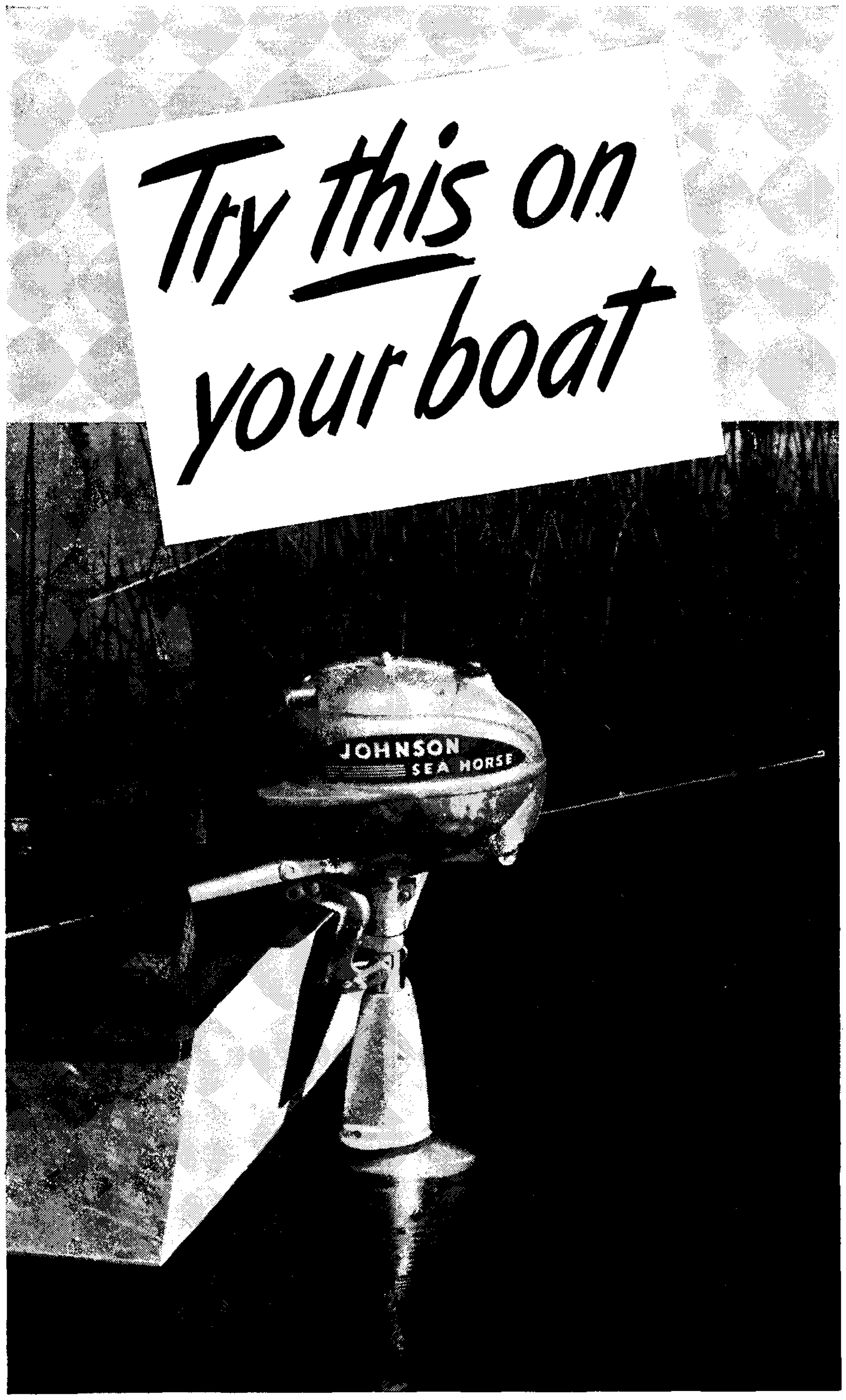

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"she trusts me without asking any questions."

Veber glanced up. "You see," he replied triumphantly. "I told you so."

"Veber," Ravic said. "Has a patient ever expressed his thanks to you when you couldn't do anything for him? And believed your word implicitly?"

"Naturally. Hasn't it happened to you?" Veber asked.

"Yes. And how did you feel about it?"

"Relieved," Veber said in astonishment. "Very much relieved."

"I feel sick."

Veber laughed. He put the bottle aside again.

"Sick?"

Ravic repeated, "Sick at my stomach."

"That's the first human feeling I ever discovered in you," Eugenie said.

"You are not a discoverer, you are a nurse, Eugenie. You often forget that," Veber declared. . . . "The affair is settled, Ravic, isn't it?"

"Yes. For the time being."

"All right. She told the nurse this morning that she wants to go to Florence as soon as she leaves the hospital. Then we're in the clear." Veber rubbed his hands. "The doctors over there can busy themselves. I don't like it when someone who is known dies here. It always hurts our reputation."

A WEEK had passed. The luminous dial of Ravic's watch shone in the dark like a tiny imitation sun. It was three o'clock in the morning. He stretched out and tried to go back to sleep. But he could not sleep. He lay awake for a long time and looked at the ceiling where the red band from the electric signs on the roof opposite ran at regular intervals. He felt empty and did not know why. It was as if the warmth of his body were slowly seeping through his skin, and as if his blood wanted to press against something that was not there.

He held his loosely crossed hands under his head and lay quiet. He knew he was waiting. And he knew it was not only his consciousness that waited for Joan Madou—his hands waited and a strangely alien tenderness within him.

He got up, put on his dressing gown and sat down on the sofa. He looked around. The room was cold, impersonal, a few suitcases, some belongings, a handful of well-read books—a man doesn't need much to live. And it was good not to get used to many things when life was unsettled. You had to abandon them over and over again or they were taken away. It was important to be able to leave at any time. When you were on the move you should not have anything that could bind you. Nothing that could stir your feelings too much.

He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. The alarm clock began to ring in the other room; it was set for the time when he had to get up in order to call for Joan Madou. He had done that every night for the past two weeks.

The hot water ran down his skin . . . Joan Madou. Her face that could suddenly change as if illuminated by a hundred candles; her hair that surged over the pillow like an impetuous wave of spun gold; her eyes that shone lucidly even when the room was dark, as if they even caught the meager light of winter stars from outside the window and reflected it strong and clear.

Ravic had known many women since he had been on the road. But this was different; it was not more as yet, but it was different and it must not become more.

He turned on the cold water tap. An adventure, he thought, nothing more. One must not grow accustomed to anything. One must remain independent. Everything began with little feelings of dependence. One did not notice and suddenly one was entangled.

He decided not to call for Joan Madou that night. He wanted to be alone for a few days.

She came next evening. Ravic saw her standing in the open door. She tried to force her way through with an armful of gigantic chrysanthemums. He did not see her face. He only saw her figure and the huge bright blossoms.

She got the flowers through the door and flung them energetically over Ravic as he lay on the bed. The flowers were wet and cool and the leaves smelled of autumn and earth. "Presents," she said. "I'm beginning to get presents."

"Take them away," Ravic replied. "I'm not dead yet. To lie under flowers—what's more, chrysanthemums—the good old bed of the Hôtel International really looks like a coffin."

"No!" She snatched up the flowers hastily with a violent movement and threw them on the floor. Then she straightened up. "Don't talk like that. Ever!"

Ravic looked at her in surprise. Then he remembered how they had met. "Forget it," he said. "I didn't mean anything."

"Don't talk like that ever again. Not even as a joke. Promise."

Her lips trembled and her eyes were large and dark. "But"—he said—"does it really frighten you so?"

"Yes—it is even worse than being frightened. I don't know what it is."

Ravic got up. "I'll never make a joke about it again. Are you satisfied now?"

She nodded, leaning on his shoulder. "It's stupid, I know. But I simply can't stand it. It's like a hand reaching out of the dark. Fear—as if it were in wait for me." She pressed close to him. "Don't let it happen," she said.

Ravic looked beyond her out of the window. "No—I won't let it happen," he promised her.

She nodded. "You can do it—"

"Yes," he said with a voice full of sadness and derision, thinking of Kate Hegstroem. "I can, of course, I can."

Joan moved in his arms. "You did not come yesterday."

"No, Joan."

She freed herself from his embrace and crouched on the floor among the flowers. "Where were you?" she asked.

He sat on the edge of the bed. "I was here, Joan."

She waited.

"That's all," he said.

She put her arms on his knees. "Did you stay away because you did not want to see me?"

"No, it wasn't that."

"Then I'm happy."

Ravic looked at her. "What did you say?"

"I'm happy," she repeated.

He looked down into her face. "That's a very big word, Joan. One shouldn't use a word like that lightly."

"I'm not using it lightly."

"Happiness," Ravic said. "My God, where does it start and where does it end?"

"It starts with you and ends with you," Joan said. "That is quite simple."

Ravic did not reply. What is she talking about, he thought.

"Soon you will tell me that you are in love with me," he said presently.

"I love you."

He made a gesture. "You hardly know me, Joan."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Love—that means someone you want to grow old with."

"I know that you don't really love me," she said.

"Then you know more than I do—"

She looked up quickly. "You will love me," she said.

HOW she uses this word, Ravic thought. She handles it like a plate. She fills it with something and calls it love.

But who actually knows anything about it? Wasn't what I said about growing old together the most stupid thing? Isn't she far more right with her thoughtlessness? And why do I sit here on a December night, between two wars, and spout words like a schoolmaster, instead of saying to hell with all that and taking her into my arms while there is still time?

"Joan," he said, "we talk too much."

"I am happy and I wish you would be happy too. I am completely happy. I wake up with you and I go to sleep with you. I don't know anything else. My head is made of silver when I think of both of us. The streets are full of us as if we were music, and from time to time people break in and talk and pictures flash by like a movie, but the music remains. The music always remains."

A few weeks ago you were still unhappy, Ravic thought, and you did not know me. An easy happiness. "Have you been happy often?" he asked.

"Not often."

"But sometimes. When was the last time your head was made of silver?"

She smiled at him. Her face was bright and open like a flower with few leaves that hid nothing.

"Two years ago," she said. "In Milan. It did not last long."

"Were you alone at that time?" Ravic asked cautiously.

"No. I was with someone. He was very unhappy and jealous and did not understand."

"Naturally not."

"You would understand. He made terrible scenes." She made herself comfortable, pulled a pillow down from the sofa and pushed it behind her back. "He called me faithless and ungrateful. It wasn't true. I was faithful as long as I loved him. He didn't understand that I did not love him any longer."

"No one understands that."

"But you would understand. You are different and everything is different with us. He wanted to kill me." She laughed. "A few weeks later the other one wanted to kill me. You would never want to kill me."

"Only with brandy," Ravic said. "You will find it on the table. The conversation, thank God, is becoming more human. A few minutes ago I was feeling pretty frightened."

SHE brought the bottle and a glass and set them on the floor with the flowers. "Because I love you?"

"We won't start that again. That's like parading about in a frock coat and a powdered wig. We are together—for shorter or longer, who knows? We are together, that's enough. Why do we have to label it?"

"I don't like that 'for shorter or longer.' But those are only words. You won't leave me. These, too, are only words, and you know it."

"Naturally. Has anyone you loved ever left you?"

"Yes. I was very unhappy."

"For long?"

"For a week at least."

Ravic smiled. "That isn't long."

"It's an eternity if you are really unhappy. I was so unhappy with every part of me that everything was exhausted after a week. My hair was unhappy, my bed, even my clothes. I was so filled with unhappiness that nothing else existed. And if nothing else exists any more, unhappiness ceases to be unhappiness; because there is nothing left with which to compare it. Then it is nothing but complete exhaustion. And then it is over. Slowly one starts to live again."

She kissed his hand. He felt the soft cautious lips. "What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"Of nothing. Pour me some brandy. I'll drink to my friend Morosow, the connoisseur of the human heart."

"I don't like Morosow. Can't we drink to someone else?"

"Naturally you don't like him," Ravic said. "He has such keen eyes. All right, let's drink to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, to you."

She propped herself with her hands on the floor and looked at him. Her hair was thrown back on the nape of her neck and there was something of a bright young lioness about her.

"I know," she said, "you're laughing at me; but I don't mind. I feel that I'm alive; I feel it in my whole being, my breath is different and my sleep is no longer dead, my joints have purpose again and my hands are no longer empty. And it does not matter to me what you think about it and what you may say about it, I let myself fly and I let myself run and I throw myself down, without a thought, and I am happy and I am neither cautious nor afraid of saying it, even if you do laugh at me and make fun of me—"

Ravic remained silent for a while. "I'm not making fun of you," he then said. "I'm making fun of myself, Joan."

She leaned toward him. "Why?" she demanded. "There is something in the back of your head that doesn't want this. A barrier. Why?"

"That's no barrier. That is merely fifteen more years of life than you have had," Ravic said smilingly. "Not everyone's life is like a house that belongs to him and that he can go on decorating more richly. Some people live in hotels, in many hotels. The years close behind them like dirty hotel doors, and the only thing that remains is a little courage and no regrets."

FOR some time she did not answer. He did not know whether she had listened to him or not. "Joan," he said, "it is nice that you are here."

She looked at him.

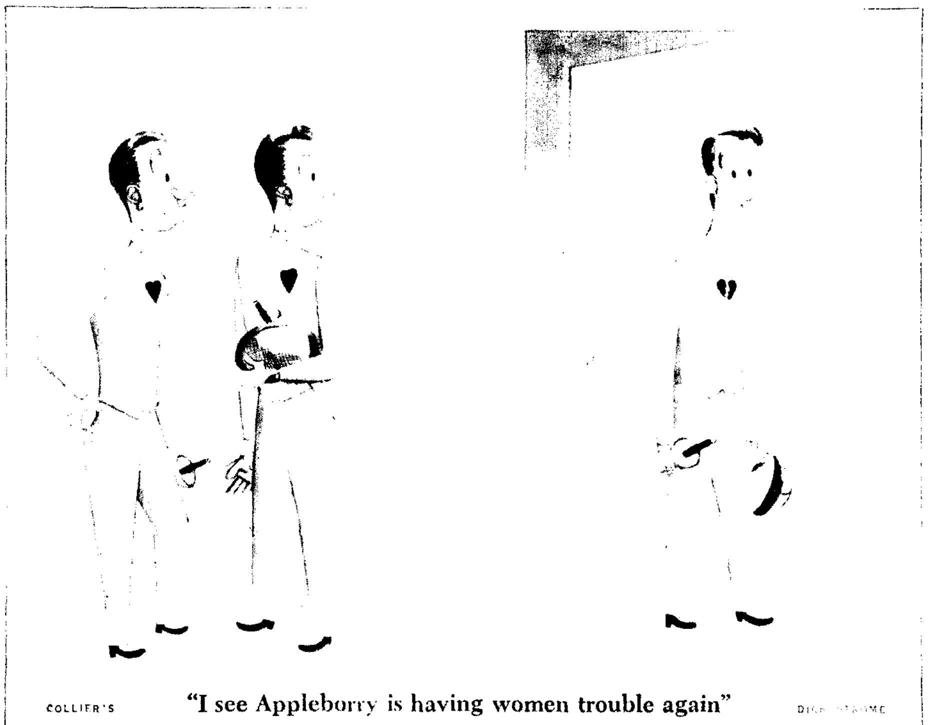
He took her hands. "You understand what that means? More than many words—" He paused questioningly.

She nodded. Suddenly her eyes were filled with tears. "It doesn't mean anything," she said. "I know."

"That's not true," Ravic replied and knew that she was right.

"No, nothing at all. You must love me, darling. That's all." She put her arms around his neck. "You must love me, Ravic. Otherwise I'm lost."

(To be continued next week)



"I see Appleborry is having women trouble again"

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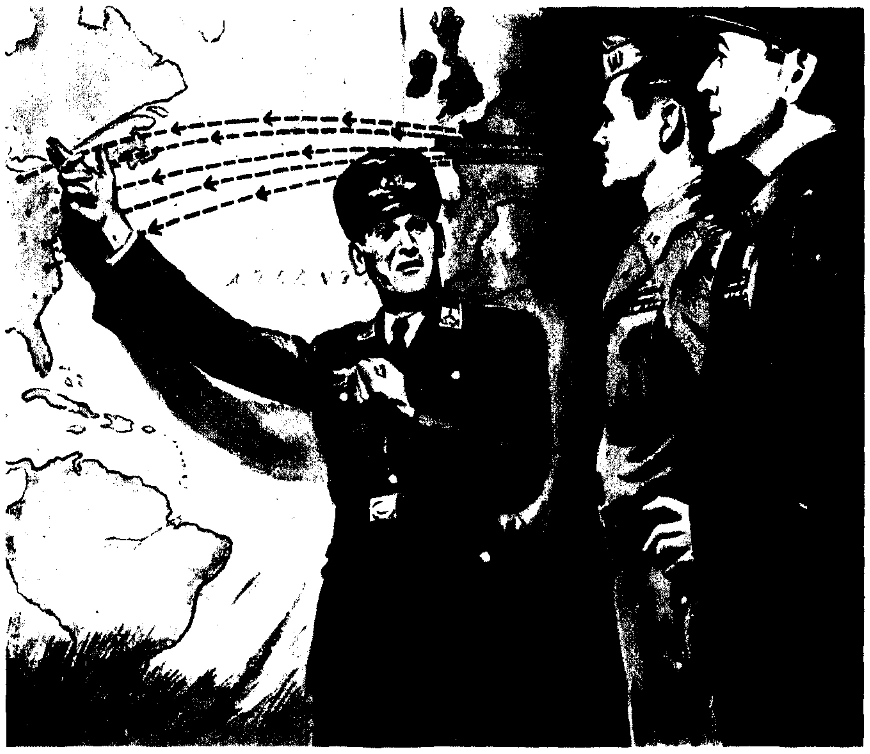
SEVERAL TIMES during the European phase of this war, victory was almost within Germany's grasp . . . on land, on the sea, or in the air.

Above all, knowing the vital importance of air supremacy, the Nazis tried time and again to wrest it back from the Allies.

And they almost succeeded.



Time ran out

Especially in the last months of the war, our margin of safety was slimmer than most of us suspected.

Just how slim it was is known best to certain American military experts **who have since inspected some of Germany's underground research laboratories and war plants.**

Here they saw secret weapons in various stages of development . . . **weapons which might conceivably have turned the trick for the Nazis if they could have used them boldly in a last desperate gamble.**

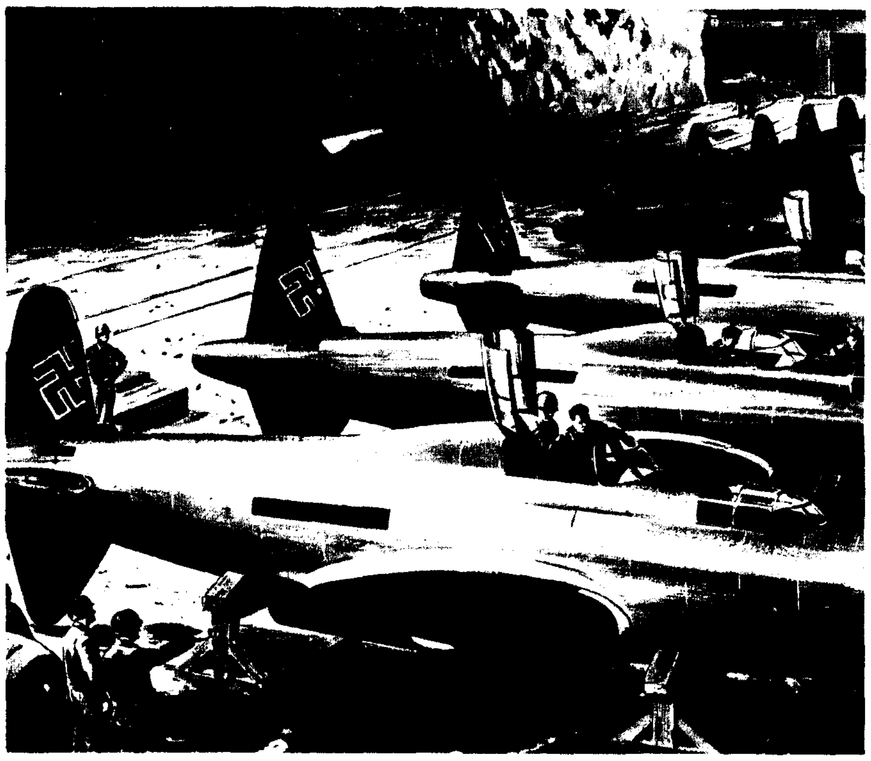
Some of these things can now be revealed. Others cannot—yet.

In one plant, the U. S. Army officers found partially assembled jet fighter planes of radical new design. There were planes potentially better than anything the Allies had in combat at that time.

If time hadn't run out on the Germans, **quantities of these jet planes might have changed the balance of air power in their favor.**

In a V rocket plant, burrowed 800 feet deep in limestone rock, our technicians found blueprints for a fearful V bomb with an estimated range of 3000 miles.

"We planned to destroy New York and other American cities starting in November," said a German rocket engineer.



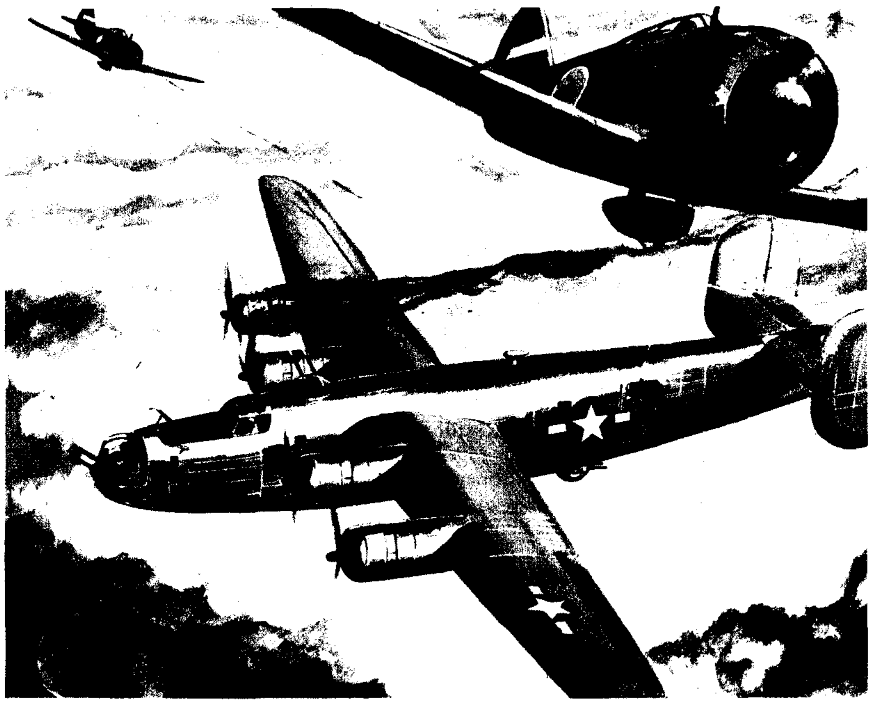
Target: U. S. A.

In a converted salt mine, our ordnance officers examined nearly completed jet-propelled heavy bombers . . . **bombers claimed by the Germans to be capable of crashing high explosives into the industrial cities of the eastern United States and flying back again across the Atlantic.**

Goering himself said the planes had been successfully test-flown and would have been in operation if Germany could have held out 3 months longer.

But those catastrophes, and others, never quite came to pass on the German timetable of war. **We managed, right to**

the end, to maintain the air supremacy we had achieved . . . sometimes *just by the skin of our teeth.*



Why Japan surrendered

Now that victory is ours in the Pacific, many people sincerely believe that it was U. S. air power that brought Japan to her knees.

This, we believe, is only partly true.

But Japan's defeat points out one lesson that simply can't be argued down: The nation that loses supremacy in the air cannot win a war or remain secure in peace.

Because of this fact, Japan's case was hopeless even before the advent of the atomic bomb. It was only a question of time before she caved in . . . for she had lost control of her skies.

The race we must keep winning

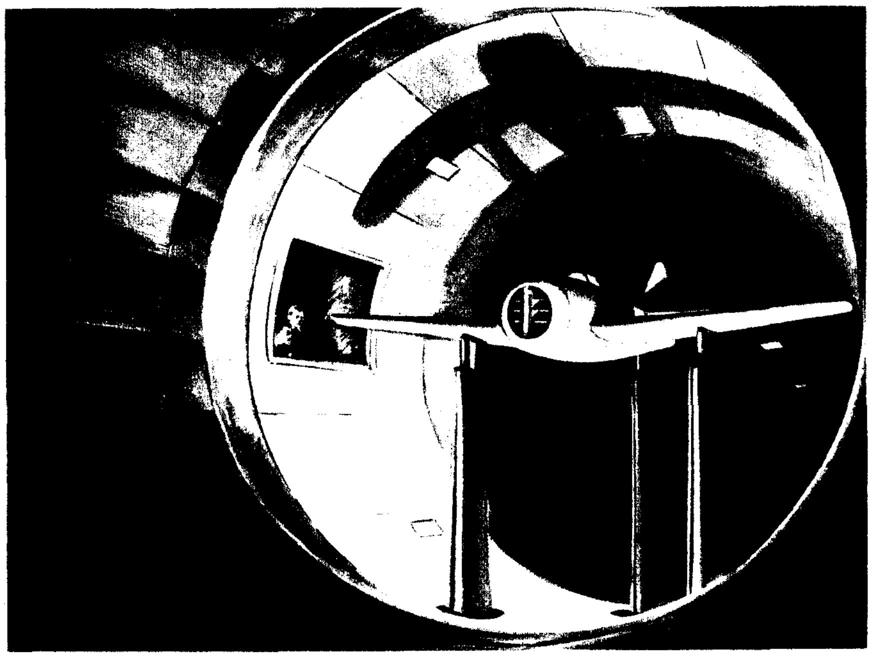
America is now ahead in the development of new aerial weapons.

But there can be no security for us in the future if we rest content on our present-day superiority and allow ourselves to lag in aeronautical research and development.

Constant and continuing research in the field of aeronautics is a MUST for America . . . today and always!

As long as we maintain our air superiority after victory, **no aggressor nation is apt to be foolhardy enough to dream of attacking us.**

But experimental research is only the **first step in winning the race that will insure America from attack in the future . . .**



The best planes periodically resulting from this research must be put in production in sufficient quantities to develop *manufacturing techniques and tools* and to keep the nucleus of a manufacturing organization which can be quickly expanded if ever needed.

We must also have enough planes for our Armed Services to train the Flight and Ground Crews in their use. *One or two experimental planes are not enough* to keep our Air Force and manufacturing organizations ready for any emergency.

Only when the design and production "bugs" always present in a new plane are revealed and eliminated by use—can our ever-improving aircraft be considered ***proven* military weapons.**

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG IN THE AIR!

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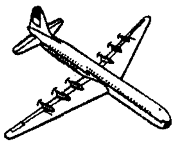
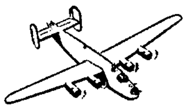
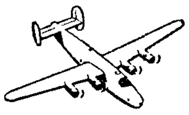
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.
Member, Aircraft War Production Council



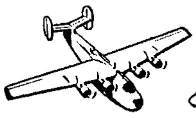
CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper



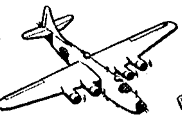
LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber



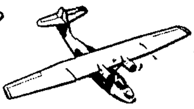
LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport



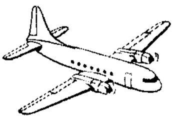
CORONADO
patrol bomber



PRIVATEER
search plane



CATALINA
patrol bomber



CONVAIR MODEL 110
commercial transport

SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"

The Jungle is

THESE are the faces of the indomitables. They have what I think is about the toughest job in the world. They are men of the Search and Rescue Unit, Air Transport Command, Chabua, Assam. It sounds innocuous. But it isn't. Writers have been telling, for three years now, how hazardous it is to fly the Himalayan Hump from India into China. Well, when planes crash, these fellows go in and rescue those still alive.

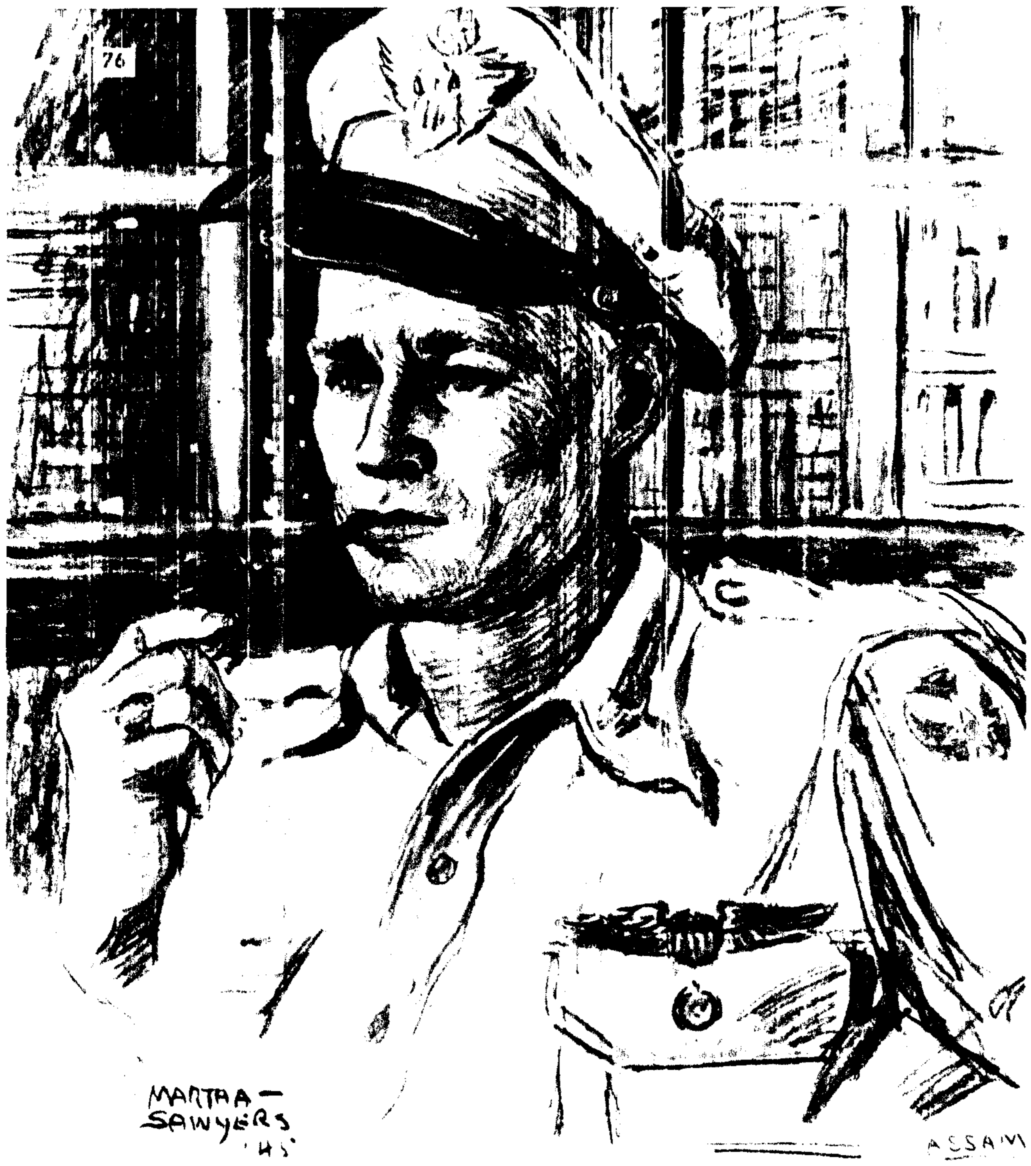
Major Pricer has a big map in his operations office. As planes fly the Hump either way, they report their positions at stated intervals. When one doesn't come in, a colored pin jabs the map at the exact spot where it was last heard from. Around that pin the major draws an area of "probability." Then the men of the Search and Rescue Unit (SRU) take off in their secondhand and third-hand C-47s and 54s and lumber through the highest passes in the world, looking for wreckage, a spiral of smoke, slashed timber, the blink of a pocket mirror, anything to spot the scene of the accident.

When they find it, these boys have just begun their work. The next step is to establish a set of working signals with the crashed crew to find out how many are dead and hurt, what supplies are needed urgently and to reassure the living that help is coming. The third step is to carry out the promise of rescue.

If there is a flat patch of ground near by, the SRU may land in a small liaison plane, and fly the victims out one at a time. If no flat patch is available, they can drop a jungle-wise group with supplies, medicine and litters, and beat their way back to civilization. Some crash crews have come out by themselves, dodging king cobras, ducking tribes alleged to be head-hunters, living on berries and tree bark, and spending weeks trying to chart their way out of the mirror maze of mountains.

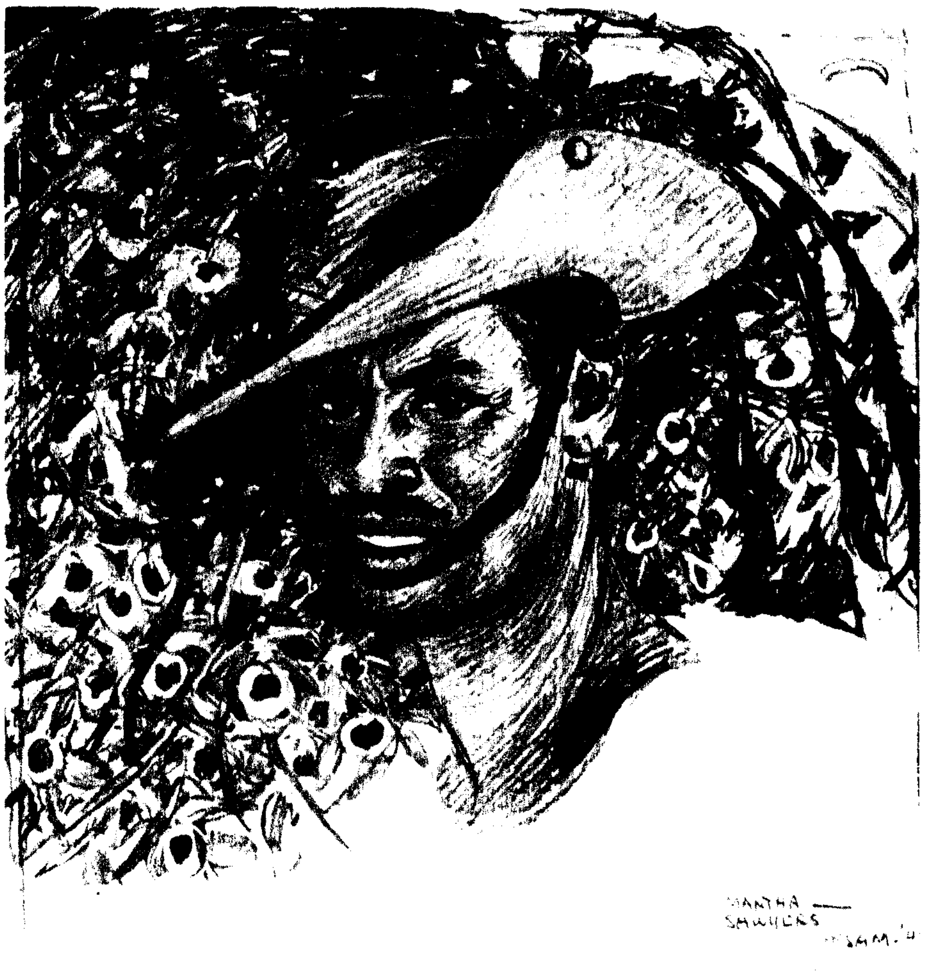
The long-term record for coming out alone is held by Pilot Charles G. Allison and his crew of three. They emerged, barefooted and beaten, after 93 days. The Army doctor who examined them said that they were in unusually fine condition and one of the crew members growled: "It's a hell of a way to get in shape."

Pilot Lieutenant Greenlow Adams came back from the jungles and mountains in eighteen days. But in that time he lived on sugar cane, bamboo shoots and berries only, and he shot a lot of river rapids on a flimsy raft. The big point is that no lost plane is ever given up or struck off the list until every man who

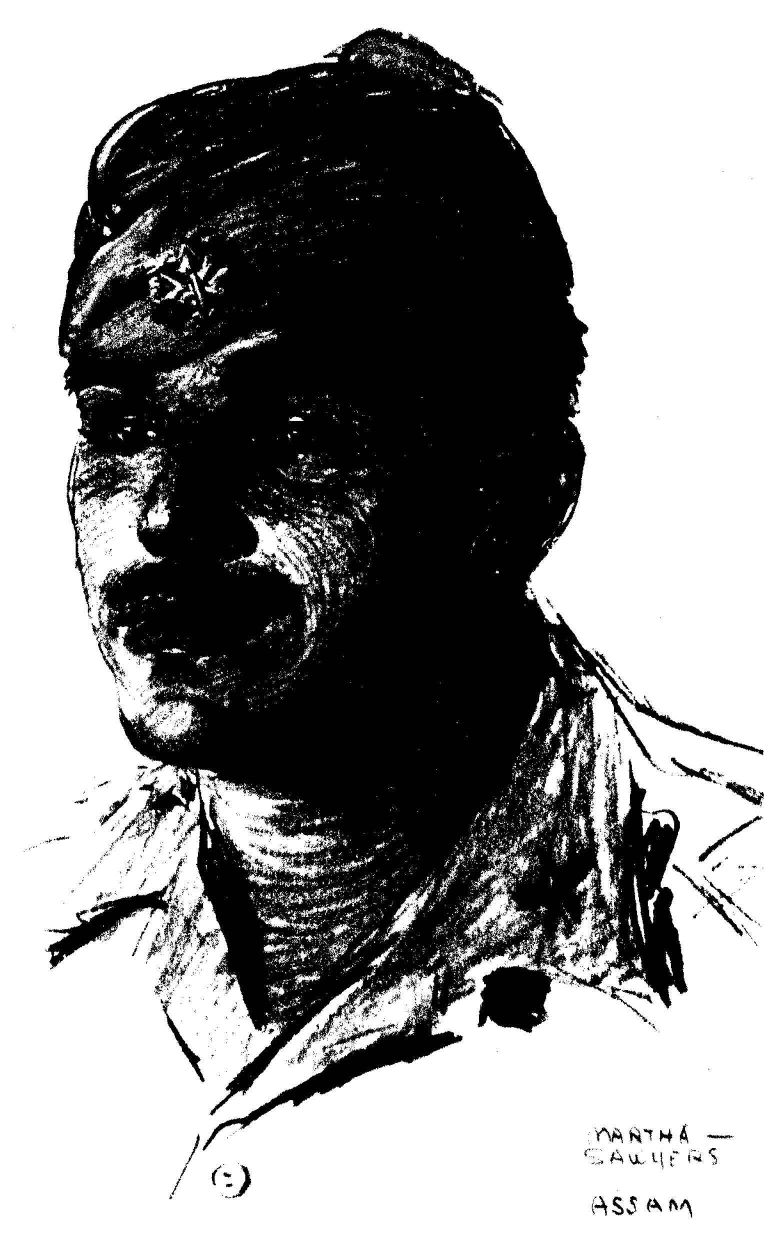


Joel MacCray sits at a maintenance desk in Assam now. His job is to keep the Search and Rescue planes flying, which, in turn, means cannibalizing parts from older planes on the field. He's a captain, from San Antonio. He wasn't always at a desk. He's been in 56 countries since Pearl Harbor

This is a handsome, rugged head, and inside it is the brain that directs the Search and Rescue Unit. He's Major Donald C. Pricer of Millbrae, Calif. As a duty pilot, he made 130 trips over the Hump. Once, to rescue an injured pilot, he parachuted down, hacked a landing strip out by hand, flew the man out over the peaks in a tiny L-5



Lt. Bill Diebold, of Pittsburgh, jumps from rescue planes and leads crash crews out of the jungle. He designed the hat himself. A native chief pierced his ears and gave him the earrings. Once, sitting on a jungle log, he discovered that termites had eaten the wallet out of his trousers pocket



Your Enemy

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

was aboard the ship is fully accounted for.

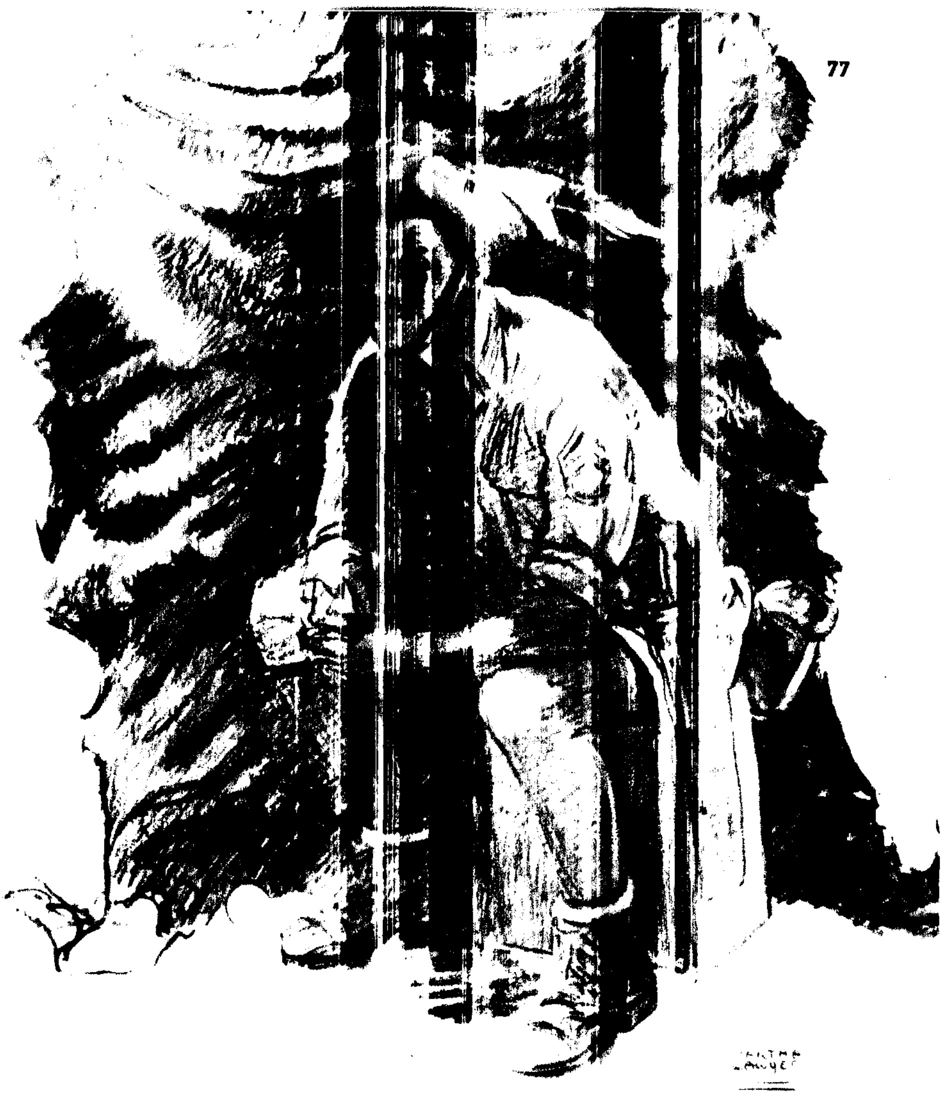
The native tribes are kept friendly by cash payment for whatever assistance they give a downed air crew. Headquarters Intelligence has made this a fixed policy, and it pays dividends. A greater percentage of crash crews are getting back. But the friendliness of natives is sometimes overdone. Americans who wander dazed and sick from aircraft and struggle through tropospheric mountain passes, and are queasy of stomach, do some unexpected things when grinning natives reach them and present food in the form of a bowl of fish eyes, or the blood of a decapitated calf, or the intestines of a mountain goat.

Some don't get back at all. There was a Captain Porter a few years back whose last radio report said that, while flying his transport between mountain peaks, he had just encountered a whole group of Japanese fighter planes. The next report said that both his engines were shot out and he was fighting back. With what? A portable light machine gun which the copilot braced against his belly. Porter and his four crew members were killed in the crash. But they weren't checked off the books until their bodies were found.

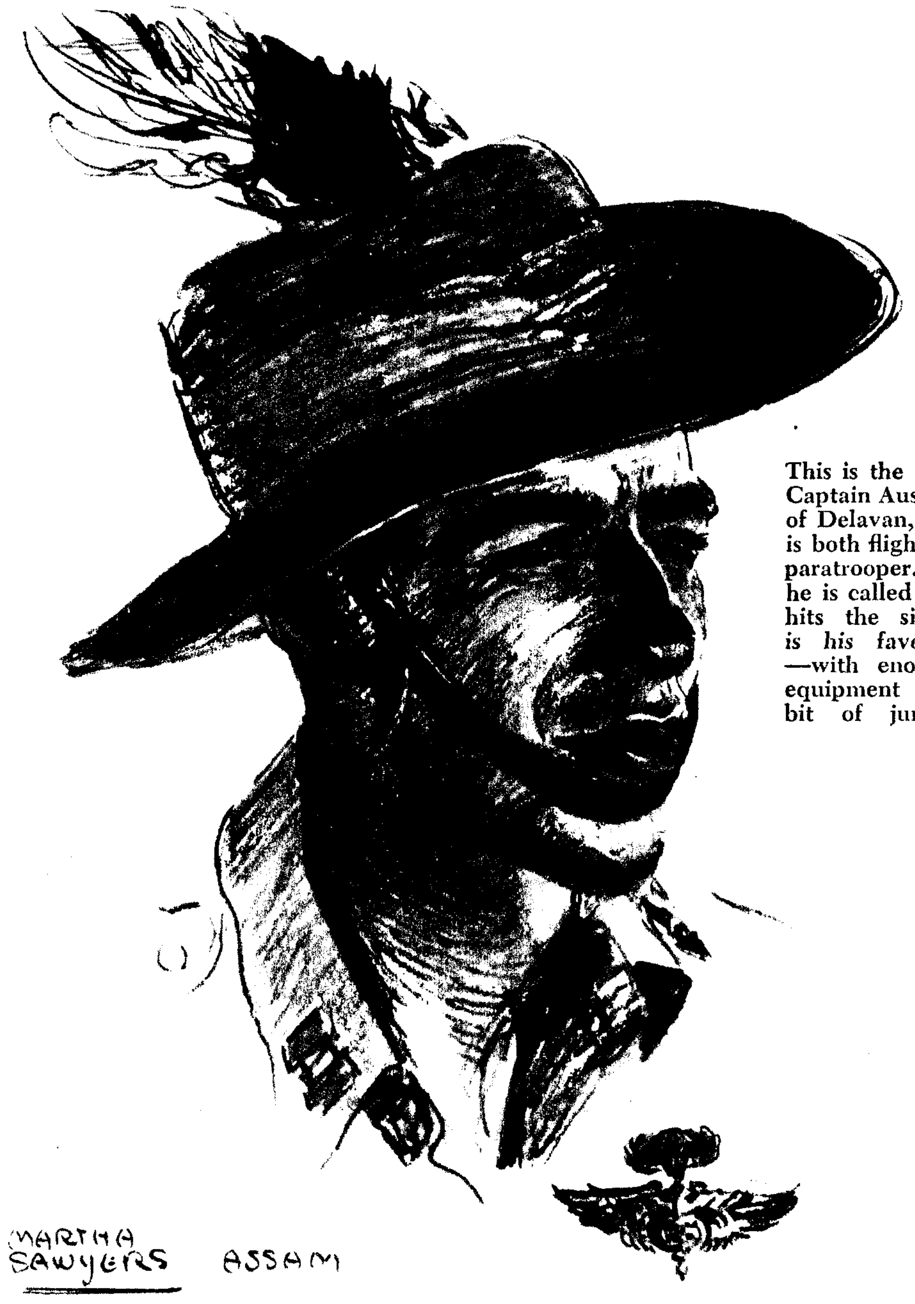
Even at their peak strength in China, the Japs could not cut the Hump airway. Weather always was the big enemy, next to the jungle. Some of the peaks are so high that, without special equipment, the pilot must follow the passes between mountains. When fog or snow closes in, the crews sweat out the passes.

The India-China Division of the Air Transport Command may never really lick the mountains, the weather and the jungle. But they have it hanging on the ropes right now. They used to fly 10,000 tons a month into China and, at that time, they said that, given the right breaks, they'd boost it to 15,000. When this year ends, they will have flown 500,000 tons over the Himalayas, averaging better than 40,000 per month. In one day they have made as many as 500 trips. With nonstop flights from Assam to Chungking, the pilots have made the trip in less than five hours.

When the figures are finally published, and the various commands take their bows for a job well done, you won't see this Search and Rescue Unit in the group. They don't belong there. They haven't transported a tire or a gallon of gasoline to help the war effort. And now that the war is done, their work will be sharply curtailed, perhaps canceled out altogether. But what a job they've done of bringing our men back alive! ★★★

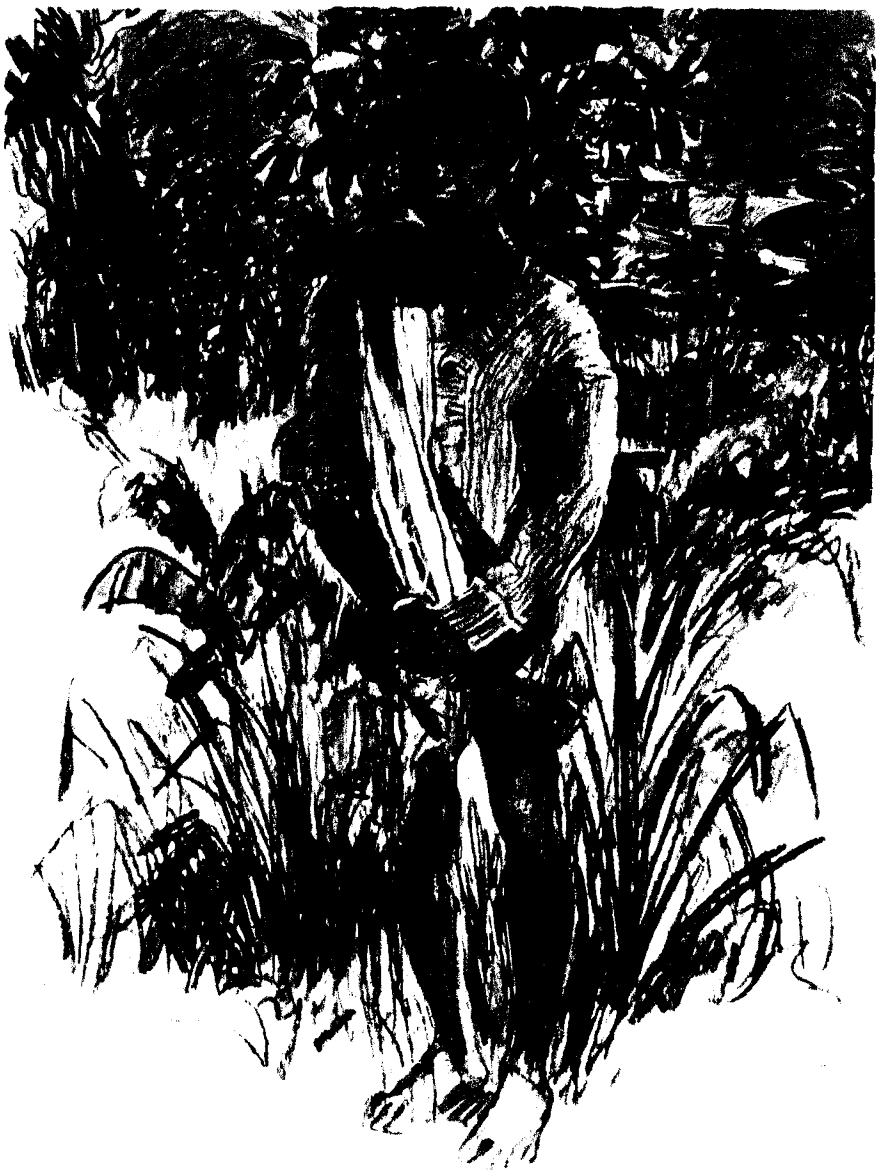


Sgt. Robert J. Meehan of Salem, Mass., is a trailsman. He travels on foot, brings food and medicine to downed fliers. The tiger skin behind him is a present from a native guide who bagged it himself



This is the doctor. He is Captain Austin Lamberts, of Delavan, Wis., and he is both flight surgeon and paratrooper. Every time he is called on a case, he hits the silk—400 feet *is his* favorite altitude—with enough portable equipment to perform a bit of jungle surgery

A year ago this native Moslem bearer overcame his great fear of the thundering metal birds and came out of the jungle to offer his services. He has worked at the base since. But when Miss Sawyers painted him, it required an overseer to keep him from bolting back



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Continued from page 19

in all its forms. It was opposed to the economic imperialisms involved in the building of a closed empire at Ottawa in 1932. It was opposed to the strategic imperialism which led Japan to use territories it had acquired under mandate in 1919 as links in the chain of its pursuit of Pacific domination.

A Policy of Anti-Imperialism

The Labor Party has always been the vigorous critic of political imperialism, which, as in India, has subordinated the will of Indians to be a nation, to a tradition which has always become obsolete once a people has determined upon the right to govern itself. It has always been convinced that color should be no barrier to status, and that no colonial policy is ever justified that does not swiftly educate colonial peoples for the task of self-government. Perhaps I may note here that the Labor Party only last year refused to accept application from the Labor Party of Rhodesia because this latter body supported the color bar in Africa. This outlook makes possible collaboration not only with the remarkable experiments by which Soviet Russia has helped its backward peoples in their swift advance, but also with that honorable tradition in the United States which has done so much to make Filipinos recognize that partnership is better than isolation in an independent world. The Labor Party has always rejected the implicit mercantilism which underlies every type of imperialist effort.

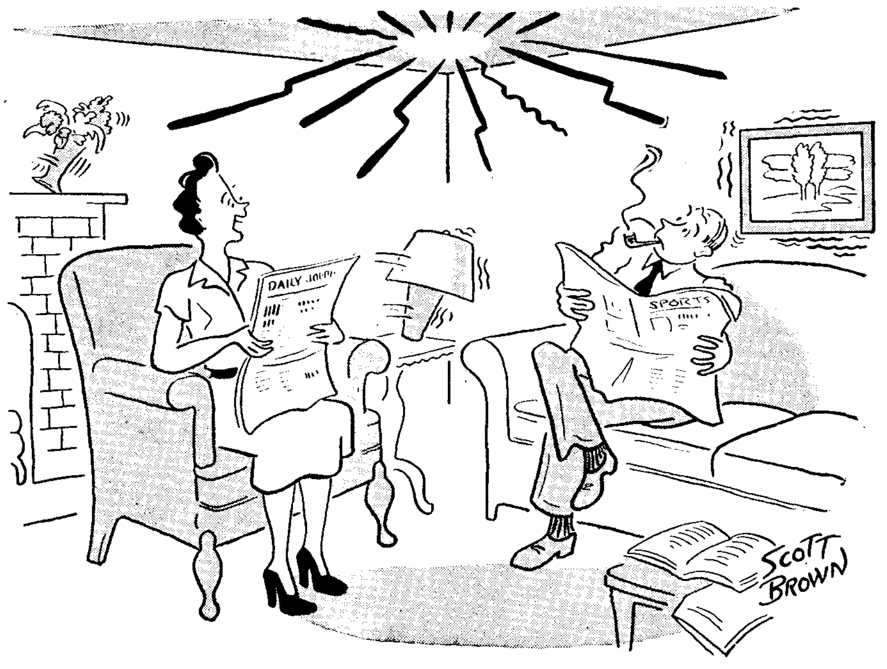
That is why the Labor government must necessarily be anxious that the twenty-year treaty between Britain and the Soviet Union should be built not merely on wartime recognition of mutual needs but even more on the peacetime achievement of common purpose. It is emphatic in its insistence that this outlook must increase rather than diminish. It desires full, ever-deeper friendship with the United States. All three powers have a common interest in peace. All three powers have a common interest in educating Germany and Japan to a "good neighbor" policy. All recognize that the more rapidly an orderly, democratic China emerges from the tragic chaos imposed by Japanese militarism, the easier it will be to solve the big issues that hang on the evolution of China to a great industrialized community whose economic wants and resources will mitigate the dangers of international rivalry for its markets. That is true also of India and Malaysia. It is true of southeastern Europe, than which no area is more ready for joint planning for development of the type of which America's TVA has become the classic example.

And, since it is the Socialist belief that the central principles of the New Deal have come to stay, that no federal government could now hope under democratic institutions to leave its underprivileged groups to the hazards of what American big business so curiously likes to describe as "free enterprise," the Socialist government in Britain can have confidence that postwar America will advance, if with more hesitation, in a collectivist direction and that at an increasing tempo. If we are all ready to learn wisdom from our experience, the next age will be neither the "American Century" nor the "Russian Century," but the century in which great states discover that their identities of interest are far more important than their differences.

In this perspective, certain immediate issues solve themselves. The general lines of policy for the treatment of the Axis powers bear the signature of Mr. Attlee as well as of President Truman and Generalissimo Stalin in the Potsdam agreement. American reservations about British policy in Greece will carry very different weight with the Labor government than they did with Churchill's coalition. Bretton Woods has still an aura of controversy about it, but it is the solid view of the Labor ministers that an experiment in international control of managed currency has far more helpful implications for the wise rebuilding of international trade than any policy which would rely upon an unplanned outcome of our anarchy of competing currencies. There is agreement on Franco's Spain, and if the United States accepts the view that there is little real gain in Franco's replacement by that traditional Spanish monarchy of which the trappings are as ornate as the inner principle of action is obsolete, we can both take steps to assist the Spanish people to win their freedom.

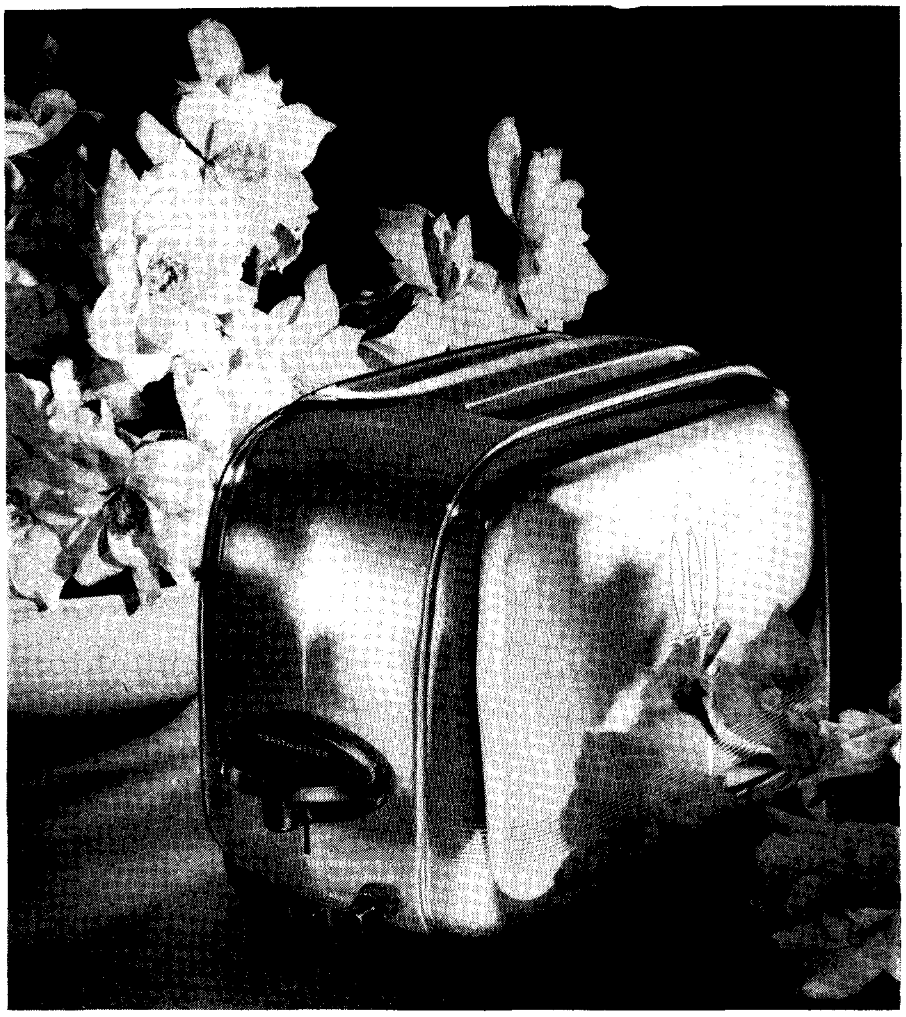
Opposed to Pan-Arabism

We share the common purpose of helping France to recover her status as a great democracy. We are both pledged to mitigate the grim tragedy of the Jewish people by helping them to rebuild their ancient glory in the land from which they were driven. We shall both find pretty quickly that fulfillment of the Balfour Declaration involves wide international co-operation to prevent the artificially rising tide of Arab internationalism from becoming a mask behind which the Arab effendis are left free to exploit the masses in return for surrender of concessions in those oil fields which, under private enterprise, have been a direct pipe line to the lust and greed which breed ill will between peoples. There is an immense common task before us in which, by application of modern



COLLIER'S "That groom upstairs has pretty well adjusted himself to everything except those small frilly rugs she has around" SCOTT BROWN

Beautifully new



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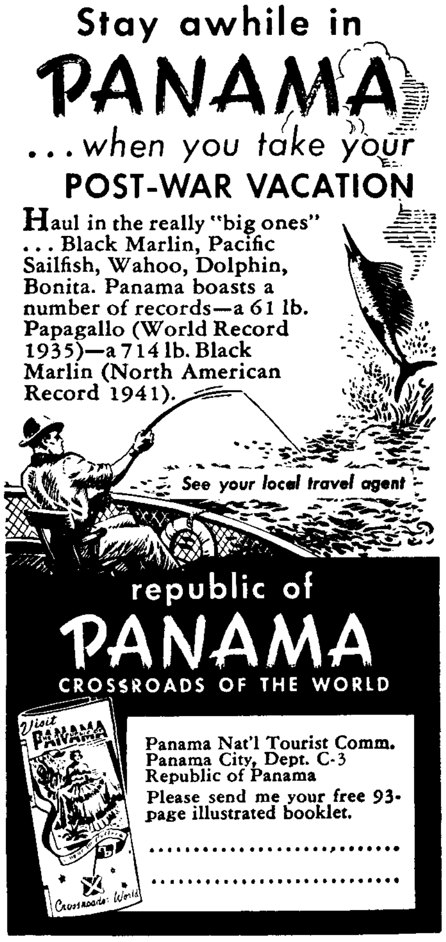
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technology, we must prove to the Middle East that Pan-Arabism is a futile alternative to the prospects that can be opened by agricultural engineering.

There are, of course, men and interests no government could ever satisfy, either in Britain or in the United States. There are Englishmen like Lord Croft, who will never overcome the illusion that bigness is identical with grandeur; he expresses with the sincerity of unsophisticated ignorance what men like William Randolph Hearst have preached with an anxious eye on past and future investments.

There are corporate empires, like the copper companies in Africa, which cover exploitation with the flag of patriotism; their fantastic profits seem to their directors an offering on the altar of national welfare. A vast monopoly like the incredible Patino tin dynasty will view with horror the concern of the Labor government to insist that the white man's burden must not be borne permanently by the black or even by peons of mixed blood. A good deal of Anglo-American tension will be mitigated if we can create an atmosphere in which there is ever-lessening support for blimps, military or civilian, in both countries, or for the predatory corporation which builds its power upon the blood of men and women.

A Program to Protect Taxpayers

Any analysis of the Labor government's domestic program must begin by emphasizing that confiscation of private property has no place in its policy. From the outset of its history the Labor Party has always been opposed to any exappropriation. It is not, indeed, prepared to pay more than a reasonable price for property that it may ask Parliament for permission to acquire. Taxpayers' money must not be used to pay for unreal assets which have behind them watered capital only. But, subject to that limitation, Labor has always taken the view that the process of economic change is made possible in terms of consent by safeguarding the private owner, large or small, against sudden change of fortune.

The Labor government proposes, in the first five years of its power, to nationalize the Bank of England, coal and power industries, inland transport and the iron and steel industries. For many years this decision has been a constant feature of its policy. It has been debated from every angle and the party has devoted many years of careful research to methods by which it can be wisely implemented. It will nationalize the Bank of England because no government is really effectively in power unless it can control—and only ownership can seriously control—the credit mechanism of the state. It is then in a position to relate provision of capital to the economic situation, and to direct the flow of investment in terms of priorities which express national need. For example, houses for ordinary people are—especially since the blitz—obviously more important than luxury flats, and schools are more important than cinemas. But, from experience, these priorities will not secure recognition unless the hazards of private enterprise are replaced by the social power to make need come before profit.

Mines must be nationalized for two reasons. A long series of inquiries has established the inefficiency and backwardness of the present ownership; the Reid report in particular has this year demonstrated that something like £300,000,000 will be required for their modernization. Any serious observer, moreover, is aware that the psychological abyss between miners and mine owners is unbridgeable while the mines remain in private hands. One community has already purchased mining royalties, and only full ownership will enable a healthy industry to be built up.

Much the same tale again can be told of electric power and of utilization of the byproducts of coal. It applies also to transport, and it explains the failure of the iron and the steel industry (which Abram S. Hewitt could admire two generations ago for its efficiency and resourcefulness) to keep pace with developments in other countries.

The Labor party proposes that each industry as it becomes nationally owned and controlled shall be formed into a public corporation, responsible to the minister of the Crown, who shall in his turn be responsible to Parliament. Only the largest decisions on policy will be made by the minister—day-to-day decisions will be made by executive personnel who will be chosen for their business capacity and technical competence. Care will be taken to associate the immense practical experience of miners and railwaymen with the work of operation, and full provision will be made for the research necessary to their development. Private owners will be compensated by the issue either of bonds backed by government guarantees or by terminable annuities, either for some such period as twenty-one years or for the lifetime of the owner.

Above all, the Labor Party is insistent that its schemes must leave ample room for initiative and flexibility; and it is anxious that proper scope shall be given within each industry for the training of workers to rise, as they show capacity, to the highest positions open to them.

This is not nationalization for the sake of nationalization merely; it is nationalization because experience has so overwhelmingly demonstrated (as in comparison between public and private enterprise in the distribution of electric power) the superior efficiency and greater cheapness of public enterprise. And there is no folly or corruption comparable to the habits of Samuel Insull or the Van Sweringen brothers where state ownership occupies the field.

The Labor Party thus begins with socialization of one sector—admittedly an important sector—of British industry. It does so on two grounds: First, it can then go forward on the basis of an experience carefully investigated, with principles verified by results, to the next state of development. Second, it has a heavy program of social reform which the immediate needs of the time make it impossible to delay.

We must build at least 8,000,000 houses, perhaps more, in the next twenty years; and to make that possible we must simplify procedure for the compulsory acquisition of land, rigorously control the price rings which by expert admission have crept into every nook and cranny of the building industry, create and maintain an adequate army of real craftsmen in building, and see to it that housing standards, both in comfort and design, measure up to the principles our outstanding architects have laid down. This involves not only the exclusion of the speculative builder who, after 1919, did so much to cover Britain with an ugly bungaloid growth, but it involves also full acceptance of the rigorous application of modern principles for the location of industry.

Unemployment Can Be Avoided

The Labor Party is committed to a full implementation of the Beveridge report. This means not merely a new era in the treatment of unemployment, which will inevitably follow the change from war to peace. Even more, it means the use of state power in terms of our new knowledge to secure full employment—a position in which there normally are more jobs than men—instead of accepting the tragic sequence of boom and slump as an inevitable part of our economic destiny.

The Labor government has also to create a genuine state medical service and thus to end the iniquity of one standard of health for the rich and another and lower standard for the poor. And in creating it, it must not be deterred, as Mr. Churchill's ministers of health were deterred, by the arrogant attempts of the British Medical Association to blackmail the Cabinet into accepting a dualism of authority more helpful to wealthy practitioners, most of them aging men, than to the general run of patients.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the new energetic Minister of Education, has an immense job making the schools of Britain—especially the rural schools—good enough to make equality of opportunity in training a reality and not a phrase. She will have to find and train 70,000 new teachers, men and women, who have real faith in the possibilities of education.

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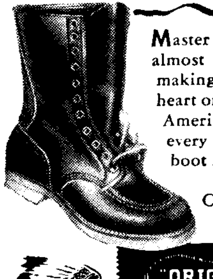
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She will have to build hundreds of new schools. She will have to revise curricula and at all costs reduce the size of classes. Not the least important, she will have to see that educational research and medical inspection of school children are put on a new footing.

To all this must be added one fundamental matter. For at least two generations, research—both pure and applied—has been starved in finance, and chaotic in organization in this country. To Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Lord President of Council, will fall the urgent duty of correcting these defects. Partly, no doubt, it is a matter of money, but only partly. Much more important is the effort so to plan research that it is set in public context, so defined that big business cannot evade its outcome or frustrate the process of technological discovery by secrecy or suppression.

The Labor government has got to take steps to prevent the kind of domination which, through the technique of cartels and the exploitation of patent laws, made I.G. Farben like a great spider in whose web a great army of scientists were caught. And to make the volume of research workers and their quality proportionate to the need, Mr. Morrison has got to give universities—especially provincial universities—higher status and far ampler endowments than they have hitherto enjoyed. Nothing could justify economizing upon intelligence in a society that has set its feet on the path of Socialism.

Obviously, the Labor government begins its work in a tired world ravaged by long years of total war. As Mr. Lloyd George remarked to me only a short time before he died, fatigue is the opportunity of malignant men. The necessities of supply for war have made great monopolies and combines more powerful and more persuasive than they were in 1939. An American has only to look at the personnel in wartime economic controls in Britain to see the vast range of their authority. It would under any circumstances be a great adventure to seek within the framework of a capitalist society to lay the foundations of a Socialist commonwealth; to attempt this achievement in Europe, where so much has perished both materially and spiritually, is an adventure of heroic proportions. In a sense it can only be justified by success, and success means sure, decisive proof that Socialist principles evoke faith and the will to work from all citizens upon a different plane of effort from any to which industrialist principles can possibly attain.

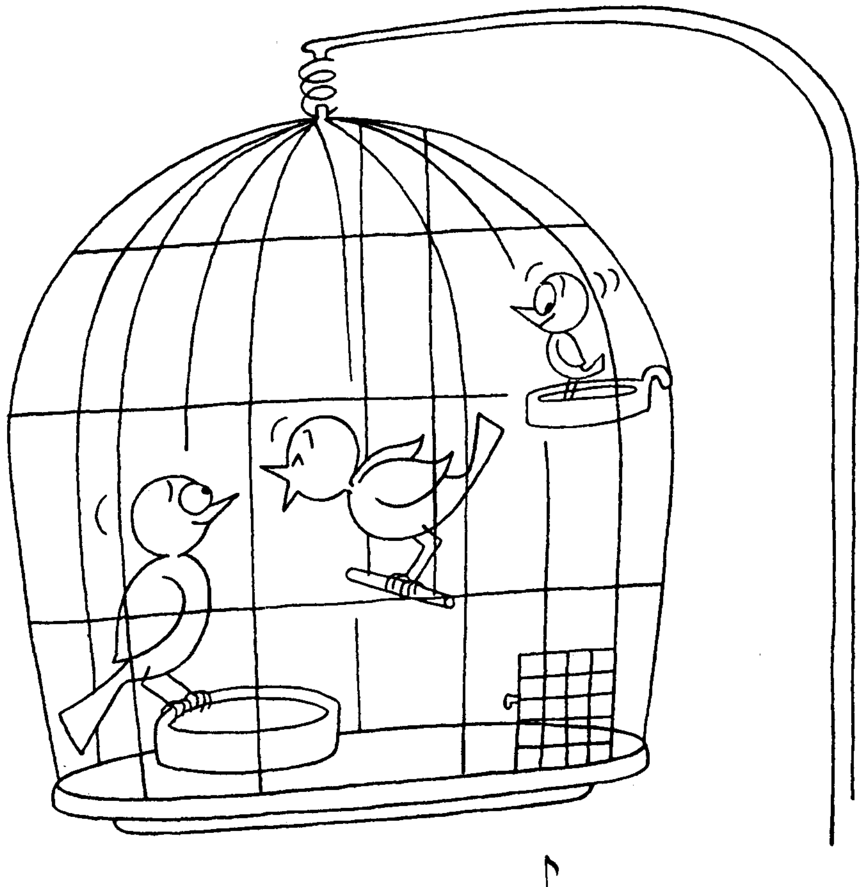
It would be a serious error to assume that the Labor government will have united support for its effort. Few ruling classes, especially classes long trained to government and long accustomed to privilege, have the magnanimity to accept their defeat in a single campaign as termination of their power. It can be inferred from the absence of that magnanimity that they will seek to do whatever they can by way of obstruction, by undermining confidence, by delaying the swift advance that is urgent, in the hope that they may arrest the tide of opinion which now flows against them.

There are even signs that this process has already begun. The defeated ruling class can minimize industrial disputes in every part of the industrial-agricultural fields. They may seek to exercise the great reserve of power they still possess in that citadel of privilege, the House of Lords, to arrest the pace and audacity of the Labor effort. It was not an idle boast of Lord Balfour, after the liberal landslide of 1906, that the authority of the House of Lords was an assurance that gave the Tory party permanent lease of power, whatever the complexion of government in Whitehall. Even if the fullness of that claim has been seriously limited by the Parliament act of 1911, there still remains the power of delay. If skillfully exercised it might well hamper intolerably the fulfillment of the government's program.

Dominion Co-operation Expected

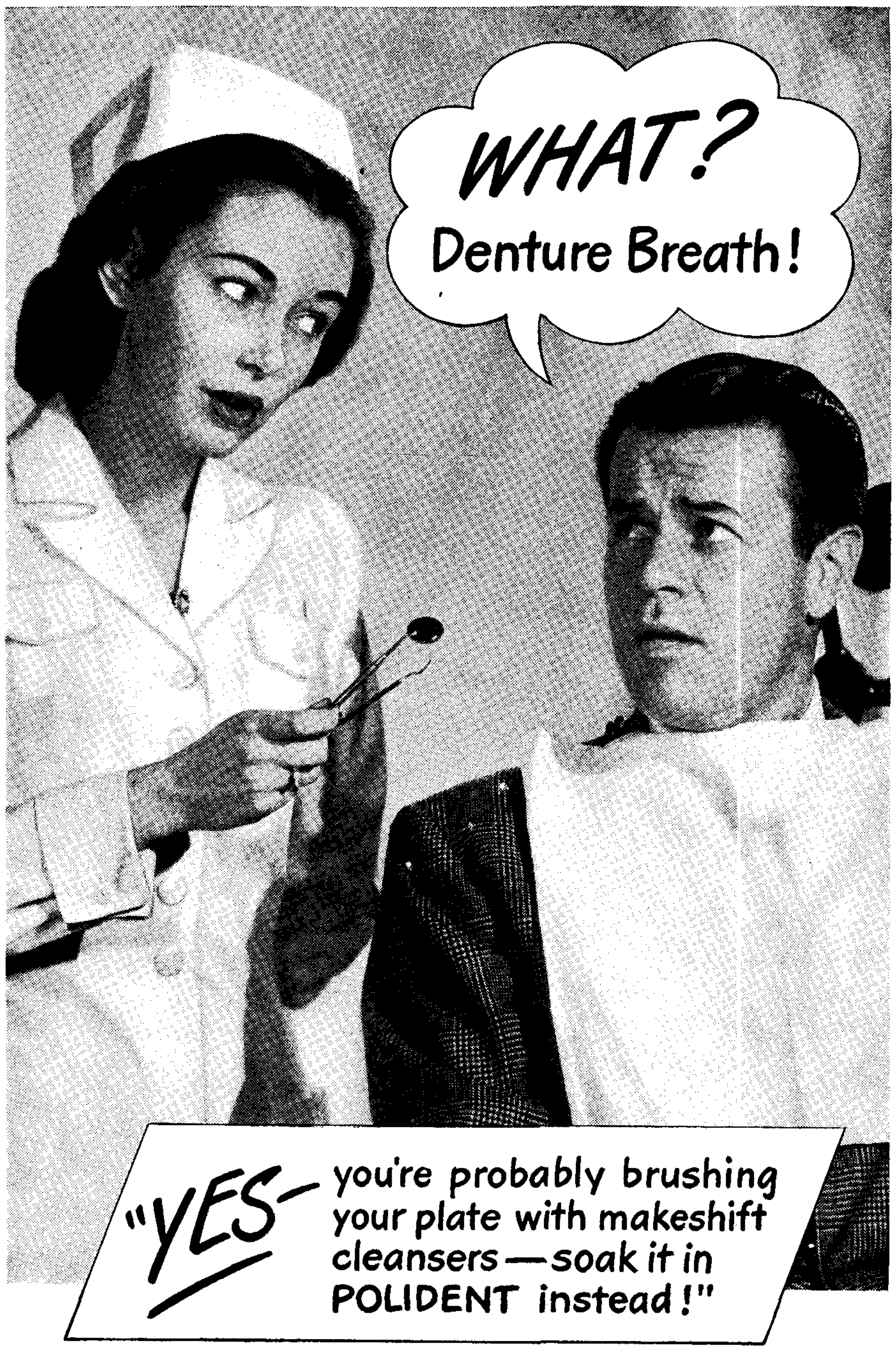
It is further obvious that this experiment in Socialism by consent is in some degree conditioned by the attitude of other states, especially in the realm of international economic policy. The Labor government, of course, can count on the assured good will of New Zealand and Australia, in each of which a Labor government is firmly seated, and there is no reason to expect ill will from the other dominions. Since, moreover, it is fairly clear that the Labor Party's victory in Britain is one reflection of the general leftward swing all over Europe, it is highly probable that the liberated countries will also have governments with similar aspirations.

These like aspirations will make co-operation a fairly straightforward task if our foreign policy is built on a peace which consistently aims at a higher standard of living everywhere, and if we tackle the universal problem of malnutrition as a basis upon which we aim at stabilizing prices to give the peasantry of the world a chance for the improved conditions they have so long been denied. Then, granted that we maintain the



COLLIER'S "He just said his first ♪" RODNEY DE SARRO

FALSE TEETH WEARERS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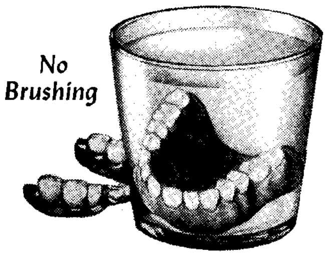
"YES—you're probably brushing your plate with makeshift cleansers—soak it in POLIDENT instead!"

Play Safe—Soak Dentures in Polident Daily

It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

Besides, plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps can wear down fitting ridges. Then, your plate loosens!

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NEW!
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There is Only One

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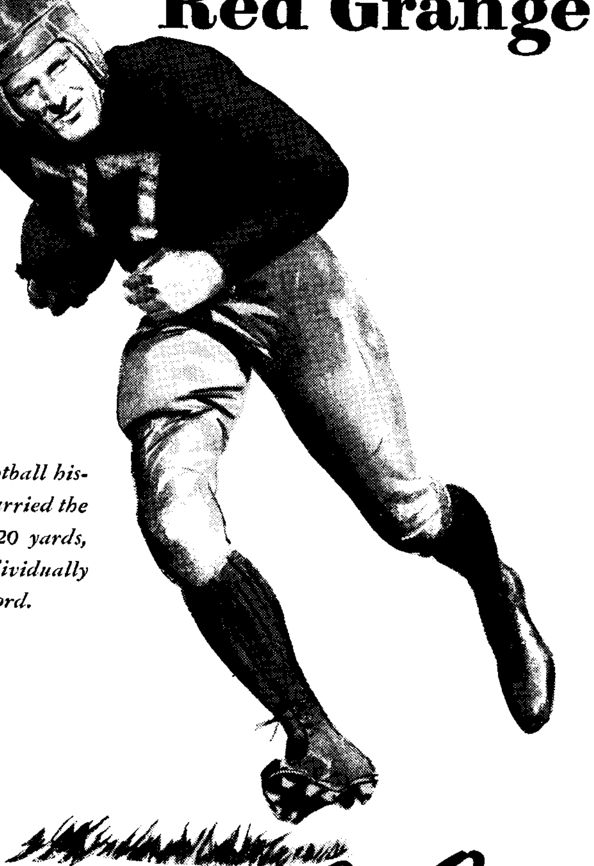

The most colorful career in football history—the "Galloping Ghost" carried the ball 4,013 times, gained 33,820 yards, and scored 3,366 points; individually and collectively, a world's record.

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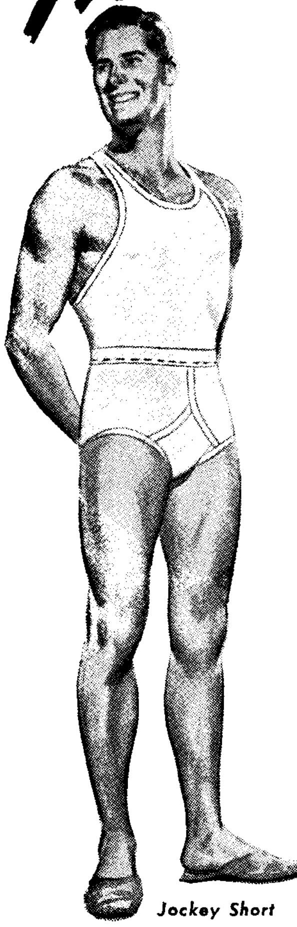

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THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY... *It's Patented*

Coopers INC.
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technique of bulk purchase over a term of years, we may begin to move away from that economics of scarcity that lies at the root of all our problems.

Here it is, I think, well to speak quite bluntly. The economic power in American hands in the years following the war will be overwhelming—even terrifying in extent. A good deal of the future of the world depends upon the use to which Americans put that power. If they go back to the neo-mercantilism which characterized their commercial policies from the election of President Harding to the election of President Roosevelt—a combination of isolationism with economic penetration at fullest possible pressure into every available market abroad, and with maximum governmental assistance, they may well shatter the economic equilibrium of the world and so prolong the process of recovery as to drive whole continents to despair.

U.S. Big Business a World Menace

There is, I fear, some grim evidence that it is in this temper that a number of America's politicians and businessmen approach the postwar world. Their hate of Socialism and their conviction that their privileges are theirs by divine right go so deep that they would rather wreck the whole world than see Socialism the basis upon which freedom and democracy are built. Or rather, they are so accustomed to identify freedom and democracy with American domination and security of their privileges that they ignorantly assume that an experiment such as Britain is undertaking must be destroyed lest it jeopardize their power. They have no more regard for the needs of the world in this critical hour than had Vanderbilt or Fisk or Gould or Huntington in the epoch following the Civil War.

They might join hands with the reactionary forces which still stand on guard in Europe, in Africa, in Asia and South America to avert the fulfillment which—though it means hope for the masses everywhere—they regard as catastrophe for themselves. And if they were permitted to embark upon this effort, I do not doubt that they would discover learned professors to salute them in the name of that freedom they had set out to destroy.

I hope that the years since 1933 have educated enough Americans to prevent any such disaster. It was, if I may say so, the supreme achievement of Franklin Roosevelt that he used his long years of power to train his fellow citizens to understand the implications of democratic freedom. It is the first principle of such freedom that neither man nor interests exercising power without responsibility may seek to coerce constitutional authority to the service of their private conviction of the road to well-being. Americans, like our own citizens, are bound to realize that the Labor government in office, with a majority given to it after conscious deliberation by the British people, has the right to make great the experiment with which it is charged.

I even venture to add that it is the duty of Americans, at the very least, to place no obstacles in the way. For if the experiment succeeds it will demonstrate the significant principle that social order can remake its vital foundations by procedure of democracy and without recourse to violent conflict. That is the demonstration which would give new hope to the world. It would restore reason to its empire over the minds of men.

I add only one other thing. There is here a new chance for mankind which, if it is taken boldly, will have unmeasurable consequences; and not least among them it will show that the concept of the Four Freedoms is not an empty vision. The very character of the opportunity ought to remind us how often prophets of woe are at the same time architects of misfortune. The alternative is a stark alternative. At some point it is bound to mean unleashing those forces of counter-revolution whose evil, barbaric habits we had revealed to us in six years of Hitler's terror and its even more grim sequel of his six years of total war. Mankind has passed through the dark winter of pain and suffering.

It is the clear obligation of all men and women of good will to welcome the coming of that spring which may heal their wounds and give them, after this bitter experience, the right once more to hope and dream.

THE END

It's a Kid's Game

Continued from page 24

them learn the game adequately after a while. It would be a supreme understatement to say merely that they like it. They must be nuts about it, for every year they run a chess show at the Marquette Stadium.

It started in August, 1939, when the five-year crop of junior chess players had spread through the city like mushrooms. The Department of Recreation and the Milwaukee Journal decided to have a city-wide chess tournament for children. The young folks got into the spirit of the thing. Playgrounds buzzed with mysterious activity. Hundreds of chess sets were made out of discarded camera spools and cardboard, and dipped in black and white paint. Fancy costumes were rigged up from bits of colored cloth and crepe paper. When the big day came for the festival, Milwaukee was a city transformed.

Beer had been king in Milwaukee for years. But on that day, chess became a strong pretender to the throne. To the music of several brass bands, seven hundred boy and girl contestants marched briskly around the cinder track of the stadium, waving pennants. Thousands of spectators milled around the stands. Peanut and soda-pop vendors had a field day.

On the east side of the stadium, stood a monster chess board, covered with black and white canvas squares. There the first "Night of Knights" pageant got under way. Trick roller skaters, Czechoslovak dancers, Polish singers, went through their paces as a warm-up. Then came a live chess game. Thirty-two children, disguised as chess pieces, acted out the moves, scrambling from square to square as directed by the mike. An announcer gave a running commentary and analysis to the crowd in the bleachers, as George Koltanowsky played blindfolded against a 17-year-old high-school student in the epic match. Koltanowsky won, of course. But it might have been a prize fight or a football game, for all the cheering and hooting that went on.

All this didn't bother the Lilliputian contestants, who squatted on every five-yard line of the gridiron, supremely indifferent to the glittering chess circus. They were busy. The Milwaukee Journal was offering prizes to the winners in each age group. It had been made clear to all of them that once they touched a chess piece, they had to move it. Hence seven hundred boys and girls sat with their hands tucked under them, fearful of touching a piece before they were ready.

Annual chess festivals have become as much a part of Milwaukee as the Fourth of July. At least a thousand children compete every summer, and more than 10,000 people come to watch. Chess is something special in Milwaukee, and everybody's happy—particularly the Department of Recreation which has hovered over the project and watched it grow into a bouncing baby from what once was just a gleam in someone's eye.

The Department claims that its chess program has met the highest standards of educational value for children, developing leadership, fostering initiative and exercising reasoning powers. With somewhat belated enthusiasm, the parents of Milwaukee have also taken up the game. Watching those lisping tots play chess while they, the grown-ups, had not mastered it was apparently too much. Today, the total annual attendance at adult and child chess centers has passed 35,000 and is beginning to nudge the 40,000 mark. No one need be bored or lonely in Milwaukee. There's always chess.

THE END

That's How It Is, Brother

Continued from page 14

the war has got a big mystery on his hands all right," Rouh told me. "When I got into the Marines, they put me at the bottom—buck private. The corporals, the sergeants, and some of the big shots, too, they made it clear to me—many times in a nasty way—that my job from now on out was to worry about what lay between my shoelaces and hair comb, and all the rest is their worry. But I couldn't change my frame of mind. I worried about every problem that came up for the platoon, just like it was a business I was in back home, and worried about the solution for it. And if my solution was better than the squad leader's or platoon leader's, I'd find a way to let them know.

"Like I remember when it came time to hit the beach at Guadalcanal, the lieutenant was puzzled how to get the ammunition for the platoon ashore. 'Everybody,' he decided, 'pick up a case and walk ashore with it. They're not heavy.'

"'Look, Lieutenant, sir,' I said, 'if somebody starts shooting at me while I'm wading, how long is that case of bullets going to stay on my shoulder?'

"'We've got to get them ashore.'

"'Leave them in the boats,' I said. 'We can clear the beach with the ammunition in our belts. Then we can go back to the boats for the case loads.'

"The lieutenant was a Harvard man, I remember. 'A splendid notion,' he said.

"I look back on myself and I was a pretty funny sight, I guess. I couldn't shake it out of my head that the war was my business for the time being and if I made good at it I'd get what I wanted, which was to come home with as little time wasted out of my life as possible.

"The upshot of the whole thing was they made me a corporal, and then they gave me a commission on the field, jumping me from corporal to second lieutenant and giving me my own platoon."

The promotion did not result exclusively from the habits of thought and work formed in him by experiences running the Hotel Linden. A Silver Star came before it, and a Purple Heart.

The line from the Hotel Linden to the winning of a commission is straightforward and plain to follow, but the line from the hotel to the medals winds a little bit and starts far back.

"When I sailed for the Pacific," Rouh said, "my brother gave me a knife as a present. It was the most beautiful knife I have ever seen in my life, with a walnut handle on it like a piece of fine furniture. I carried it everywhere. I never used it on cans or coconuts or to chop trees or roots when digging foxholes the way the fellows used their knives, and they'd kid me about it and ask me was I carrying it just to scare myself.

"'Never mind,' I told them. 'When I want it, I'm going to want it bad, and then I'm going to have it.'

"The time to want it bad came when I volunteered to go in after some wounded. I knew the old Marine rule—'Never volunteer for nothing.' But I always had the idea that if I wasn't up to something I wasn't doing enough. Well, I was hanging around the command post doing nothing when I heard of these wounded and said I'd get them out.

"They gave me a patrol and we took off. The wounded were supposed to be where there were no Japs, but the Japs were there all right, firing a machine gun across the path we were on, and I motioned the patrol down and went on myself to have a look with a grenade.

"The Japs were making so much noise they couldn't have heard me coming if I was an elephant with a trombone in my nose. They were sweeping an area across the path with the one gun. You could make out the arc of fire by the leaves their bullets were chopping. I walked up to the edge of the arc and pulled the pin on my grenade, and then walked down along the edge of the arc to where the machine gun was.

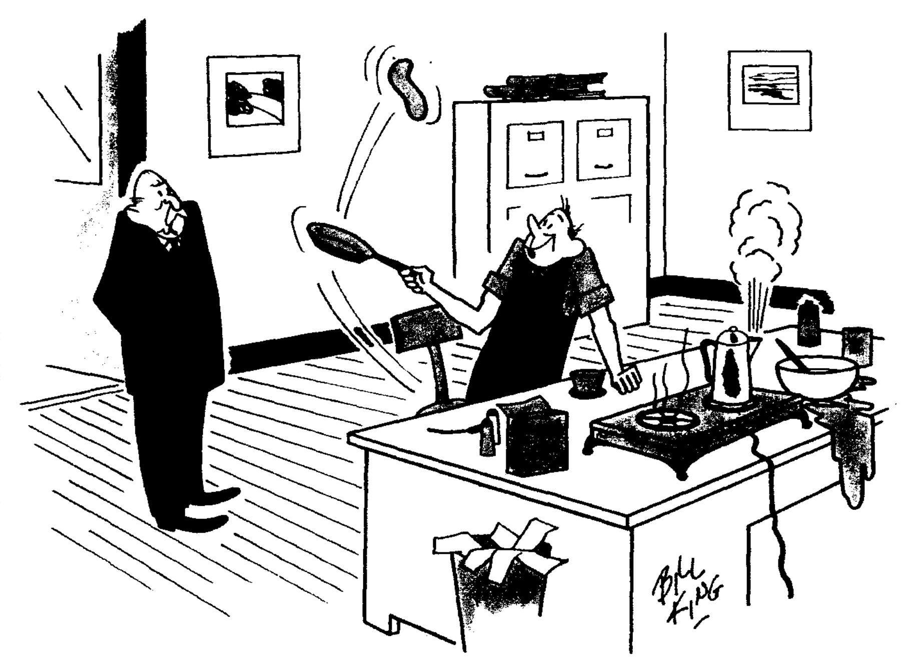
Too Close for Comfort

"I had got close enough to throw the grenade and was hitching to toss when I saw a Marine lying in the jungle there under the machine-gun bullets. He was drawing a bead on me with his rifle. I had to yell at him. I guess things were too hot there that moment for anybody to see straight or think out the facts. 'Don't shoot,' I yelled and he heard me and put down his gun, and the Japs heard me and swung their gun wide and eight bullets went through my pants leg in a crowd.

"Only one of the bullets went into me, but when I ended up my flopping I was behind a tree with nothing to shoot and the use of but one leg and the grenade still in my hand.

"It occurred to me I could still throw the grenade and maybe take a piece out of the gun crew, but I didn't feel like letting the Japs know I was still alive, so I did a kind of a cowardly thing. I put the pin back in the grenade and hung the grenade on my belt and held tight, out of business, out of the war.

"I sat there for four hours, something like that, before they could get me out of there. All the time I thought the Japs would send out a man to look for me and I kept wishing I had a bayonet. I didn't want a rifle, just a bayonet. I couldn't think of anything else, just: If I only had a bayonet! I gnawed my brains raw hoping for a bayonet, and I never



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COLLIER'S BILL KING

"NAY, NAY!" . . . said MR. CLAY

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"I guess you didn't hear me say
I want a rum of rich bouquet
And mellow flavor, if I may."

• • •

The waiter returned (his name was Chico)
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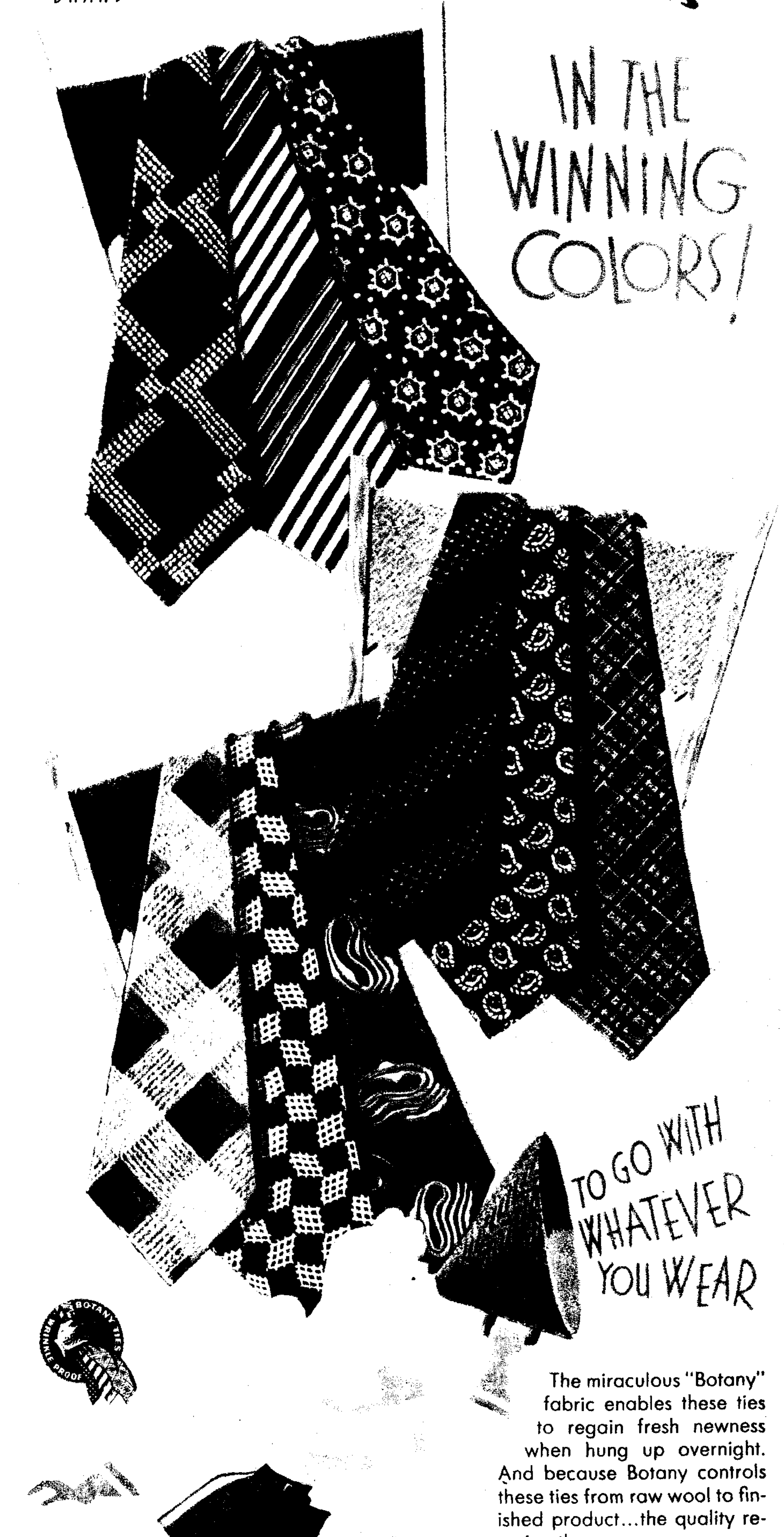

The miraculous "Botany" fabric enables these ties to regain fresh newness when hung up overnight. And because Botany controls these ties from raw wool to finished product...the quality remains the same as pre-war... although the quantities are limited by war-time requirements. A store near you has an assortment of "Botany" Wrinkle-Proof Ties, at $1...and "Botany" Regence Ties at $1.50 ...each in Planned Patterns to go with your suits.

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once thought of the beautiful knife my brother had given me that was strapped right there to my side.

"When I got to the hospital that night, I recollected the knife for the first time and gave it away to a corpsman. I just didn't want it any more."

This expedition earned Rouh the Purple Heart. He won the Silver Star by carrying through successfully another volunteer mission to retrieve wounded—this one involving a journey by night to a jungle river line held by Japs.

The motives that prompted his actions still puzzle Rouh. For example, the Hotel Linden can be seen butting him steaming up to the Jap machine gun. But where was the Hotel Linden when he put the pin back into the grenade, and where was it when he suffered first an amnesia and then a revulsion for the beautiful knife his brother had given him? A well-known New York psychiatrist with whom I discussed the incident said, "Apparently this boy loves his brother so profoundly that he would rather die helpless than involve him in any way in the death."

"Well, I don't know," Rouh said. "Sometimes a good thing happens and you think the fellow did it because he's so used in civilian life to feeling responsible for the business he is in and for his own sort of fate that he can't shake off the habit of it. But I've seen no-goods do the same thing—get in there all of a sudden and pitch.

"The feeling that comes to you is: Well, it's your turn now to do something. That's the way it always came to me when it came and that's the way it came to everybody I ever talked to who felt it. You get this feeling that it's your turn and you move along with it—jump alone with a rifle into a gun emplacement, as I've seen happen, or go frontally against machine guns that have been bothering you or whatever it is. Then the people back home read about it in the newspapers and say 'For God sakes!' and wonder what kind of a guy that is when he is just the same guy he always was, only the feeling came into him that it was his turn.

"When I was finally made second lieutenant and got a platoon of my own, I had butterflies in my stomach. It wasn't the work I was afraid of, but just the idea of giving men jobs to do that might kill them. I guess that feeling of responsibility to the men was as much to blame as anything else for what happened on Peleliu Island.

"I had a heavy-mortar platoon going in there. We hit the beach D-Day, a minute after the first wave. Four Alligators took my platoon ashore. I stood on the top of one. It was one of those kind where the back drops out to let the men out. And the twenty men in there ran out and a Jap shell fell right on my boys while they were all clustered there together running out.

"The beach was really bad. It was really as bad as things could get and yet leave somebody to survive it. By three o'clock in the afternoon we had worked up to the edge of the airfield we were supposed to cross. It seemed to me, although it was none of my business, there wasn't time before darkness to throw the men across the airport and on to the ridges beyond where the Japs had their artillery.

"So I went up about 500 yards forward of where the mortars were, to our observation post, to see if the men there were where they had a chance to live out the night, and also to see about putting in another wire to the telephone they had. No, it wasn't only my men I was thinking about. I was thinking about the wire, too. We had only that light combat wire up there and I wanted a parallel line of heavy field wire in there as soon as possible. Because there was heavy shelling flapping our communications around.

"There was a Jap ditch at the edge of the airfield where the observation post was. At one end it tapered down to nothing, but at the other it was the entryway to a dugout and where it reached the mouth of the dugout it was seven or eight feet deep. The coral dug out of the ditch had been banked along the side and my men were lying against this, trying to spot the Jap guns in the ridges at the other side.

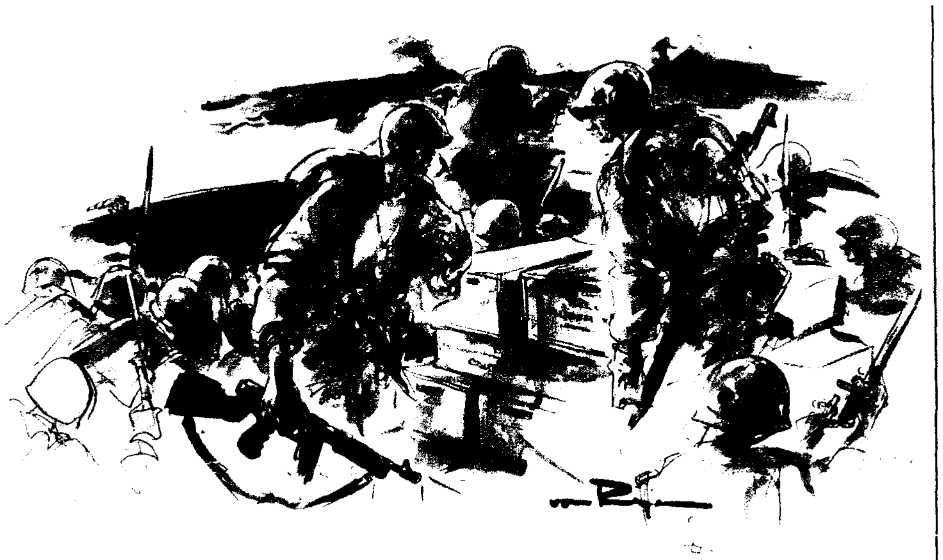
"That airfield didn't look to me to be a place for the men to spend a safe night with only a coral bank for protection, so I went down into the ditch to look over the dugout. It was a hard thing for me to do. I had made it a guiding rule of my life on all of those islands out there never to go into a Jap cave. Not even six months after the last Jap in it was presumed dead, and even the quartermaster boys had been in there for souvenirs. But I was the only one around that airfield I could order to do it. The others there under my command were busy spotting targets of opportunity for the mortars out back.

Digging in the Dark

"Before I had come up there, some infantry working along the edge of the airfield had squirted a flame thrower into the mouth of the dugout. There were some Jap dead in the ditch when I jumped into it and wisps of smoke were still coming out of the dugout. I slid along the side of the ditch to keep as far out of the line of fire of the dugout as possible. There were some shelves at the side of the entrance with a whisky bottle on them and some packages wrapped in cloth. I threw one of them up to Private Stillwell to give to a kid from Intelligence who was looking for souvenirs and then stepped deeper into the darkness and lifted my carbine to make sure the safety catch was off.

"Then, bang! There was this loud bang, and I thought it was my own gun going off by accident when another bang came right on top of the first one, and I had a feeling like a sledge hammer had come whamming to hit me in the gut. I doubled over. There was a great temptation to fall down, but I didn't give in to it. I held myself back from falling and turned doubled over and ran doubled over down to the ditch, to where it was low enough for me to jump out. My boys pulled me to where they were and I lay there for a minute while my mind came together again and my breath got easier and I could think how lucky I was.

"I did a kind of cowardly thing. I put the pin back in the grenade and hung the grenade on my belt and hung tight, out of business, out of the war"



"Look, Lieutenant, sir, if somebody starts shooting at me while I'm wading ashore, how long is that case of bullets going to stay on my shoulder?"

"The bullet had gone in just below the ribs. I remember on New Britain I lay out quite a few hours with a fellow who had been hit there and he hadn't seemed bad off at all, just lay smoking cigarettes until the litter bearers could get up to him. I thought then: If I'm not going to get it in the legs or arms, please let me get it there, just below the ribs.

"Well, I lay there thinking all those things and taking my belt off to put a pack on the hole in me when one of the fellows yelled 'Look out!'

"I got to my feet. I remember that. Then after that I can remember things only in patches with blind spaces in between."

According to the official records, as the three men clustered around Rouh to aid him in looking after his wound, a Jap crawled out of the dugout and tossed a grenade into their midst. One of the men cried a warning and Rouh made a violent effort and rose erect with outstretched arms and pushed the three men out of the way and then turned and (in the language of the citation accompanying the Medal of Honor) "placed his own body between them and the grenade and took the full blast of the explosion himself."

The kid from Intelligence who was looking for souvenirs was so moved by Rouh's act that he voluntarily requested a transfer from his relatively safe job at headquarters to a mortar platoon.

"What went on in my mind that I can remember wasn't hero stuff at all," said Rouh. "I don't remember pushing those kids out of the way or turning back to the grenade. I don't even remember seeing the grenade. I remember 'Look out!' all right, and getting to my feet, but I don't remember turning, or anything I did after I got to my feet. I just remember getting up, and then my mind skips over things and I can remember being on the ground and rolling toward the bank where the grenade had been. Then I remember lying there and shooting going on and Pruden coming toward me shooting and stepping over me and straddling me, shooting into the ditch. There were fifteen Japs there, breaking out of the dugout.

"My whole side was torn off. That's the way it looked. I couldn't take my eyes off the hole where my side had been. 'Don't look at it,' Stillwell, I think, said, and I lay back against the coral bank. My mind was pretty clear by then. I saw Doc Crain just walking along there. 'There's the doc,' I said. 'Get that doc.' He gave me plasma.

"A shell fragment came along somewhere in that time and took a piece out of the back of my head. I don't remember that at all. My mind must not have been working at that moment. It's a funny thing how it blanked out at so many of the doing parts of the things *I had to do or had to get done to me.*"

It's funny but understandable. In order to do what his sense of responsibility had compelled him to do, Rouh had had to take hold of the most deeply rooted instinct in man—the instinct of self-preservation—and throw it away. The blanking-out of portions of his mind was an aid to that ferocious purpose.

"I come home," Rouh said, "and I find the people thinking: All right, he was a hero, so what? I can't blame them. That's the way things are, and that way they add up to the best for everybody—even for me. In the old days when fellows fought in those tin suits you see in the museums, there was a pay-off for a war record like mine. They'd give me a castle and farm land around it so I could put serfs to work and then form them into a platoon to fight when the next war came around. Pretty nice. But hell, in the old days I wouldn't have had a chance to make a war record like mine. I'd have been one of those serfs.

"No, they don't pay off on a war record that way any more. The world is geared different. When the war came on December 7, 1941, it was a game where everybody in the country was dealt a hand and from then on out you play your hand. You take the fellow back home on plush saying the income tax is ruining him, destroying his incentive, and the fellow shaking up and down on his breaking bones in a foxhole somewhere—they're both playing the cards they drew.

Fate Plays a Hand

"The fellows overseas drew the bad cards. There's no looking around that one. That's a fact. The way I figure, a man spends twenty years of his life buying a house and the things that go with it for his family. A man careful with his money, the way I am, if I had had the break of drawing a defense job, I'd have had a house and icebox and the automobile pretty near paid off by the time the war was over and be that much up on life—hell, a fellow can always scratch up food for his family. This way, with the cards I drew, I wind up with empty pockets and a patched-up hole where my side used to be, getting on toward thirty years old, and still twenty years behind the game.

"So what? That's the way things are, and if you take them that way you don't get hurt. There's no direct pay-off on a war record, but there are plenty of indirect pay-offs. The country is grateful the best it can be, the way it is geared. A fellow with a war record he has a right to be proud of can find it a useful thing to have the rest of his life. The other veterans in the town respect him if he proves the same kind of fellow in peace as in war. The government gives him a little the best of it in their dealings.

"People generally respect him if he proves to be the same kind of civilian as soldier. I've seen it right here in Lindenwold, fellows who made a good thing out of being prominent in the American Legion, fellows who get the edge in a deal when you don't know anything about them, except they seem to be doing all right, and they won medals in the war twenty-five years ago.

"No, you tell me twenty years from now, 'You were a hero—so what?' and I think I'll be able to answer, 'Brother, so plenty!' The whole thing is to play the cards the way they fell and not cry over them and take the country the way it is geared, and not cry over that either, and just take up where you left off and get going."

THE END

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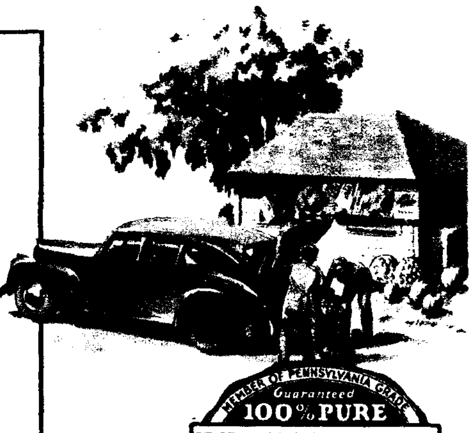

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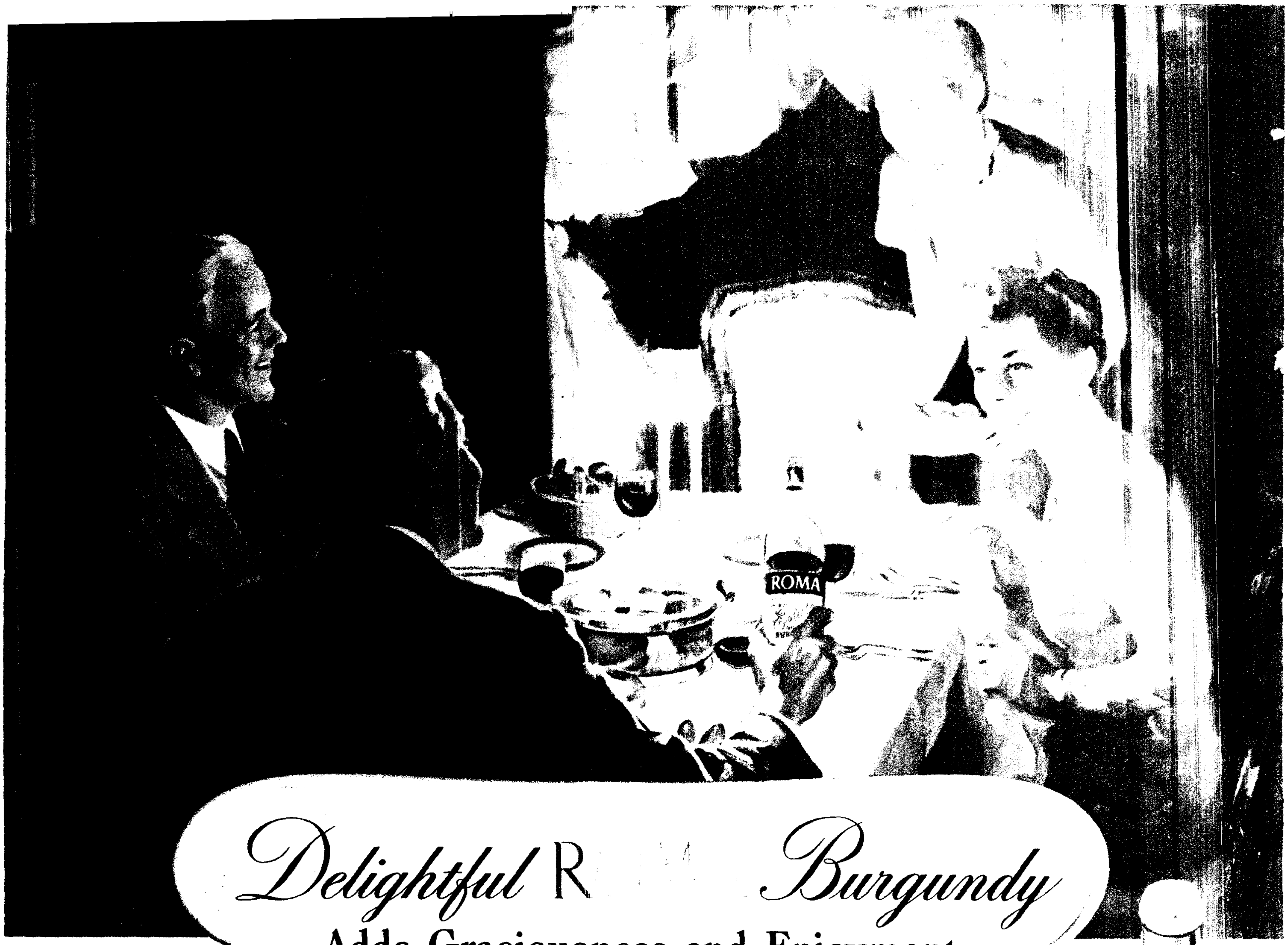

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Tomorrow the Moon

Continued from page 13

probably two or three minutes. After that the motors will be shut off. The rest of the journey will take place without expenditure of power.

This coasting part of the flight will be a rather memorable experience. For the rocket and everything in it, after the motors are shut off, will be in "free fall." Gravity would be on the job, just the same. The whole rocket and its contents would be under the pull of the earth's attraction, and would be rapidly falling through its high-arched course and back again toward the ground. But to the passenger, it will seem as though there is no gravity, and he will experience the sensation of absolute weightlessness. He can float inside the rocket like a feather. To get around safely, he will need magnetized shoes, or toe straps in the floor to engage his feet.

Everything inside the rocket cabin will have to be fastened down during this part of the flight, too, or there would be a regular blizzard of tools, instruments, cushions, containers and odds and ends afloat in the air.

Stealing a March on Time

Passenger rocket trips offer some very fascinating possibilities, not only in new experiences but in timesaving. A hurried businessman would be able to take off from New York for Los Angeles and fly faster than the earth is spinning on its axis. Thus, speeding forward in his journey, the day would become younger as he went. He would actually gain, in suntime, nearly three hours during the flight.

By rocket, it would be possible to fly entirely around the globe in about 83 minutes!

There are, of course, some mighty important obstacles to be overcome before we start making such journeys. Engineers will have to increase the jet velocity of rocket motors, and they may also need more powerful fuels. They may find the answers to these problems in atomic energy. Better methods of controlling the rocket in flight will also have to be developed; as will suitable ways of landing and launching.

But, after all, these are primarily engineering details. In theory the rocket can do the job, and rocket engineers are confident that the problems can all be licked if enough money is available to support the necessary research.

Where will the money come from? Probably from governments. The situation is something like that of aircraft after the last war, when government subsidy, through mail contracts and otherwise, made possible the accumulation of knowledge and experience that produced the fast, powerful, dependable airplanes of today. With the war over, governments will almost certainly subsidize rocket and jet-propulsion research—if for no other reason than for self-defense. Now that the atomic bomb is here to stay, to neglect the development of rocketry would be suicidal.

The best present thinking of engineers is that rockets will not actually compete with anything we now have. They will create a new place in the economy and life habits of the age, like the airplane in its own time, and the railroad before that.

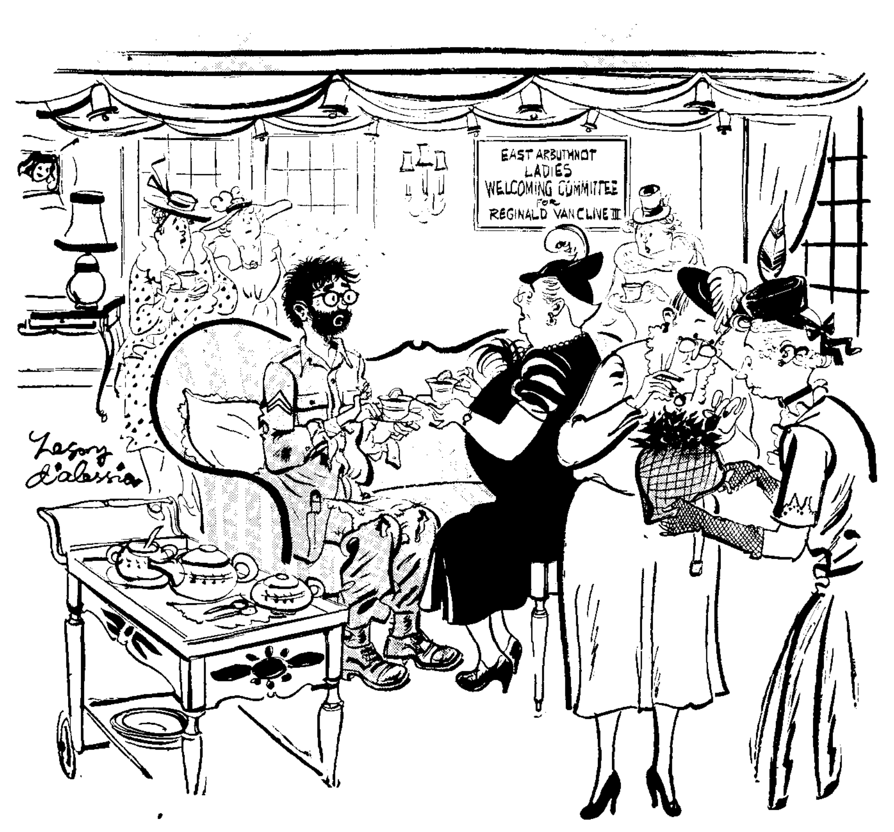
On every important airport of the world, it may be, weather rockets will ascend regularly into the stratosphere, providing pilots with accurate, complete data on the weather at all flight altitudes. Improved weather maps, made possible by the speed and reliability of innumerable weather rockets, may make it possible to forecast weather not only for a few hours ahead, but for days and weeks. Information about the sun's varying radiation and the conditions of the upper atmosphere, obtained by instruments carried in rockets to great heights, may actually make it possible to forecast seasonal rainfall, temperature and the like.

Aerial Oceans Can Be Charted

Sounding rockets will also give us some important information about the still unexplored atmosphere of the earth. Liquid-fuel rocket motors now developed are efficient enough to permit shots as high as 100 miles, and maybe even 200 miles. We shall accordingly be able to learn something about our ocean of air; about its aerial tides; the rising and falling of the electrical layers that affect radio transmission; the nature of the cosmic rays, meteors, the powerful ultraviolet radiation from the sun and so on.

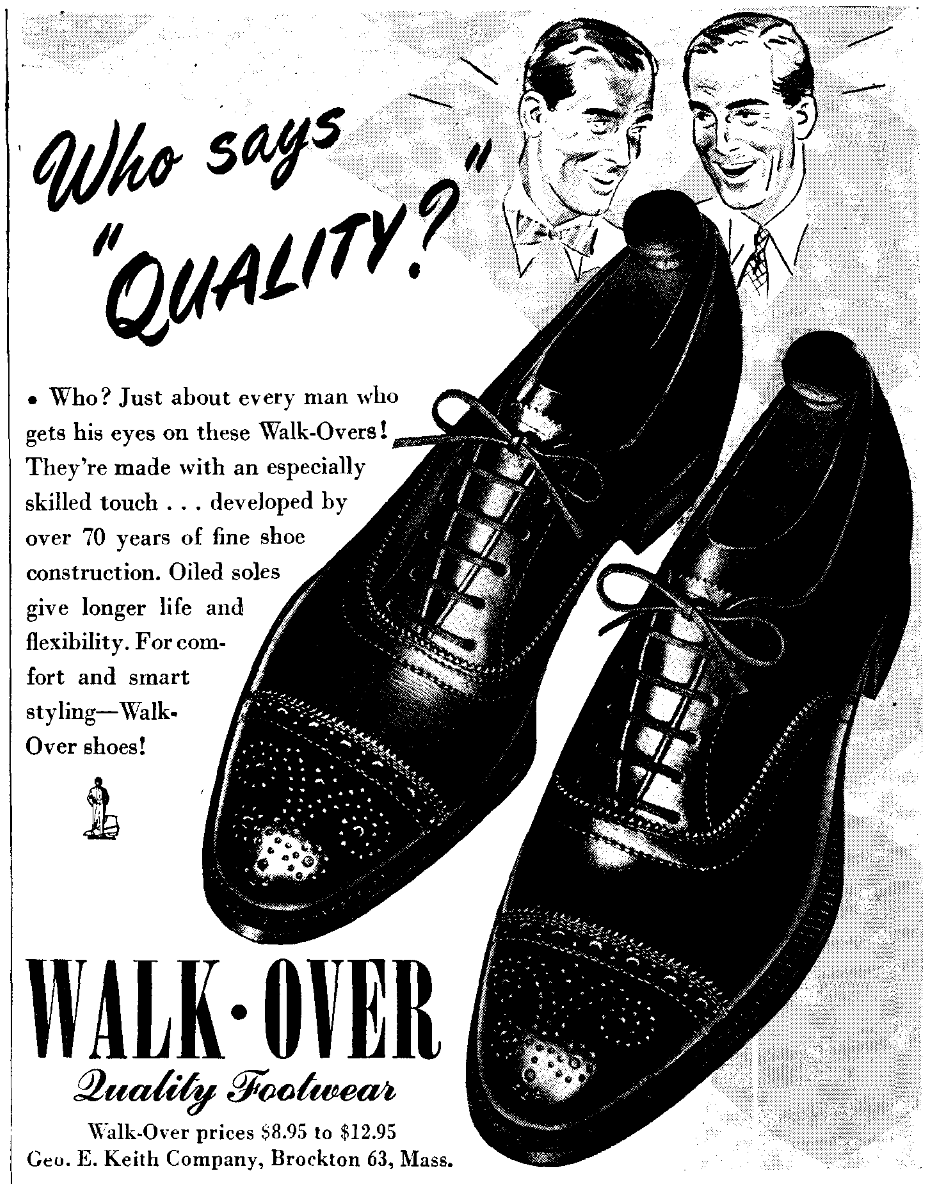
Is that all? Not by a long way. When we get to shooting 100 or 200 miles high we

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"I do hope you'll pardon my appearance, Mrs. Richards. I just flew in from the South Pacific"

COLLIER'S



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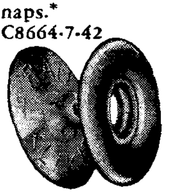

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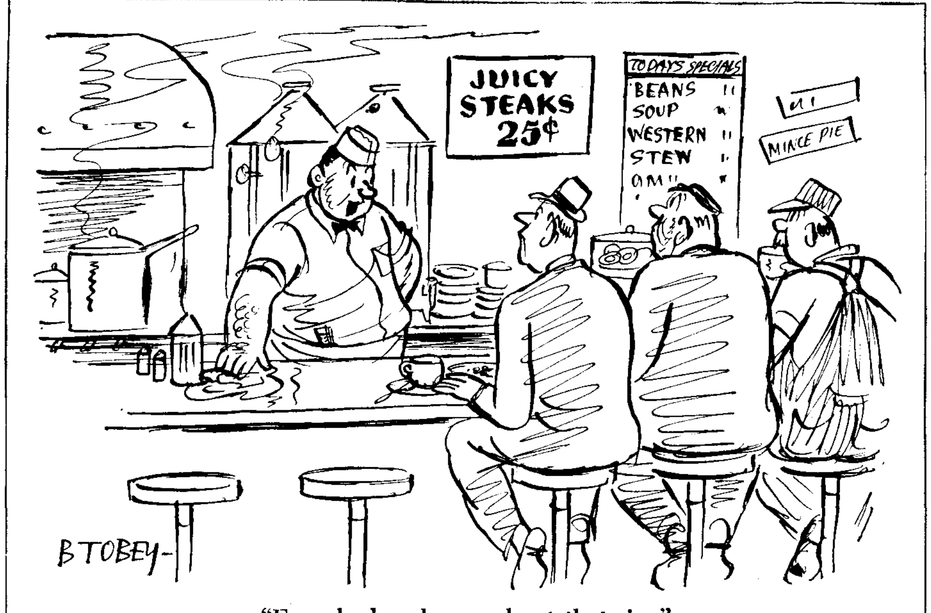


COLLIER'S "Everybody asks me about that sign" BARNEY TOBEY

shall be just on the verge of the greatest venture of all—leaving the earth to visit the moon or the planets. But now the ancient idea of interplanetary flight doesn't look quite so silly.

In theory, it is quite possible. The liquid-fuel rocket motor is the simplest engine possible. It hasn't a single moving part, and doesn't need any air to push against. It simply pushes against its own expanding jet of escaping gas. It doesn't need any air to breathe, either, for it carries its oxygen along with its fuel. It can shoot off into space as far as its fuels will carry it. If there is power enough, it can shoot to the moon.

May Need Atom for Lunar Trip

Unfortunately, however, even our best liquid-fuel motors are only about half good enough for a moon shot. Atomic energy may prove to be the answer. Even without it, if the engineers can find a way to double jet velocity, we could make a tricky kind of rocket, called a "step-rocket" which would be capable of shooting to the moon.

It would be able to carry only a small load; perhaps only some sort of radio device able to report the conditions of space and the nature of the moon's climate. Just the same, it would give us our first actual outside-the-earth study of extraterrestrial matters.

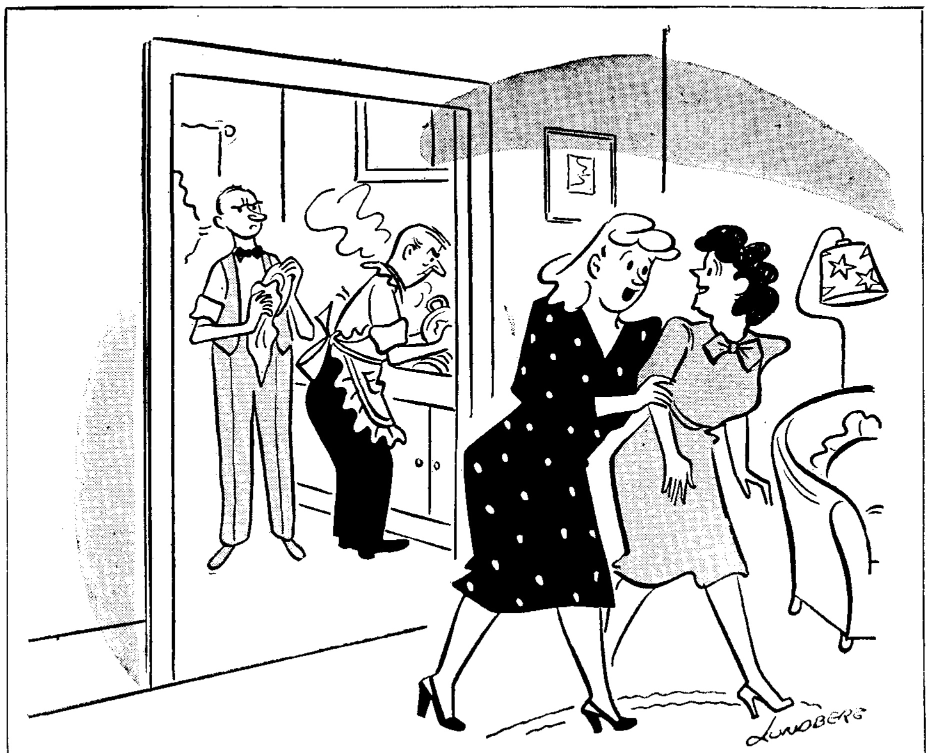
I have recently done some figuring on the kind of liquid-fuel rocket that would be necessary to carry 100 pounds of radio equipment to the moon. Assuming a rocket motor twice as good as the best ones we have developed at present, it comes out that such a rocket would have to consist of three segments or steps, of which the smallest would weigh 900 pounds, the next 8,100 pounds, and the biggest, 72,000 pounds. The rocket—to carry 100 pounds of payload—would thus weigh at starting about 36 tons. The segments would be discarded in flight as their power is used up.

We mustn't conclude from this that rocket trips to the moon *for tourists* are just around the corner. In the first place, the calculation is based on a motor *twice as good as any now in sight.* On top of that, sending passengers to the moon would be considerably more of a problem. They might, for example, insist on pressure cells, to supply breathing air, on food, water, safety devices, and enough extra fuel to bring them back again.

Still assuming a motor twice as good as any now in existence, and guessing that the payload of moon voyagers, plus their cabin, equipment and the like, would weigh no more than five tons, the starting weight of the rocket would have to be in the neighborhood of 38,000 tons.

Moon enthusiasts needn't despair, however. In the offing are many possibilities, new fuels, new alloys, new control launching and landing devices. Research, properly subsidized, will go forward rapidly, and at some not-too-distant day the skies from here to Luna may be filled with the wonders of jet propulsion.

THE END



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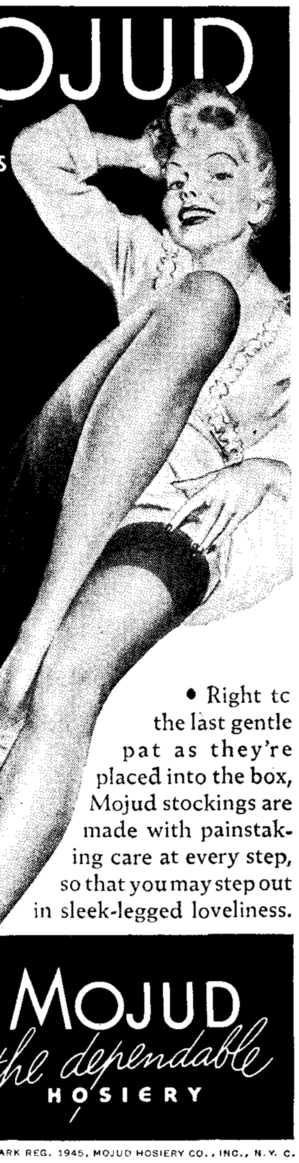

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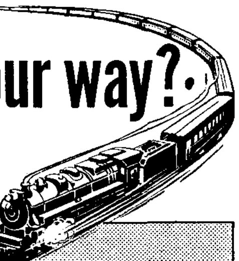

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AT PAINT AND H'DWARE STORES *WRITE FOR CIRCULAR 18*

THE SAVOGRAN COMPANY, BOSTON 10, MASS.

AIMEE LARKIN, who views the future of American fashion with optimism in her article, All-America Dress, p. 20, has more than a reportorial acquaintance with what it takes to produce a successful costume.

When she was very young she headed her own dressmaking establishment, a modest one, she says, where she made clothes mostly for her friends. It was her dressmaking skill which gave her her first introduction to magazine work.

At a party one evening, the late Condé Nast, publisher of Vogue and other fashion magazines, admired the evening dress a friend of Miss Larkin's was wearing. He asked where the dress came from, and said he'd like to meet the girl who designed it. The meeting was arranged, and soon after, Miss Larkin went to work for one of the Nast publications, later serving as an associate editor on Vogue, and then as editor of Vogue Pattern Book.

Miss Larkin came to Collier's some years ago to set up a new distaff department. It seemed a novel notion, then, for a general magazine to concern itself with the "woman's field." But reader surveys show that men as well as women are interested in the articles emanating from Miss Larkin's department, dealing with architecture, decoration, gardening, food, fashion.

At Miss Larkin's insistence, Collier's was one of the first general magazines to make much of modern housing developments. In 1940, she worked with outstanding architects and decorators to set up the Collier's House of Ideas, at Rockefeller Center, a display which attracted thousands of visitors. The functional ideas suggested there, for double-duty rooms, movable partitions, good modern lighting, solar heating and so on, are integral parts of most postwar builders' plans.

On the personal side, Miss Larkin is a pleasant leavening influence on a predominantly male staff. When there's something to celebrate at Collier's, it is she who plans parties and presents and little surprises. And her consistent good humor is a nice thing to have around at argumentative staff meetings.

Miss Larkin and her husband, Raymond Gilleaudeau, divide their time between their Manhattan apartment and their genuine going-concern of a farm on Long Island. In her white farmhouse, Miss Larkin enjoys putting into practice those ideas on decoration, gardening and food, about which she editorializes in Collier's.

THE cover of this week's Collier's is a tribute to the persistence and angelic patience of its creator, Navy Lt. (jg) Karl Milroy. It was produced under most inconvenient circumstances, between jumps to four different towns and six different hotels.

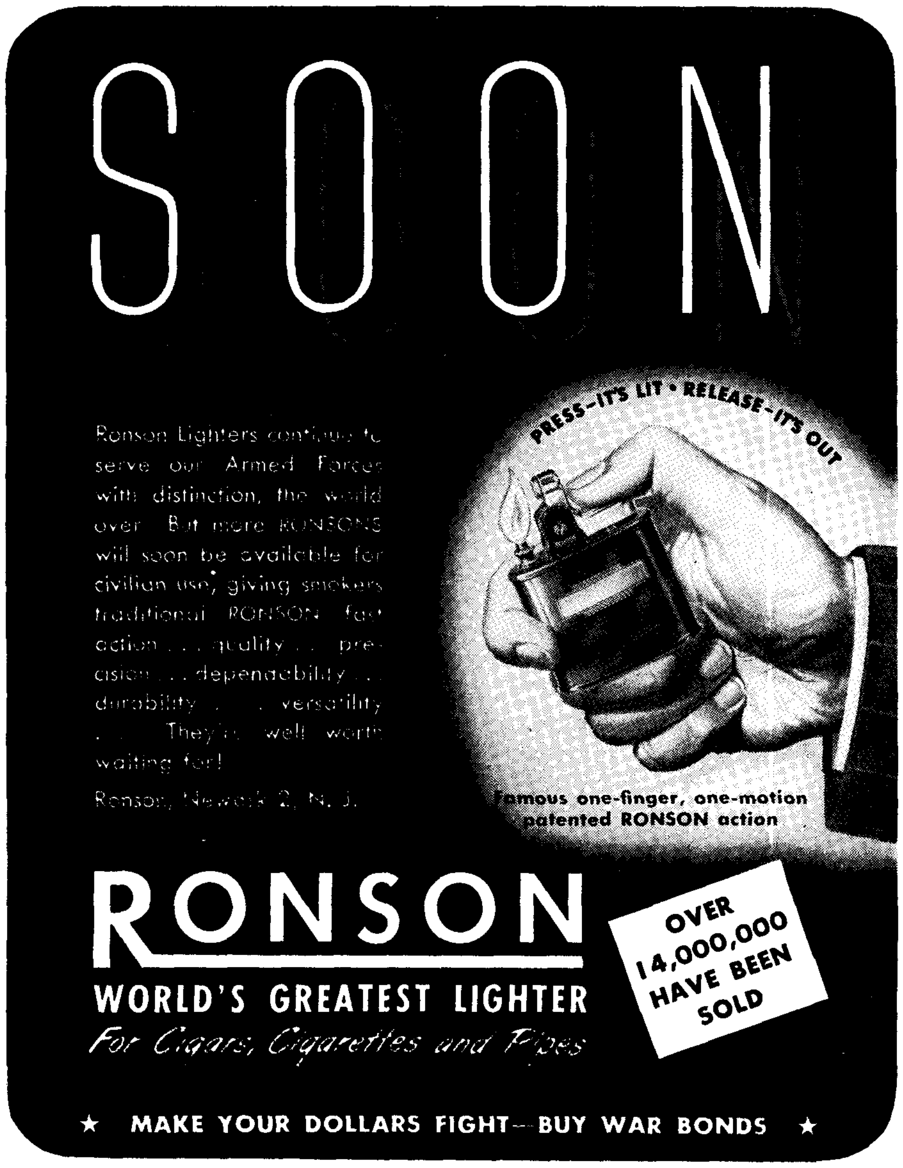
Lt. Milroy made the first rough sketch in a Detroit hotel room, but after it was accepted by Collier's, he was unable to find proper working materials with which to finish it. He had to wire to New York for paper and tubes of color and brushes. Then, in his spare time, at night and on Sunday, he worked in his badly lighted room. Now, to Washington, where he stayed one day in one hotel, two in another, and used an Army sergeant as his model for the young Navy jg in the picture. Next, he was sent to the Naval Air Station at Patuxent River, Md., where handsome Lt. Jorgenson, an Air Medal winner, agreed to continue the modeling job the Army sergeant had begun.

Now, to New York, where he checked into a hotel Saturday, with the understanding that he would leave Sunday. He had by now concluded a sort of back-room deal with an art supply store, where they said, "Okay, for you, since you're in uniform, we have some hot press paper." A rare item.

Lt. Milroy went out in search of another room, and came back to find that his stuff, including his precious drawings, had been removed from his room and stacked helter-skelter behind the hotel desk. One more hotel, and our hero got his work finished. He tried for a room with an outside window, but no. However, when he told the management he was working on a Collier's cover they actually supplied him with a daylight lamp. They said they liked Collier's. He never had a drawing board the whole time. He worked on the floor, kneeling.

When we saw him, Lt. Milroy was suffering from housemaid's knee and looked tired but happy. Only one thing worries him: he's afraid some Navy captain is going to think that this is his portrait, and an uncomplimentary one, at that. He asks us to say than any similarity to any Navy officer is purely coincidental. . . . A. P.

Lt. (jg) Karl Milroy



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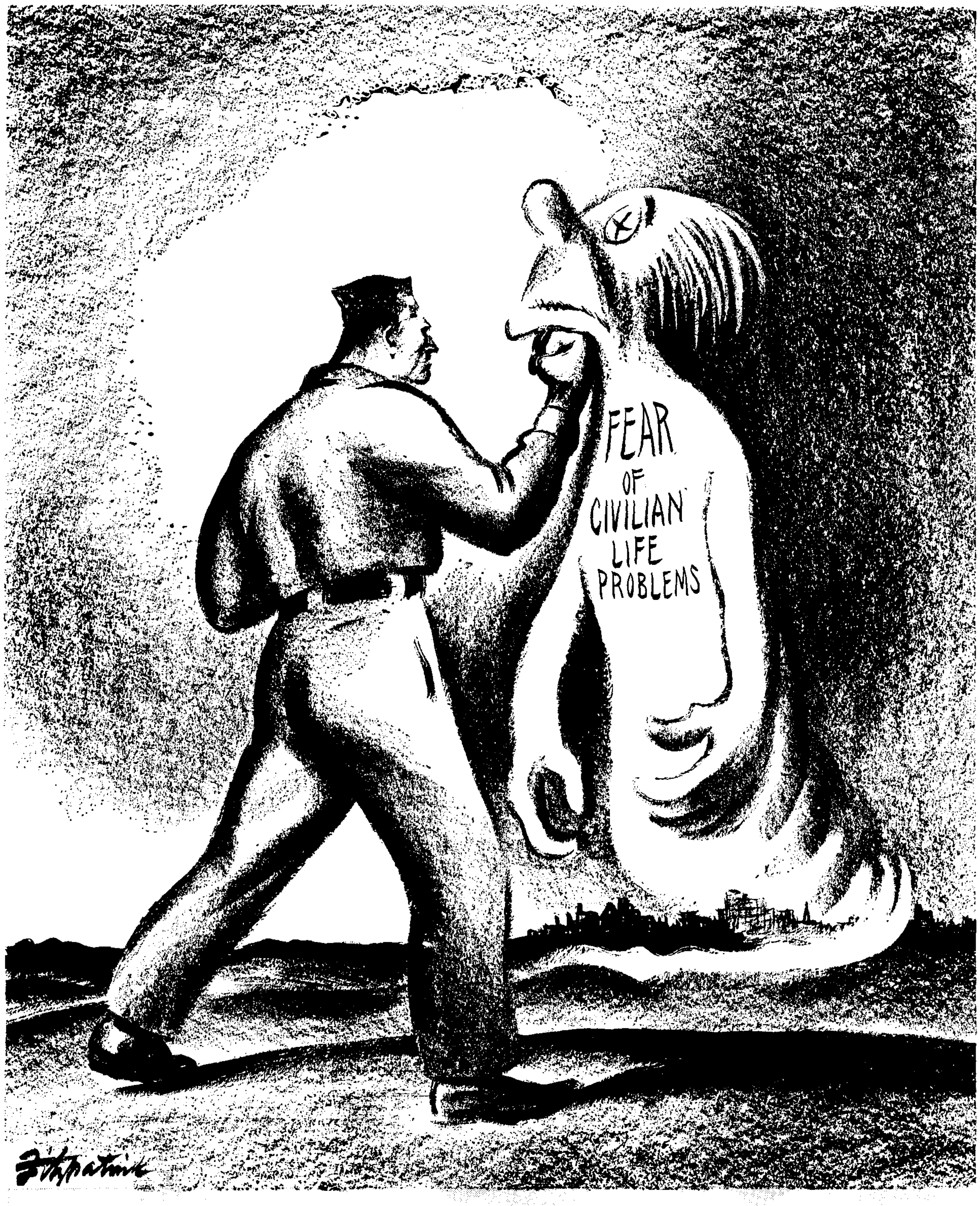
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Fitzpatrick

ADVICE TO VETERANS—AND OTHERS

AMERICAN civilians have been flooded to the ears with advice on how to treat men returning intact or maimed from the wars. There is none of that advice in this editorial. This one is aimed at the veteran himself, though we think plenty of nonveterans can make use of it. Primarily, though, we are talking for the benefit of the millions of men who have taken part in the war, have been honorably discharged, and are trying with more or less success to readjust to civil life.

What we're doing here is to pick the high lights from an excellent booklet got out by General of the Army H. H. Arnold's Army Air Forces under the title, Coming Home—Air Forces Manual No. 59. The tips in this booklet are as useful to an Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard or any other veteran as they are to a man who is fresh out of the Army Air Forces and battling to gear himself mentally, spiritually and physically into civilian customs, routines, attitudes.

It's a tough fight in many a case. Your main trouble, according to Air Forces Manual No. 59, is that for a long time war has been your sole and engrossing occupation, and that this occupation now has been cut from under your feet. You're in the same mental whirl as anybody would be who had just lost a good job—or at any rate a paying one—or had taken some other fundamental jolt. No wonder you feel strange, restless, at odds and ends; in "condition red," as military jargon has it.

At the bottom of this mental turmoil, although you may be ashamed to admit it even to yourself, is fear. Fear of what may happen tomorrow—or may not. Fear of the old, half-forgotten ways of the world outside the armed forces. Fear for your own ability ever to get reaccustomed to those ways.

That's the psychological analysis of it, and you might as well realize it. Having grasped the nature of your basic trouble, you can take steps to get rid of it.

There is at least one consolation; namely, that you have plenty of company. Virtually all veterans suffer from these fears at first. What's more, all but the most fortunate civilians suffer from assorted fears off and on—some all the time—yet only a small percentage of them each year wind up in institutions of any kind.

Fear most likely dogged you when you were a fighting man. But you learned to control it; to make it work for you instead of against you. You can control this new fear, too. The main thing is to realize that you alone can bring it under control—though in some bad cases a psychiatrist can help. If you feel you must see one of these mental physicians, make sure that you pick out a reputable one, not a quack.

You can best work off the tension of these fears by "getting up a sweat at almost anything," to quote the booklet—a sweat over boxing, gym work, hunting, handball, chopping wood, building or making something, playing baseball, dancing—in short any concrete, outward-looking activity that pulls your thoughts away from yourself.

And you can best adjust to civil life in some job which you like. Look for that job, and keep looking till you find it or a reasonable facsimile thereof. (Discussion of where the job is coming from is outside the scope of these remarks, though of course it is a very important subject.)

You'll never get back to being a normal citizen by pitying yourself, or by thinking you're a uniquely hopeless case, or by seeking escape in narcotics or too much liquor, or by running from your problem in any way instead of standing up to it and poking it repeatedly in the nose until you've got it licked.

The booklet concludes: "Common sense; understanding; time; constructive work; medical treatment when needed; an objective; normal relationships with people; teamwork—all these together form an unbeatable combination."

They form an unbeatable combination, not only for the veteran, but for any other normal member of the human race as well.

COLLIER'S

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$1,000 REWARD

THE American Civil Liberties Union has taken what looks to us like a most constructive step in the fight against anti-Japanese-American groups in California. Such things, we mean, as the Japanese Exclusion League, to which we recently had the great pleasure of paying our disrespects in this space.

What the ACLU has done is best described by reprinting this reward offer, teletyped to all California sheriffs by the state's Attorney General, Robert Kenny:

> The American Civil Liberties Union, in each incident occurring in California, will pay $1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest, final conviction, sentencing and imprisonment in a state penal institution, on felony charges, of persons committing acts of terrorism against returning Japanese-Americans. Such information should be given to the Union or to the Attorney General of the State of California, and will be treated confidentially if desired. The Union will be the sole judge of who has earned the reward. The offer expires July, 1946.
>
> In making this offer the Union recognizes the gallant record of the 20,000 Japanese-Americans who are serving in the U.S. Army and who have suffered more than 3,000 casualties, as well as the order of the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command permitting war veterans and other loyal Japanese to return to the Pacific Coast. Good Americans demand that their rights be respected.

Good Americans also, if you ask us, will register admiration for this frontal attack with a reward offer on this latest manifestation of the Ku Klux spirit. The ACLU adds that the attack will be broadened to include Oregon or Washington or both, when and if open violence against Japanese-Americans is reported from there.

The only improvement on the scheme that we can think of would be for other patriotic organizations or individuals to chip in and increase the amount of the reward.

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